Collier's

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Prohibition's Ghost Walk

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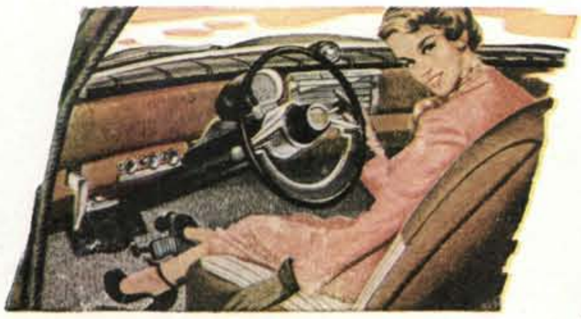
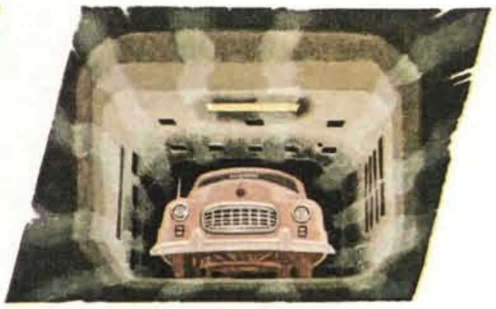
FOR 1950—IT'S THE NASH AIRFLYTE!



Now—Hydra-Matic Drive! Yes, in the Nash Ambassador Airflyte you can have the best of all automatic transmissions—Hydra-Matic Drive. And with exclusive Nash Selecto-Lift Starting you just lift a lever—and *go*. The clutch is gone. Your hands do nothing but steer. Your left foot does nothing at all!



20% Less Wind-Drag! Like invisible wings, the air-splitting Airflyte design speeds you along with 20% less wind-drag than the average car of current design—proved by scientific wind-tunnel test. That means less fuel cost . . . less wind noise . . . less fatigue . . . greater stability.

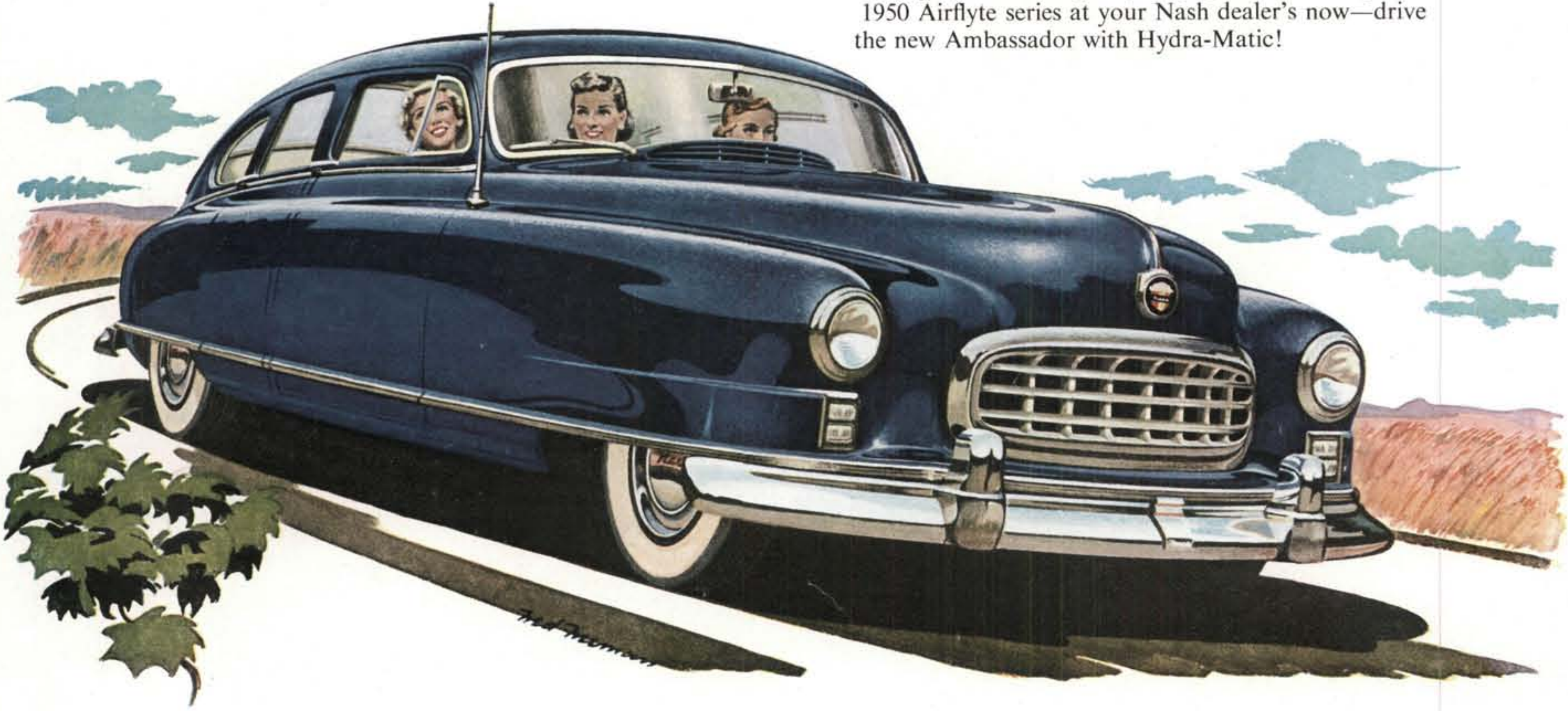
Slip into the seat of a 1950 Nash, and watch two words—*Airflyte Construction*—loom big in your life.

Different? You sit inside a twist-proof, rattle-proof, all-welded fuselage that's *twice* as rigid—and so spacious the seats can become Twin Beds.

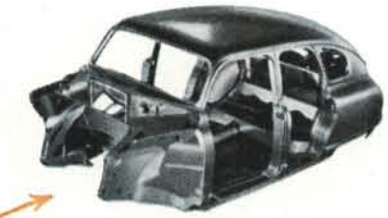
It slips through the air with 20% less wind-drag—and with new Super-Compression power, *you've got performance!*

Rough road? Feel those super-soft coil springs soak up shock like a sponge soaks water. Airflyte Construction makes this a rock-solid road-hugger. Raw weather? Just set that Nash "Weather Eye."

Gas gauge stuck at "full"? Man, you're new around here! A Nash Statesman gets more than 25 miles to a gallon at average highway speed. See two great 1950 Airflyte series at your Nash dealer's now—drive the new Ambassador with Hydra-Matic!



ONE SINGLE
WELDED UNIT
STRONGER
-WEIGHS LESS



Nash is the World's only car with Airflyte Construction. The entire frame and body, floor, roof and rear fenders are built as a single welded unit . . . twice as rigid as ordinary construction . . . squeak-free, rattle-proof. Makes possible new safety, economy and riding comfort.

Nash
AIRFLYTE

The Statesman • The Ambassador

GREAT CARS SINCE 1902

Nash Motors, Division Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Mich.

DENTAL SCIENCE EXPLAINS HOW IPANA FIGHTS TOOTH DECAY!

Dental science says that tooth decay starts with acid-forming bacteria trapped in a sticky coating on your teeth. Every time, *any* time you brush your teeth with Ipana, it fights tooth decay by helping remove this bacteria-trapping coating. *No other dentifrice—paste or powder—is more effective than Ipana Tooth Paste for this purpose.*

DENTISTS SAY THE IPANA WAY PROMOTES HEALTHIER GUMS!

In thousands of recent reports from all over the country, 8 out of 10 dentists say the Ipana way promotes healthier gums. *That's just as important as fighting decay,* for dentists warn that you can't have healthy teeth without healthy gums! Try this dentist-approved Ipana care—for healthier teeth and healthier gums *both.*

HERE'S THE DENTIST-APPROVED IPANA WAY—EASY AS 1, 2:

***The Ipana way** is doubly effective. **1.** *Between regular visits to your dentist,* brush all tooth surfaces with Ipana at least twice a day. (Ipana's own formula helps prevent tooth decay—leaves teeth cleaner.) **2.** Then massage gums the way your dentist advises. (Ipana's unique formula also stimulates circulation—promotes healthier gums.)

"Most tooth losses come from gum troubles," say dentists.

NOW-FIGHT TOOTH DECAY AND GUM TROUBLES, TOO!

You can help prevent tooth decay as you guard your gums — this doubly-effective Ipana way!*

Naturally, you fully recognize the importance of preventing tooth decay. *But you can't save your teeth by guarding against decay alone!* For. as leading dentists warn you. gum troubles cause even more tooth losses than decay does! And gum troubles can threaten you at any age.

That's why you'll welcome this important dental news: *you and your whole family can now help prevent costly, painful tooth decay and gum troubles BOTH—with doubly-effective Ipana dental care.**

For Ipana's own formula helps remove the sticky coating that traps acid-forming bacteria—considered a major cause of tooth decay. *No other paste or powder is more effective for this purpose.*

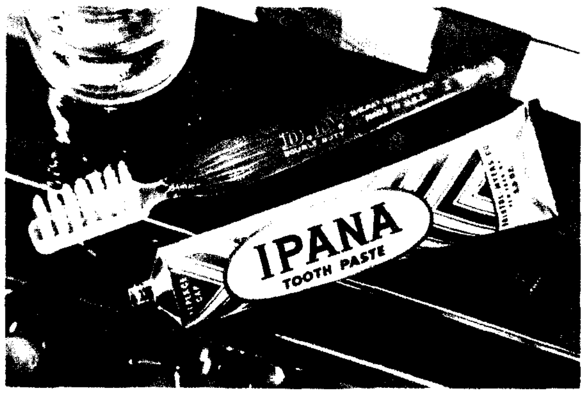
And more—Ipana is the *only* leading tooth paste specially designed *to stimulate gum circulation—promote healthier gums.*

The D. R. Pattersons, of Silver Spring, Md., never take chances on halfway dental care. For Mrs. Patterson, a popular fashion model, knows that sparkling smiles depend on healthy teeth and healthy gums *both.* So she sees that her whole family fights decay and gum troubles, too—the Ipana way. Give your family this same doubly-effective dental care. Get Ipana Tooth Paste today!

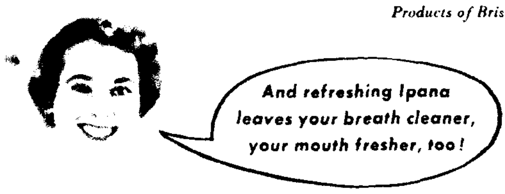
THIS MARYLAND FAMILY GUARDS TEETH AND GUMS BOTH—WITH IPANA CARE!

HEALTHIER TEETH, HEALTHIER GUMS

IPANA for Both!



Products of Bristol-Myers


And refreshing Ipana leaves your breath cleaner, your mouth fresher, too!

P.S. For correct brushing use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush with the *twist* in the handle. 1000 dentists helped design it!

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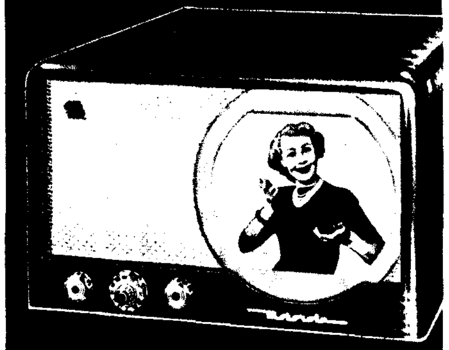

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November 26, 1949

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The Cover

This week's pre-Thanksgiving scene is the first of several Collier's covers by Charlotte Joan Sternberg. There is no doubt that it is New England, where the artist lives (in Meriden, Connecticut).

Week's Mail

Carrier or B-36?

EDITOR: Congratulations to Collier's and Richard Tregaskis on the article We Need Carriers and the B-36 (Oct. 8th).

As a veteran of naval service during World War II, I believe the Air Force should retract its stand and vote for the supercarrier.

If the United States is going to protect itself from aggressive nations and be able to strike back, we need both the bomber and the carrier. A. H. PUTNAM, Glendale, Cal.

. . . Richard Tregaskis enfeebles an otherwise weakly woven defense of our need in this supersonic age for 39-mile-per-hour supertargets—oops, I mean supercarriers—by referring to the "Army strategic bombing role" and "Army land-based aircraft."

We're proud of our past association with the Army and respect their present role in the security scheme. But please, Mr. Editor, after more than two years of legal status, can't we give unto Symington the things that are Symington's?

It's almost superfluous to add that Mr. Tregaskis hardly adds to his stature as an authority on what relative amount of emphasis should be placed on Navy and Air Force air power by his confused identification of the "Army" strategic bombing role. That reference is true only in the history books.
JOHN D. MALONEY, Major,
USAFR, Dayton, Ohio

. . . The Secretary of the Navy has forbidden us to make public utterances on matters of naval policy, but I should like to take this opportunity to state that Mr. Tregaskis' article should be required reading for every citizen of the United States.
WALTER J. WATSON, LCDR, USNR,
Lewistown, Mont.

. . . Richard Tregaskis must be nothing but Navy-happy. So our B-36 with 450 mph is slow, practically obsolete, huh? What would the 65,000-ton Navy speed demon with 39 miles per hour amount to in 1952, the presumed date of completion?

Another thing: Just what was the super-duper carrier supposed to be? A-bomb proof? If, according to Mr. Tregaskis, a land base can be wiped off with a near-by miss of an A-bomb, is it impossible to do the same to the twentieth-century wonder, the carrier? GEORGE J. ZIOLO, Cpl.,
USAF, Perrin AF Base, Texas

. . . "Without fighters our bombers are sitting ducks." That is an interesting quotation by Richard Tregaskis. But in his entire article I could not find how Navy fighters operating from carriers could protect the B-36 bomber.

He says, "The bombers would have to fly 1,000 to 2,000 miles into Soviet territory, and 1,000 to 2,000 miles back." That is true, but how would a carrier manage to operate over Soviet land? Would the Navy allow a carrier to come within the radius of land-based enemy planes? They certainly didn't on Doolittle's first Tokyo raid and it is hard to believe that the Navy's thinking has changed.

Four months before the B-29s were sent overseas to Saipan we were told not to worry about Jap fighters; the Navy fighters would protect us. After three months of continuous bombing over the Japanese mainland in full daylight, unescorted, the Navy came in for a carrier strike, and then

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General Electric Home Freezer, below, is all aluminum inside . . . lighter weight, faster freezing!

It's more than a coincidence that General Electric, one of the leaders in refrigeration, uses more aluminum in its de luxe models than is used in any other make of refrigerator. General Electric engineers appreciate the value of this light material that never rusts, that looks beautiful in natural color or *chip-proof* white finish. And housewives prefer aluminum where food is concerned . . . surveys show that women prefer aluminum to porcelain-enamel for cooking foods. So the trend in refrigerators is toward *more and more aluminum!*

Reynolds entrance into aluminum production gave impetus to this trend . . . by opening new sources of supply for volume users like General Electric. And Reynolds is working with General Electric engineers to develop additional advantages of aluminum in modern refrigeration. See the new General Electric Combination Refrigerator and the General Electric Home Freezer wherever the great line of General Electric appliances is sold. *See Aluminum in action!*

Memo to Manufacturers: *Besides its great sales appeal, aluminum means longer life for dies and tools, no chipping rejects, full scrap salvage, freight and labor savings. All factors considered, cost is competitive.* ***Reynolds Metals Company,*** *Louisville 1, Kentucky; Richmond 19, Virginia; and all principal cities.*

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SHULTON
Rockefeller Center, New York

asked General LeMay to divert the B-29s from strategic bombing to bomb the airfields of Japan in order to protect their carriers.

Yet Mr. Tregaskis says that the Navy cleaned out the Jap fighters and they were no longer a threat. What does he think happened to all the top-notch Jap pilots before the Navy got there?

I am in full accord with Mr. Tregaskis' viewpoint that B-36s should have escort fighters, but I do not agree that the fighters be furnished from aircraft carriers when the carriers are controlled by admirals who are more afraid of losing a carrier than of protecting the B-36.

CHARLES O. MCALISTER, Whittier, Cal.

. . . The more we hear of the Navy side the more it appears logical and sound. If Secretary of Defense Johnson and Secretary of the Navy Matthews prevent the Navy from explaining its own concepts, how can we learn the issues and facts without more fine articles like this one in your magazine?

B. L. FRANKLIN, Jamaica, N. Y.

No, Ed Isn't 77

EDITOR: Regarding your article It's Ed Wynn Again—in Video (Oct. 15th), how do you explain the fact that in the line below the four pictures of Ed Wynn you say that he is nearing sixty-three, and in the first paragraph of the article, you quote a 1932 Pittsburgh newspaper article which says that Ed Wynn at sixty starts a complete new career?

HOWARD BERKOWITZ, Ilion, N. Y.

Ed had been in show business 30 years in 1932, but he started at age fifteen (see page 68, same issue) and not age thirty, as the Pittsburgh paper wrongly assumed.

. . . To the long list of Ed Wynn's accomplishments you have unnecessarily added authorship of two items he did not write. The Mayor's Monologue ("Well, not exactly *in* the mayor's office") was composed by Mr. Lew Brown of Beer Barrel Polka fame, and the show Manhattan Mary was the work of Brown, Buddy De Sylva and Ray Henderson with additional dialogue by Billy K. Wells. I doubt that Mr. Wynn wants more credits than the many he has earned.

KATHERINE ALVORD, New York, N. Y.

We doubt it too. Wynn inscribed a picture for Brown: "Thanks for writing The Mayor's Monologue. You are one of America's greatest humorists."

Magic Eye Opener

EDITOR: Craig Thompson's Mr. Television (June 25th) contained a statement referring to patent applications by Du Mont: "One was the magic eye . . . also called the cathode-ray tuning indicator . . . which was sold to RCA for $19,750."

The fact is that there were many patents on tuning indicators before and after Du Mont. Only one form of electronic tuning indicator has actually proved to be an outstanding success.

That form was invented by me while at RCA and the patent on that form is United States Number 2,051,189—Wagner, issued to me and assigned to RCA.

That tube was developed and commercially introduced by RCA and has been sold by the millions. Furthermore, the name "Magic Eye," which was introduced to the radio industry by RCA, refers to that particular form of tuning indicator because of its unique appearance.

All other forms may be tuning indicators but they are not "Magic Eyes."

HERBERT M. WAGNER, Asbury Park, N. J.

Hap Makes Sense

EDITOR: I have noticed with alarm the acute rivalry between the three components of our military establishment, particularly in view of the enormous expenditures of precious tax money and the seriousness of world peace affairs. It has been disgusting to read the selfish claims and countercharges of the Air Force, then the Army, then the Navy.

I became convinced that each arm of the military would strangle the other, or even sell the country short, just to gain its own traditional glory, power and prestige. I was disillusioned and worried. Then came the only sensible article I've seen, your article written by retired General H. H. Arnold, Tradition Can't Win Wars (Oct. 15th). There is the solution!

I was amazed that a military man could see the light and have the courage to speak for the plan he proposes. Your duty is not ended until you widely publish this and similar articles. And let us hope that those in power will note and act accordingly.

H. W. GLENN, Atlanta, Ga.

Typographical Jargon

EDITOR: This writer is an eighty-year-old printer still actively engaged in "the business" and a continuous reader of Collier's from the time he worked on the old Collier's under the regime of its originator (old "P.F." we called him).

Now, I'm puzzled after reading Arthur Mayse's story of Sky Line Red (Oct. 8th) in which he reports his inquiring visit at the newspaper plant of Mr. Habkirk, who was found setting type by hand.

I quote—"And he chuckled, *clicking* type into a *tray.*"

And farther on—"He laid down his *pick* and smiled broadly."

So, I ask you—does the author mean (1) a galley? And (2) a composing stick?

And how come he used such peculiar (to me) terms and expressions?

DAN TAFT, Flushing, N. Y.

Mr. Habkirk's "tray" might well have been a galley—though it might have been a composing stick, since both are trays, practically speaking. As for the "pick," the author obviously meant that tweezer-type little instrument which was used to pick small type out of the fonts.

Rear-Vision Boaters

EDITOR: Re criticism of Arthur Bliss Conkwright that the passengers in the boat on the cover of your Sept. 3d issue are facing the wrong way (Week's Mail, Oct. 15th): There's no such rule as a right or wrong way to face when in a boat.

I've ridden a million times on the bow of a skiff, facing the driver. It's safer and more comfortable.

MARIE HANNON, Mobile, Ala.

. . . These girls probably were taken fishing when they were babes in arms. Everyone always rides like that here because while trolling for fish the fisherman faces the rear in case he gets a strike. Thus he can instantly set the hook, etc. Feature getting a big fish on and having to get up and turn around.

So stick to your rights, Collier's, because I can safely say more people ride more hours facing the stern of the boat than ever rode the other way.

I speak from experience, as we have owned a fishing resort since 1943 here on one of the good fishing streams in Oregon, the Siletz River.

SUDIE BOYCE, Kernville. Ore.

Not for Free

EDITOR: "Anonymous," in Confessions of a Congressman's Son (Oct. 15th), says Army officers shamelessly receive their quarters "gratis." How come?

Officers in the services pay—and through their respective noses—for the quarters they occupy. Speaking for the Navy, we have had $125 a month clipped off the pay check in Washington for quarters which in those days would have rented for $50 in any city in the land.

EDITH D. MOSES, Bluffton, S. C.

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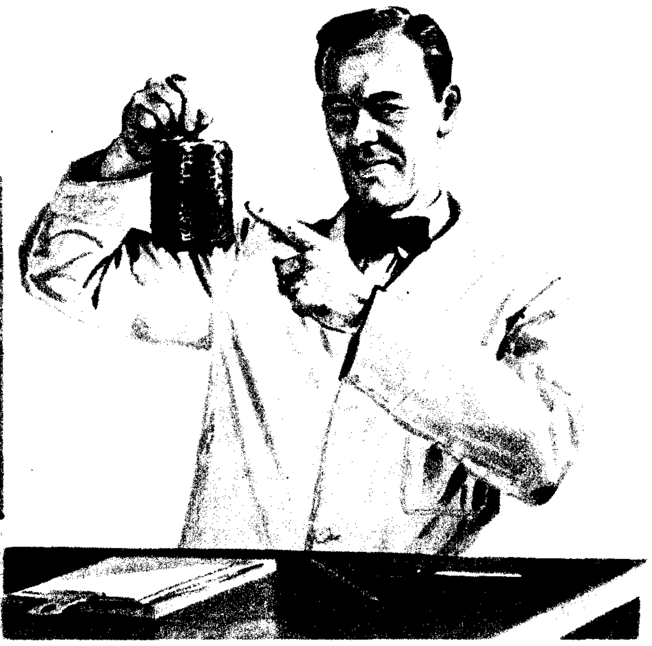

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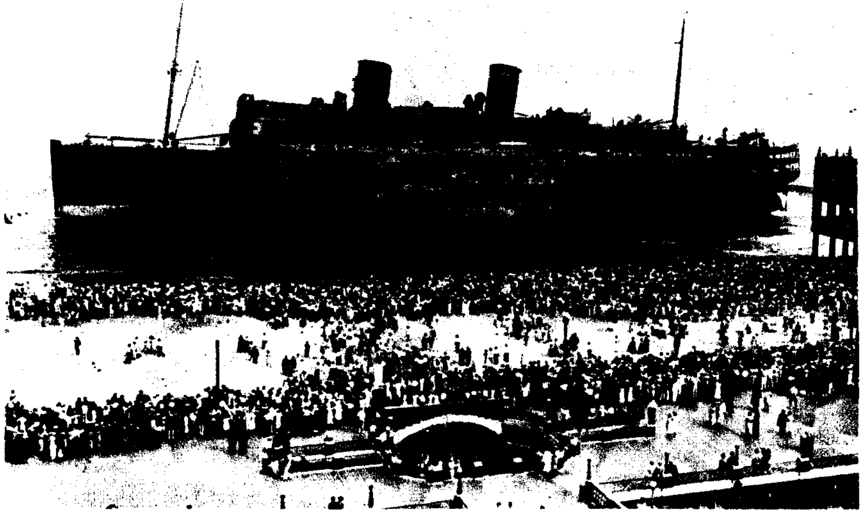

The Morro Castle tragedy brought nearly 1,000,000 visitors to Asbury Park

Probably no disaster in U.S. history left behind a more profitable wreck than the fire that burned out the S.S. Morro Castle on September 8, 1934, off Asbury Park, New Jersey. Hours later, the smoldering liner, aboard which 137 persons had lost their lives, drifted toward shore and landed on the beach of that resort. Within three weeks, nearly 1,000,000 visitors went to Asbury Park to see the ship and, while there, spent a great deal of money. They bought countless copies of Morro Castle mementos which included pictures of the vessel, inscribed coins, and poems and ballads about the tragedy. Inspired by this sudden wealth, the city council discussed and almost decided to take over the wreck of the Morro Castle, make it a permanent attraction and permit tourists, for a small fee, to go aboard and see the damage.

The zoo in Antwerp, Belgium, now exhibits a number of its birds in cages having open fronts so visitors do not have to look through a wire screen or glass window. The cages, about five feet square, are recessed in the walls of a dark hall and their interiors are brightly illuminated by fluorescent lights. Being diurnal and feeling secure only while in the light, the birds do not attempt to fly through the open front out into the darkness.

Few famous paintings have a history as strange as Gainsborough's Duchess of Devonshire. In the 1800s, it came into the possession of a woman who cut off the lower third of the canvas so it could be hung over her fireplace. In 1876, while on exhibition in Agnew's London art gallery, the picture was stolen by a man named Worth. Wanting bail for a jailed relative, Worth thought he could get Agnew to put up the money if he offered to return the masterpiece. The following day, however, the relative was released unexpectedly, so Worth abandoned his plan. He hid the hot picture in the false bottom of a trunk, where it remained for twenty-five years. In 1901, after long negotiations, Worth returned the Gainsborough Duchess to Agnew for $25,000 and a promise that he would not be prosecuted. Later, the painting was sold to J. P. Morgan, Sr., and today it is owned by one of his descendants.

A memorable American sports event was the Great Cowboy Horse Race that was run in June, 1893, from Chadron, Nebraska, to Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show at the Chicago World's Fair. Nine men started, each with two horses to be ridden alternately. The winner covered the 1,040 miles in 13 days and 16 hours and was awarded the prize of $1,500 in cash. Only three others finished the grueling race, the rest having dropped out because either they or their horses were unable to endure the heat, storms and bad roads. But probably the most fatigued "participant" was a newspaper reporter who rode alongside the leading contestant for the last 300 miles—on a bicycle.

In 1907, after a career of 38 years, the notorious New York law firm of Howe & Hummel was put out of business because the surviving partner, Abe Hummel, had at last been convicted of conspiracy to obstruct justice. As Hummel's downfall created a sensation, he was honored in a unique way when he was about to leave home to serve his sentence on Blackwells Island. The night before, the newspapers published a map of the route along which he was to be taken and, on the following morning, thousands lined those particular streets to wave farewell to him. However, they did not get to see Abe because the police, fearing trouble, took him over a different route.

A collection of more than 600 stories from this column is now available in a book, Keep Up with the World (288 pp., $2), published by Grosset & Dunlap, New York.

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1. Mix Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, coconut and vanilla.
2. Drop by teaspoonfuls on well-greased baking sheet, about 1 inch apart.
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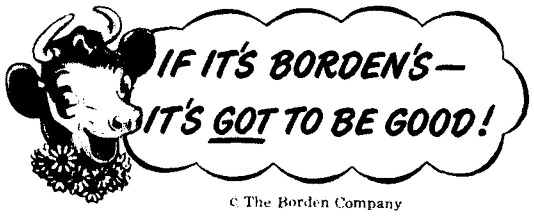
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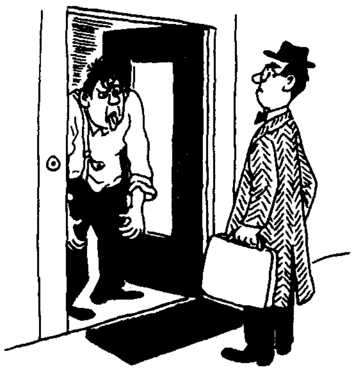
Nobody Here by That Name

By PARKE CUMMINGS



Judging by their miffed attitude I am a dull-witted misanthrope

I'VE lived in the same neighborhood for more than 20 years and I would assert, if you asked me, that I have a pretty fair working knowledge of the vicinity and the people who inhabit it. However, judging from the miffed attitude of total strangers who are constantly ringing our bell and making inquiries, I am a dull-witted misanthrope who couldn't even tell you if the lady next door had two heads.

If I were to suggest to these assorted information seekers that America should establish a counterpart of the late unlamented Gestapo to keep tabs on every movement and activity of every citizen, I would undoubtedly be eyed askance and reported to the F.B.I. Yet these very individuals apparently believe I'm derelict in my duty unless I know not only as much as the F.B.I., but the Census Bureau, the Chamber of Commerce and the publishers of Who's Who.

Take the man with a brief case who appeared at my door last week. "Dreifer live here?" he inquired.

"Never heard of anybody named Dreifer," I said. "What address are you looking for?"

"I haven't got any address for him," he replied, "but he has an accident policy with the Beneficent and Remuneratory Insurance Company."

"You've got me," I admitted.

He went away muttering something under his breath about "the damnedest bunch of downright unneighborly folks around here I ever ran into."

I fared no better the next day with the man who greeted me perfunctorily, then demanded, "What happened to Casey?"

I thought it better at least to make an effort. "He struck out," I said.

The man ignored this feeble jape. "Look," he said. "There was a family named Casey that lived in the house across the street, two doors down. They rented for a couple of months in the summertime."

Here, miraculously, a light dawned on me. "By golly," I said, "I think you're right. Had two kids. One of 'em used to shoot at our cat with an air rifle. About five or six years ago."

For the first time his expression softened—ever so slightly. "Seven years ago," he corrected.

"Could be," I admitted. Pleased at finding myself at least part way on the beam, I continued: "Now that you bring it up, I *do* recall them—although we never actually met. Drove an old convertible with a big rip in the top. Used to turn the radio up so loud at night that—"

My reminiscences were brusquely interrupted. "Where'd they move to?" asked the man.

"Sorry," I said, "but I really haven't the faintest idea."

The man scraped his foot on our lower step, specified heatedly what the folks around here didn't know from what else, and stalked away, scowling.

My encounter with the truck driver yesterday didn't turn out any better, although it started more auspiciously. He asked for Martin, and I brightened. "It's the fourth house down on the left, with the white picket fence," I told him. "Mailbox painted blue. Number 433."

The driver shook his head. "I was there," he said. "That ain't the right Martin."

I wasn't going to let this opportunity go by. "I know several other Martins," I announced. "What initials?"

He scratched his head. "They told me," he said, "but I forgot."

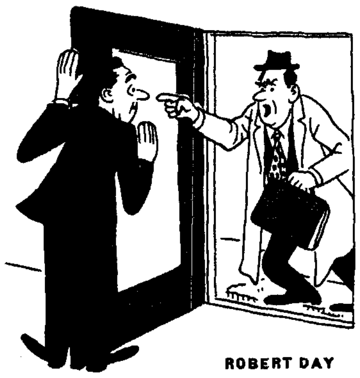
"Come on in," I invited, "and we'll go through the telephone book. When you see the right one, perhaps you'll recognize him."

This town was apparently founded by a Martin family with a dozen male children, all of whom married early and often. The phone book listed 47 Martins, beginning with A.G. and ending with Zachariah. No light dawned in the driver's eyes as he went down the list. Sensing his disappointment, I asked, "Have you any other clues?"

"Sure," he said. "It's the Martin that ordered a bookcase."

Perhaps the right Martin has received his bookcase by now, but, if so, I can't take an assist. And while I'm about it, this would seem the appropriate time to get the following facts established.

I am unable to guess the name of a lady who once lived in Chicago and has a daughter at Vassar. I do not know whether somebody named Skaras is a good credit risk. I do not know somebody named Skaras period. I cannot locate No. 675 Waverly Street although, logically, this would appear to place it smack in the middle of the second and third lanes of the interstate highway. I don't know whether Higgins is looking for a tree surgeon. And, finally, no training I ever received from my parents, or in elementary school, secondary school, college or the School of Hard Knocks enables me to deduce whether F. J. Scanlon or G. Harris Scanlon would be more likely to own a litter of brown cocker spaniels.



"What happened to Casey?"

All right. Have it *your* way. I'm not the neighborly type. THE END

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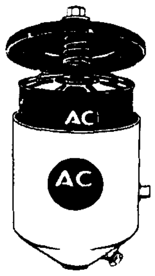

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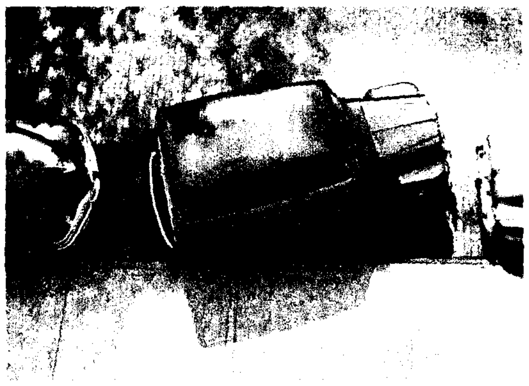

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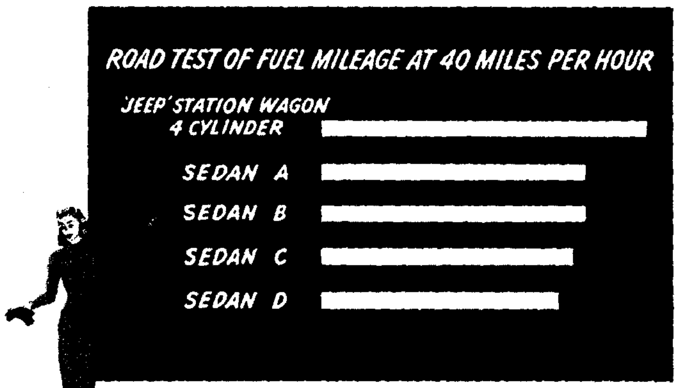

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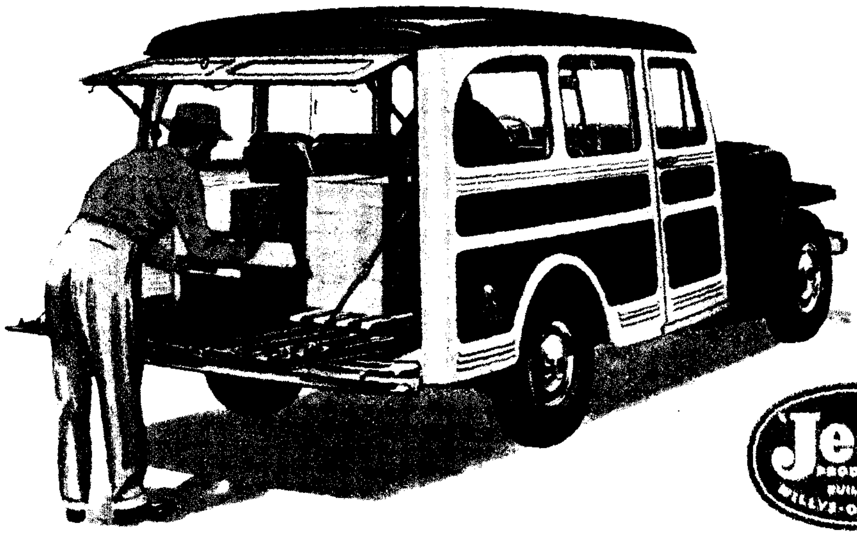

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Collier's NOVEMBER 26, 1949

PROHIBITION'S GHOST *Walks Again*

By VIRGINIUS DABNEY

County by county, the professional Drys are whooping it up, trying to sell America back to the bootleggers

THE Daily Oklahoman, one of the principal Dry newspapers in the United States, published on its front page in September a picture of a Baptist preacher, the Rev. Thomas R. Byford, of Oklahoma City. Under his photograph the paper carried a plaintive wail to the effect that he was being confused by many persons with "Harold Byford, Oklahoma City bootlegger," and his phone was ringing "night and day."

"One fellow called me long-distance from Detroit and said he had a truckload ready to leave," said Mr. Byford, a clergyman of 14 years' standing. "I tried to tell him he had the wrong number, but I couldn't make him understand."

The minister appealed to readers of the paper to stop calling him up at all hours with orders for whisky.

The episode sheds a glaring light on the state of civilization in Oklahoma—which voted by a substantial majority on September 27th to retain its prohibition law—and in various other so-called Dry communities. Dry Oklahoma has been termed "the wettest state in the Union." It is said, furthermore, to be the state where the word "bootlegger" originated, since the early settlers carried bottles in their boots. Apparently, too, it is the state where bootleggers thrive most abundantly today.

The commissioner of the Arkansas Department of Revenue, Dean Morley, says federal records show 700,000 cases of liquor are shipped annually into Oklahoma from surrounding states: a third of a case for every Oklahoma man, woman and child. This is by no means the whole story, since many shipments are not registered with the federal authorities, and there is, furthermore, the large production of domestic "white mule."

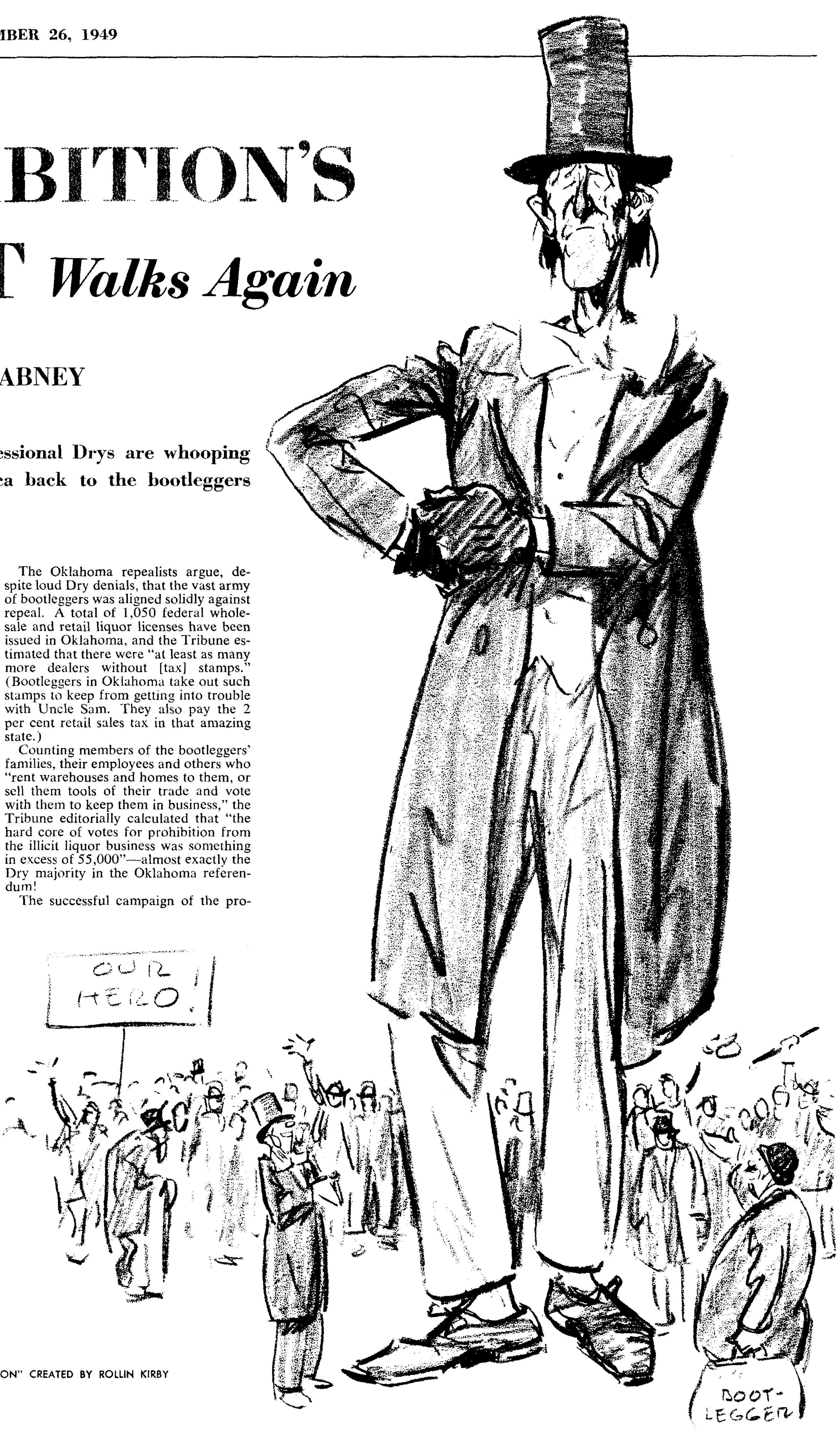
The attitude of many Oklahomans who consume their share of liquor, but who voted against repeal in the recent election, is seen in the following alcoholic rhapsody composed by one of them and published in the Tulsa Tribune:

Please vote Dry. I'll never moan.
I can buy whisky via the telephone.
It may be a little higher,
It may cost a little more,
But it will be delivered
Straight to my door.

The Oklahoma repealists argue, despite loud Dry denials, that the vast army of bootleggers was aligned solidly against repeal. A total of 1,050 federal wholesale and retail liquor licenses have been issued in Oklahoma, and the Tribune estimated that there were "at least as many more dealers without [tax] stamps." (Bootleggers in Oklahoma take out such stamps to keep from getting into trouble with Uncle Sam. They also pay the 2 per cent retail sales tax in that amazing state.)

Counting members of the bootleggers' families, their employees and others who "rent warehouses and homes to them, or sell them tools of their trade and vote with them to keep them in business," the Tribune editorially calculated that "the hard core of votes for prohibition from the illicit liquor business was something in excess of 55,000"—almost exactly the Dry majority in the Oklahoma referendum!

The successful campaign of the pro-



CELEBRATED FIGURE OF "PROHIBITION" CREATED BY ROLLIN KIRBY hibitionists to prevent the introduction of legal liquor in Oklahoma is convincing evidence that there is a great deal of vitality left in their movement. The repealists put on a tremendous show, in which the distillers and the brewers co-operated, and they set up much the best organization that has been established in any of the five campaigns for the repeal of Oklahoma's 42-year-old Dry law. They counted on thousands of returned war veterans to turn the tide for them. They believed they would win; but they lost.

They lost because the Temperance League of America (formerly the Anti-Saloon League), the Methodist Board of Temperance, the W.C.T.U. and kindred bodies organized the state from end to end, put enormous pressure on Methodists, Baptists and other Protestant church members, brought in leading spellbinders from various sections of the nation, and got there first with the most votes.

A Triumph of Dry Organization

It was an impressive demonstration of the power of the supposedly impotent prohibitionist organizations. Those organizations knew that if they lost Oklahoma, only Mississippi would be left among the legally Dry states, and they made their maximum effort. Their success has encouraged them, and they are planning to take the offensive in other directions.

Bishop Wilbur E. Hammaker, the suave and eloquent executive vice-president of the Methodist Board of Temperance, who toured Oklahoma during the recent campaign and delivered powerful speeches and sermons on behalf of the existing system, believes that two or three states will go Dry in the next couple of years. He mentions North Carolina and Kentucky as among the most likely to do so. Other leading prohibitionists add the names of Arkansas, Tennessee and Texas. They are confident of the ultimate return of national prohibition.

The Drys are counting on their guess that the American people have a short memory. They believe the voters will not remember the reign of terror produced by the Eighteenth Amendment—when bootleg gangs infested our cities, and hypocrisy, graft and contempt for law reached an all-time high in American history.

The Drys believe the voters will not remember the black day when prohibitionists in the House of Representatives at Washington stood in the Capitol and cheered the killing of a man because he had a couple of quarts of liquor in his car. This incident came about during the epoch of growing lawlessness that reached a shocking climax in the Saint Valentine's Day mass murder in a Chicago garage. The Drys seem sure once again that the evils of prohibition can be hidden in a fog of pretended morality.

The old-time emotion of preprohibition days was pumped up in the Oklahoma campaign so successfully that it seems certain to be employed many times hereafter if the American people allow the drive for another federal prohibition law to gather momentum.

"If you vote 'Yes' [for repeal] you will be guilty of every murder, every rape, every crime in this state, and your conscience will rise up from the very tomb," Dr. Eugene S. Briggs, president of Phillips University, Enid, Oklahoma, told a whooping Tulsa audience.

The Rev. Sam Morris, the Texas tornado, delivered scores of speeches all over Oklahoma. Morris, a Baptist minister from San Antonio, whose folksy platform technique and earthy language have made him the most sought-after of all the mob orators in the Dry camp, roared:

"A bottle of legally made, legally sold and legally drunk liquor will make a man go tomcattin' around with some old floozy he picks up in a bar as quick as a bottle of bootleg liquor."

He proclaimed that there is "no difference between a bootlegger and a legal dealer; they're both skunks." Sam then brought cackles by defining a skunk as "a streamlined kitty with a two-tone top and a fluid drive."

In another speech he termed the leader of the repeal movement in Oklahoma, A. G. Kulp, Tulsa attorney, "a dirty liar."

"I'm going to nail Kulp's hide to a barn door so fast it can't be taken down with a claw hammer!" the speaker shouted.

The audience responded with loud amens and urged him to "pour it on."

This sort of campaigning has made Morris the darling of the prohibitionist speakers' bureau. He delivered some 68 speeches in the Oklahoma campaign, and his efforts, probably more than those of any other speaker, kept the early stamping ground of "Pussyfoot" Johnson in the Dry column.

It was in Indian Territory that Pussyfoot Johnson launched the career which apparently reached some sort of climax in 1926, when he boasted:

"I had to lie, bribe and drink to put over prohibition in America."

The organized Drys are no longer as brash as they were about predicting that the nation will go dry in "three years" or "five years." But—and don't forget this—they are grimly determined to outlaw liquor in all its forms. Their technique, they freely admit, is to dry up localities by the local-option route, then to dry up states, and when enough states have voted out liquor, to combine their forces in a final nation-wide crusade for another federal law.

It may seem that not much headway is being made toward this end. With Kansas in the repeal column, and only Oklahoma and Mississippi retaining their prohibition laws, the Dry cause would appear, on the surface, to be at a low ebb. However, there have been literally tens of thousands of local-option elections since the Eighteenth Amendment went down the drain. The Drys have won most of them. They are working now almost entirely by this unspectacular method, so that their activities seldom receive notice outside the immediate communities in which they occur. That's the way they want it. Their aim is to avoid arousing the nation as a whole.

Virginius Dabney, the author of Prohibition's Ghost Walks Again, is the crusading editor of the Richmond Times-Dispatch and the author of many thoughtful books, the latest of which is Dry Messiah: A Biography of Bishop James Cannon, Jr., published this year. While gathering material for this book, which is seriously mentioned as a possible Pulitzer prize winner, Mr. Dabney has made a close study of prohibition movements, past and present. In this article he makes the startling—and, to many readers, shocking—revelation that the Drys are again launching a full-scale offensive for nation-wide prohibition. Collier's presents Mr. Dabney's penetrating analysis of the current movement, with its grave implications, as a warning to America

From 1940 until 1949, local-option elections involving hard liquor have been lost by the Wets in 533 places and won in 267, for a net loss of 266 places with total inhabitants of just under 1,500,000. In the year 1948 alone, 1,568 local-option elections involving beer were held, and there was an increase of nearly 600,000 in the population of communities which voted out beer during that year. During 1949 to September 1st, the net Dry increase was almost 300,000 more, as a result of additional elections.

Since 1937, the percentage of the nation's population living in areas where beer is prohibited has grown slowly but steadily from 5.32 per cent to 10.1 per cent. A determined campaign to outlaw 3.2 beer from the entire state of Oklahoma is next on the agenda there.

Millions of Americans are altogether oblivious to the possibility of another nation-wide prohibition law. I was made acutely aware of this attitude by virtue of having published a few months ago Dry Messiah: A Biography of Bishop James Cannon, Jr., and of having listened to comments from friends who observed, in effect, that prohibition was as defunct as the proverbial herring, that its revival was utterly inconceivable, and that Cannon was a disagreeable character about whom the less said the better. It did not occur to them that the career of this false "moral leader," who plunged to his neck in bucket shops, admitted it and yet remained perhaps the most potent of prohibition's inside group of strategists, might hold important lessons for us all. A biography of him is necessarily a study of the highbinding methods by which adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment was accomplished.

It may well be that no such amendment can ever be enacted again. But those who are familiar with the Dry campaign that is slowly gathering momentum under the aegis of the fanatically determined professional Drys realize that we had best not be too complacent. That is exactly what happened 30 to 40 years ago, with results that are now familiar to everyone.

There is no agreement among Dry spokesmen as to just what the precise ultimate objective of their current effort should be, other than "extermination of the traffic in alcoholic beverages," the goal adopted more than half a century ago by the Anti-Saloon League. Some favor a new constitutional amendment of an undetermined character. Others, notably Edward B. Dunford, the veteran attorney for the Temperance League of America, argue that the second section of the Twenty-first (or repeal) Amendment, with the "duty" it imposes on the federal government to protect Dry states, is sufficient.

Liquor interests are far more alert to the danger than they were in the years preceding the adoption of national prohibition. This is freely admitted by the Drys, who occasionally are even willing to concede that there is a certain amount of decency and intelligence in the ranks of the opposition. Many in "the trade" were goggle-eyed, for example, when they read in the June, 1949, issue of The Voice, which speaks for the Methodist Board of Temperance, of "the high-class leadership employed by the distilled spirits and brewing industries." The Methodist organ went on to declare that "30 years ago, the brewers and distillers opposed oncoming prohibition by the use of money in blatant corruption; now, much more money is being used to buy first-class brains for advice and leadership."

Publicity Opposes Violating Law

Most of the brewers are organized for public-relations purposes in the United States Brewers' Foundation, while Licensed Beverage Industries, Inc., speaks in the same sphere for the distilling and wine-making interests. A major objective of both agencies is to keep their retailers from violating the law. This is a big order. The manufacturers are fully aware that a minority of retail outlets cause most of the complaints against the liquor and beer business, and spark the sentiment for prohibition.

I. E. Harris, vice-president and general sales manager for the Pabst Sales Company, lectured the National Tavern Owners' Association roughly not so long ago, saying that "certain retailers" are supplying the Drys with the ammunition they need. He blasted "those substandard businessmen who are in the business to 'clean up quick,' with no regard for community welfare—with no regard for the well-being of their fellow citizens." Speaking later to the Michigan Beer and Wine Wholesalers, Mr. Harris deplored the "complacency toward the threat of the return of prohibition."

The able and alert executives and staff of the United States Brewers' Foundation have prepared an attractive motion-picture film which is shown to retailers with a view to persuading them to obey the law, and to take part in community enterprises, join civic clubs, and otherwise become community leaders. Well-managed licensed Beverage Industries, Inc., ran a series of advertisements in trade journals, stressing the thought that tavernkeepers must be law-abiding, maintain orderly places of business, refuse to sell to minors or intoxicated persons, and, in general, conduct model establishments. Another LBI series, addressed to the public, urged drinkers to be moderate and not to patronize "black sheep" taverns.

Both the Brewers' Foundation and LBI realize that unless the progress of local option is halted, a sad and doleful fate for them will lie at the end of the road.

Another important agency of the hard-liquor branch of the trade is the Distilled Spirits Institute, with headquarters in Washington, where it seeks to counteract the work of the various Dry bodies which have freewheeling lobbies there. Howard T. Jones, the levelheaded and well-informed executive secretary, is a former member of the Federal Prohibition Bureau's legal staff. His up-to-date and reliable statistics on the

(Continued on page 73)

This was Prohibition

Gangland liquor wars reached a climax that shocked the nation in 1929, when seven men were mowed down by tommy guns in Chicago's grim St. Valentine's Day massacre

"Why, here is my camera," I cried. "If there happens to be some film, I'll take some shots for my collection and your mother need never know"

The Big Minnie

BY HANNIBAL COONS

In all his years as a Hollywood press agent, George had never been up against anything as supercolossal as Minnie, a female Paul Bunyan with a grudge against the movie business

FEDERAL PICTURES
Hollywood, California
August 17, 1949

From RICHARD L. REED
Director of Publicity

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative, Federal Pictures
Hotel Adolphus
Dallas, Texas

Dear George:

George, you will be happy to hear that I have another dandy little trip planned for you. A week end in the glorious lake country of northern Minnesota. It's just beautiful up there this time of year.

The truth is, of course, George, that we've been given another dog to walk. Why they throw this janitor work at us I can't imagine, except that we have gained a certain reputation for agility.

This one looks like a breeze, though. All you have to do is run up to a place called Moosejaw, Minnesota, explain to a girl named Judy Barton why we can't give her a screen test, hop back into your canoe, and paddle briskly out of town.

All we want to do on the thing is get off the hook. It's another one of Nate Bender's brain storms. Nate, as you know, in addition to owning all the theaters up in the Moose belt, has always had himself confused with Buffalo Bill. For years he has rained hunks of venison, wild ducks and deceased fish down upon us like an exploding quick freeze.

This wouldn't be so bad, as by now we are getting used to it, and just keep a skillet hot at all times. But now Nate has gone talent scout on us, as every living soul in this fool business does sooner or later. There are two things that everybody alive thinks he can do better than the guy doing it—be President, and pick out people who would be great in the movies.

It seems that lately Nate has been cleaning out the game up in the Moosejaw area, and he has discovered a girl up there we just can't get along without. She's the daughter of his guide, Lud Barton, and according to Nate she is the most beautiful thing the world has seen since our 1945 balance sheet, the year we made the money. *(Continued on page 80)*

ILLUSTRATED BY FRITZ WILLIS

You'd Never Know

OUR DAUGHTER IS

By HERBERT and DIXIE YAHRAES

Here is the candid story of a nineteen-year-old girl's affliction, told by her parents in the hope that it will be a lesson to us all. Doctors said Dixie Lou's recovery depended on giving her proper medical treatment and a normal life. But it turned out the big problem was prejudice

DIXIE LOU is a tall, brown-eyed, nice-looking girl of nineteen who seems in the pink of health. She goes to college in a distant town, works during vacations, and dances, swims and cycles to her heart's content.

Yet Dixie Lou, our first-born, has had epilepsy since she was twelve.

When we considered writing her story and ours, we called her up. We thought she'd say no. Wasn't she hoping to get married? Wasn't she still considering a career for which she had been twice turned down because of that telltale word on her medical record? Did she care to risk further trouble? Her answer came without hesitation.

"Tell the whole story," she said, "and use real names. If I can help others the way I've been helped, won't it be wonderful?"

Here is her story.

Dixie Lou's trouble began when she was on the threshold of adolescence—a favored time for epilepsy to start. We were living in a wealthy New York suburb we'll call Lakeside. Dixie Lou was a sixth-grader, a calm, happy child with a host of friends.

Suddenly one spring evening, as she sat busy with a schoolbook, she dug her fists into her eyes and trembled violently. Dixie rushed over and asked what was wrong. Dixie Lou didn't answer. In a few seconds she stopped trembling and went back to her work as if nothing had happened.

Some days later there was another such episode, and during the next two months several more. Almost as alarming, Dixie Lou began to display a frightening temper. Our family doctor, finding only that she was "nervous," prescribed a sedative.

But Dixie Lou grew worse. Besides trembling, she would sometimes throw her arms around and mumble words we couldn't understand; saliva would run from her lips; often she'd wet herself. A week seldom went by without at least one attack, and she might have six in a day. They'd be over in a minute, but when they occurred in public, those were the longest, most embarrassing minutes we'd known. Afterward she would have no recollection of what had happened.

If Dixie Lou had had what everybody used to call "fits," we might have recognized the trouble ourselves. But we didn't know then that epilepsy shows itself in many ways, nor, apparently, did the doctors whom we consulted.

Finally, more than a year after Dixie Lou's first symptoms, Dr. X called us into his office. He was an eminent neuropsychiatrist who for six months had been treating her for hysteria.

"I'm afraid I shall have to change my diagnosis," he said. "Dixie Lou has epilepsy."

We didn't believe it. There never had been epilepsy in either of our families. Dixie Lou's attacks were now averaging only two or three a week.

The doctor shrugged. "You remember that medicine I gave Dixie Lou a while back?"

We had thought it just another sedative.

"Well," Dr. X said, "that medicine was dilantin sodium. It was designed especially for epilepsy."

What hope could we have?

"Not a great deal, I'm afraid. But keep on with that prescription."

That fall, business took us to Massachusetts for a year. We entered Dixie Lou in a public school in a Boston suburb. The principal smiled sympathetically as we told him what we knew of her condition.

"We accept epileptics without prejudice," he assured us, "and we allow them three attacks."

Three attacks! Why, Dixie Lou was having that many a week. We lived in dread of a message from the principal, and it soon came.

We'll remember that October morning a long time. The sun shone warmly as we walked up the hill to the school. Dixie Lou had had four attacks, the principal briskly told us. Now what would we like to do? Here was a list of private schools he could recommend, or he could send a tutor to our home twice a week.

That afternoon we visited the Boston office of the American Epilepsy League and got the name of a local specialist, Dr. Y, who arranged a test for Dixie Lou with the electroencephalograph, an apparatus whose name comes from three words meaning *electric brain writing*. He let us watch the procedure.

After Dixie Lou was comfortably seated, a technician attached six tiny flat disks, or electrodes, to various parts of her head. Held in place by dabs of a gluelike compound, each disk carried a fine wire running a few feet to a battery of cabinets which looked like table-model radios. Here the tiny electrical impulses generated by her brain were amplified and recorded on a moving strip of paper.

A Doctor Explains the Disease

As Dixie Lou relaxed, looking as if she were getting a permanent, the doctor led us into the next room and told us about epilepsy.

During an epileptic seizure, he explained, the brain waves follow certain patterns, depending on the type of seizure.

One type is grand mal. Here the patient falls down unconscious and twitches violently for a minute or two. Another is petit mal, where the patient loses consciousness for only a few seconds and rarely falls; only his eyelids may twitch. A third type is psychomotor, which may look like petit or grand mal or both, but is also marked by temper tantrums, or short periods of odd behavior which the patient doesn't remember.

Also, the doctor went on, even when patients are not having seizures, the electroencephalograph record of most will show evidence of abnormality. So if Dixie Lou had epilepsy, the electrical symptoms were almost bound to show up in the charting of her brain waves.

He left the room and we looked hopefully at each other.

When Dr. Y returned, he carried Dixie Lou's electroencephalogram—wavy and ridged lines traced on a narrow strip of paper many yards long.

"On the basis of this record and of her medical history," he told us, "there is no doubt that Dixie Lou has epilepsy. There's been confusion because, like many persons, she has seizures of more than one type. However, they are mostly psychomotor."

Cause Cannot Always Be Traced

No one knows the cause of epilepsy, he added. Sometimes it follows an injury to the brain, whether caused by accident or disease; often, it just happens. Apparently in Dixie Lou's case it had just happened.

"So there's no doubt about it? It's really—epilepsy?"

The doctor nodded. "But don't be afraid of that word—it's only Greek for *seizure*, and there is no reason why most persons subject to seizures cannot lead happy, normal lives. Your job is to work with me to make Dixie Lou well."

Make Dixie Lou well. How?

By tackling two problems simultaneously, Dr. Y said. One was finding the right medicine, or combination of medicines. The other was helping Dixie Lou lead as normal a life as possible.

"I hope she can go to school regularly," Dr. Y told us, "because mental activity is one of the very best weapons we have for controlling disturbed brain waves."

That fixed our course. We had a little money set aside, but now it would have to go to get Dixie Lou into a good private school and to keep her there the rest of our year in Massachusetts.

Fortunately, the principal of an excellent girls' school, near enough so Dixie Lou could live at home, readily agreed to talk with Dr. Y, and then took Dixie Lou. Gratefully we tell its name—Chapel Hill, at Waltham, Massachusetts.

The medicine Dr. Y prescribed had been developed a few years before by a Harvard Medical School research team after countless experiments. It was dilantin sodium, the same medicine Dr. X had given Dixie Lou. Dr. Y told us that, when properly used, it definitely improved 80 per cent of the cases and frequently stopped seizures entirely.

"But it's still so new," he added, "that many doctors hesitate to give big enough doses. I'm going to increase Dixie Lou's dosage until her seizures are stopped or until toxic symptoms appear." He told us what to look out for: dizziness, skin eruptions, instability in walking.

Dilantin is marketed in small and large capsules, to be swallowed. Like other medicines for epilepsy, it has to be taken every day. Omit even one dose and you increase the possibility of a seizure. As we looked down all the years Dixie Lou might have to

AN EPILEPTIC

be using the stuff, we decided that she, and not we, would have to be responsible.

We put it up to her.

"Sure," said Dixie Lou. "I'll do *anything* to get well."

We had another hurdle. An epileptic seizure, involving loss of consciousness, might occur any time, anywhere. Should we let Dixie Lou bicycle? Go shopping by herself? Play in the school gym?

Late one evening, as we sat in front of the fireplace, Dixie gave the answer: "I think I'd rather have her dead than be always looked after and kept from doing what other kids do."

As a matter of fact, medical men have since assured us, epileptics rarely have a seizure at just the point where it would endanger life. We did take one precaution: we asked Dixie Lou not to go into the water unless there was at least one good swimmer around who knew of her condition.

Dixie Lou had been taking several small capsules a day. Later she took big capsules at some meals, and both big and little ones at others. Eventually the doctor decided a whole day's dose could safely be swallowed at one time.

For the first month or two we could see no improvement. Her seizures still occurred several times a week, and one dreadful day she was free of them for only a few hours. But then four days went by without trouble. And a fifth. And a sixth. We could hardly believe it. Then she was free for two weeks, and after an attack, for almost a month.

One afternoon she complained of seeing double. We called the doctor. "She's taking too much medicine," he said. "Tell her to drop one of the small capsules, and get in touch with me tomorrow." The next day we were able to tell the doctor that Dixie Lou's trouble had disappeared.

Getting Back to Normal Living

Along with the relative freedom from seizures came an almost miraculous improvement in her disposition. Our daughter became the lovable Dixie Lou of old. She discussed school work and current events. She volunteered for household tasks. She went to school dances.

Soon after we moved to Massachusetts we had become acquainted with a couple who had a son a year older than Dixie Lou. In December, Dixie Lou said she needed an escort to a Christmas party and she'd like to ask Bob. We managed to have a talk with his parents first.

"It would mean a lot to Dixie Lou to have Bob go," Dixie told them. "Still, she *is* epileptic and she *might* have a seizure, and if you'd rather Bob didn't take her, we'll understand perfectly."

"There isn't anything special Bob would have to do if she did get sick, is there?" his mother asked.

"No. She recovers by herself. In just a minute or two she's all right."

"Bobby knows Dixie Lou has epilepsy," the boy's father said. "If he wants to go, why shouldn't he?"

Bob did want to go, and all the rest of the winter he was at hand when Dixie Lou needed a partner for dancing or ice skating. He played a tremendous role in restoring her self-confidence—and ours.

During those months we studied everything we could find on the subject of our daughter's ailment. Dr. Y gave us some material, and we got a lot more by joining the American Epilepsy League. We pored over scientific reports available in the league's library and talked for hours with members of the league's staff. Out of our research we picked up five basic facts which gave us hope:

First, we were by no means alone. In the United States there were at least 800,000 people like our Dixie Lou.

Second, some epileptics, like some non-epileptics, had mentalities lower than average. Others had I.Q.s at the genius level. The mentalities of most were just plain normal.

Third, most adult epileptics were not only *employable* but *employed*—as lawyers, doctors, clerks, actresses, plumbers, stenographers, mechanics, teachers and dozens of other kinds of workers.

Fourth, there was only about one chance in forty that an epileptic would have a child who was also subject to seizures.

Fifth, doctors were recognizing dilantin as a great medical discovery, but researchers were already working to find something even better.

These facts, plus the knowledge that Dixie Lou was getting good care, helped us relax. With the tautness gone, home became a calmer, pleasanter place—and the pleasanter the environment, the better an epileptic gets along.

When the time came to go back to New York, Dixie Lou had had no seizures in two months. That might mean she was cured, we thought, but Dr. Y said no.

Collier's editors here pay tribute to Herbert and Dixie Yahraes and their daughter, Dixie Lou. In writing this dramatic story of their life together, these three courageous people unfold a tragic circumstance that affects the lives of a significant proportion of the American populace: 800,000 epileptics and their families. This frank report on one family's personal experience with epilepsy—a word which has inspired fear for so many centuries—must ease the burden for the others, who face the same problems. The authors can be proud

"Thanks to dilantin and God, she's well controlled," he said. "Her problem from now on isn't likely to be her seizures, but the same thing that has always handicapped our fight on epilepsy—prejudice."

Back in Lakeside, we promptly ran into that very thing. As a high-school freshman, Dixie Lou would be working under teachers who knew nothing about her, so we called on the principal. We told him we thought the school ought to know that our daughter had epilepsy. However, she was taking medicine and had not had a seizure in several months.

The principal frowned, and shifted in his chair.

A lot of attention would make her feel miserable, we went on. She just wanted to be treated like other people. At Chapel Hill she had been, and she'd got along well.

"You're making a mistake," he said. "Epileptics never do well, and it's useless to try to treat them like other people. They belong in institutions."

Fortunately, we were full of those facts we had gathered a few months before. We told him that Dixie Lou's intelligence had been tested recently and found to be distinctly superior.

"But the mentality of an epileptic gradually deteriorates," the principal insisted.

A few medical books still said so, we admitted. But it was a statement based on studies made in institutions; and only very bad cases—not more than 10 per cent—had to be institutionalized. It was also true that some of the old-time medicines dulled the brain; the new ones definitely did not.

We asked only that Dixie Lou be judged on her merits.

"All right," he said finally. "I still think you're making a mistake, but we'll give her a trial."

A Seizure During Algebra Class

One afternoon two weeks later the telephone rang. It was the school nurse.

"Dixie Lou's been sick," she told Dixie. "I think you'd better come over."

Dixie found Dixie Lou lying on a cot in the nurse's office.

"Something happened to Dixie Lou in algebra class," the nurse explained, "and the teacher called me. By the time I got there, she seemed all right and wanted to stay. The teacher insisted she leave. I think he was scared."

It developed that the principal had told no one—not even the nurse—anything about our talk with him. How much smoother Dixie Lou's course would have been otherwise, we can only guess. As it was, algebra students took their cue from the teacher and the word went out that Dixie Lou was queer.

One autumn morning she found a note on her desk saying, "Dixie Lou Yahraes is crazy." One noon in the cafeteria she took her tray to a table occupied by several girls she knew well. They were chatting gaily, but as soon as Dixie Lou sat down, they walked away without a word. Often she tried to join a gang walking home. "They act," she reported, "as if I wasn't there."

For the first time in her life Dixie Lou began having trouble with her studies, particularly algebra. She complained that when she'd ask the teacher for help, he'd brush her off. The teacher had a different story: he couldn't teach Dixie Lou because she didn't respect him.

"Is she impudent?" Dixie asked.

"Not impudent. Just a brat."

"But even if she does act like a brat sometimes, isn't that natural, the way she's been treated? Isn't it your job to help her, anyway?"

"My job is to teach normal children," he told us. "After this term I refuse to have anything at all to do with your daughter."

That December afternoon the two of us watched Dixie Lou come out of school. She kept her head down and her arms clasped tightly across her chest. When she saw us, she smiled, but with trembling lips. It was hard to realize that this forlorn, scared child was the one who had happily pedaled up the avenue just a few months earlier.

We took our problem to Dr. Z, one of the physicians recommended by the American Epilepsy League and by our Massachusetts doctor. Luckily for us, he was on the staff of a new clinic in New York sponsored by the National Association to Control Epilepsy.

On our first visit, the three of us talked with a doctor and the social worker. They asked questions about how Dixie Lou *(Continued on page 52)*

East Side's
Beech-Nut

During his last stay in New York, Sir Louis went to the old neighborhood, chatted with Misha Tsigonoff (left) and Sam Sussner (back), both newcomers

KNIGHT from ORCHARD STREET

By RICHARD B. GEHMAN

Sir Louis Sterling, Britain's multimillionaire industrialist, was born on New York's lower East Side—and he's proud of it

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARY MORRIS

Y NOW, most of us know the traditional tale of the poor but honest immigrant boy who comes to America and makes a fortune. Sir Louis Sterling, a remarkable man in many ways, is perhaps mostly remarkable for having reversed this theme. Born in Orchard Street on New York's lower East Side, he was indeed poor; but he became an *emigrant* boy, went to England, and in due time achieved not only a fortune but a title.

Today, at seventy, Sir Louis, who rose through the phonograph and record and allied industries to become one of his adopted country's wealthiest and most respected men, remains an East Sider at heart. His speech is a startling amalgam of raw Manhattanese and a cultured Oxonian accent. He is equally at home either in steamy, aromatic delicatessens or at lunch in London's Savoy, where for 40 years of Saturdays he has entertained at a table facing the Thames. He has an oddly mixed assortment of friends; they range from impecunious bellboys to English peers whose families could have snubbed William the Conqueror as a Johnny-come-lately.

A short, comfortable gentleman, wrinkled as a cheerful gnome, profane as a hostler, Sir Louis likes nothing better than to needle his titled associates. In 1947, at a dinner preceding a ceremony in which the University of London made him an honorary Doctor of Literature, he was seated next to a windy old aristocrat who knew nothing of Sir Louis' humble origins.

"And what colleges and universities did you attend, Sir Louis?" the Colonel Blimp character asked pompously.

"New York, New Haven and Hartford," said Sir Louis.

"Interesting," said the gentleman.

"Very," agreed Sir Louis, who had been educated, so to speak, in the lower East Side's Chrystie and Henry Street schools, before he left at age twelve to help support his family.

Sir Louis' parents, Morris and Julia Sterling, had come to the United States from Kaunas, Lithuania, shortly after the Civil War. Morris, like most immigrants, was desperately poor. He had a small oil and spice business, and one of Sir Louis' earliest recollections is carrying cans of vegetable and cooking oil all over the lower East Side.

"How we hated it!" the British knight says today. "Before we'd gone two blocks, our pants would be covered with the sticky stuff."

Louis and his three brothers had to help support the family, which included two sisters, almost from the time they were able to walk. He sold newspapers and acted as an assistant to a sandwich vendor who worked on week ends in parks; his pay was his lunch and a dime.

When he left school he became a clerk on the docks, a job which first gave him the idea of seeking his fortune overseas.

Later he joined the firm of S. Hofnung and Company, an exporting house, in which he advanced with some rapidity.

"Whenever somebody died or got another job," he recalls, "I was promoted."

At length, with only the boss left above him in the firm, he decided to leave. He had heard that ambitious young men were getting rich selling talking machines to South Americans, and he wondered if their feats might not be duplicated in London. In 1903, with less than $30 in his pocket, he sailed for England.

Months elapsed before the twenty-four-year-old American found employment. His cash ran out and to avoid being asked for an eight-week bill, he took to leaving his rooming house early each morning and returning late at night.

Finally, through sheer bravado, he got a job with the Gramophone Company, Ltd. The manager, an American, asked him how much salary he wanted.

A Nervy Proposition About Salary

Since Sterling didn't want to confess that he was penniless, he said that he would accept a sporting proposition. "Pay me nothing for the first six months," he suggested. "At the end of that time we'll work out a salary—I'll ask for what I think I'm worth."

"Fair enough," said the manager. (Sir Louis' heart sank.) "But meanwhile you'll have to have something to live on."

And then he made an offer higher than Sterling had expected.

Sir Louis began by selling talking machines all over England, an enterprise at which he was astonishingly successful. A year later he took the money he had saved and, in his spare time, began to manufacture gramophone cylinder records. When cylinders were replaced by disk records, he put out his own label, Rena.

Within a short time his records were selling better than those of the Columbia Company, which finally bought him out.

He himself joined Columbia, first as sales manager and later becoming managing director. Under his leadership Columbia soon became solvent enough to purchase its American counterpart.

During the depression of the early thirties, however, Sir Louis found it convenient to let this U.S. holding go.

From the talking machine and record business the company naturally gravitated into manufacturing radio sets. In 1931, Columbia and the Gramophone Company, Sir Louis' alma mater, merged with two smaller firms to become Electrical Musical Industries, Ltd., with Sir Louis at the helm. Four years later, he sailed to the U.S. to buy up the block of stock in E.M.I. which was held by Radio Corporation of America (RCA), headed by his old pal David Sarnoff. The deal involved more than $10,000,000 in cash.

It was Sir Louis, too, who introduced television in England in 1937—the year he was knighted.

Three years previously Sterling had decided, not without reluctance, to become a British subject: he had come to love London, he had married an English girl, and he felt profoundly grateful to the country in which he had achieved his success.

"Also," he tells you frankly, "paying taxes to two countries was murdering me!"

Louis was no stranger to the king by that time. In fact, they had met several times as fellow members of London's rather exclusive Savage Club. Louis' membership was an unheard-of honor, since the club's by-laws have always required British birth. Sir Louis had pointed out this provision when they first asked him to join.

"Nonsense," one member of the club said. "For you, we'll waive the rules."

Well-Merited Coronation Honors

This informal tie between the former street urchin and the British ruler was not, however, responsible for the king's placing Louis Sterling's name on the coronation honors list in 1937. That honor was clearly attributable to Louis' philanthropy (he has given more than £1,000,000 to charitable and scholastic causes or institutions), his part in expanding the economic Empire (he helped establish British radio, phonograph and radio factories in 18 far-flung countries), and his success in industry (starting from something less than scratch, he wound up by heading Electrical Musical Industries, Ltd., the largest corporation of its kind in England).

When he was knighted, Sir Louis received more than 500 congratulatory messages from all over the world. There were two he liked best: one from the switchboard girls at the New York hotel in which he stays whenever he visits New York; the other from his daughter, who wired: THANK YOU FOR MAKING A LADY OUT OF MOTHER.

A third cable, which he heard about only indirectly since it was addressed to the king, also warmed him. It was from the Grand Street Boys, a New York interdenominational, interracial organization, composed largely of former East Siders, which Sir Louis had joined at the behest of former Mayor Jimmy Walker, one of his closest friends. The boys designated Sir Louis as their "good-will ambassador to the Court of St. James's," and their message congratulated the king upon his good sense in honoring a Grand Streeter.

Only Sir Louis, his brothers and his sisters (the rest of the family remained in the U.S.) were relatively unimpressed. For months his brother David continued to address his letters to *Mr.* Louis Sterling. Sir Louis himself professes to believe that the honor came to him as a purely routine thing.

Such self-depreciation is as much a part of his personality as his constant pipe. He always has managed to maintain a modesty and humility seldom found in humans of his position and wealth.

Once, on a visit to this country, he and his wife, the former Cissie Stevens, a handsome, gray-haired lady with whom he has lived happily for nearly 40 years, were invited to attend an alumni reunion of the Hebrew Technical Institute. Sir Louis had attended night classes at HTI in his younger, poverty-ridden days before striking out for England, and he was eager to see his old pals again. As he and Lady Sterling were leaving their hotel, he stopped short.

"Cissie, dear," he said, "please leave your jewels at the desk."

The man who told me this incident added, "Louie knew there might be men at the dinner who hadn't done as well as he, and he didn't want to embarrass or hurt them in any way. During the war I sometimes ran into him on the street in London. He would always be wearing an old, shabby suit.

"I knew he had plenty of good ones—he's got more clothes than most haberdashery shops—and I couldn't figure it out. Then I realized what the score was. When everybody was having it so tough, he wouldn't have been caught dead wearing a suit any better than anybody else's."

Narrowly Escaped Death in Blitz

It was only by divine grace that Sir Louis and his wife were *not* killed during the Battle of Britain. Their spacious house in Regent's Park, 15 minutes from Piccadilly, which for three decades had been a rollicking, hilarious headquarters for Americans in London, was rocked and partially destroyed time and again by near-by explosions.

In 1941 a bomb struck a house across the street. The blast lifted Lady Sterling and smashed her into a wall, and hurled Sir Louis against the ceiling. They stayed on even during a week end when their front door and all the windows had been blown out; Sir Louis and a servant shivered all night on camp cots near the open entrance to protect the premises from vandals.

"Leave?" Lady Sterling said, indignantly, when asked why she and her husband didn't retreat to the country. "If these millions of people can bear up under it, I suppose we can, too."

Sir Louis was in charge of 10 vital defense plants which turned out radar apparatus, radios for planes, tubes and other electronic items.

"The men were working 12-hour shifts," he says today, recalling his heavy *(Continued on page 75)*

Sir Louis and Lady Sterling, an Englishwoman, have been married 40 years, are a most devoted couple

ПОЛКОВНИК А.И. ЕЛИЗАРОВ

A Kommandatura session before the Russians walked out. At General Howley's left sit General Kotikov and his politically powerful deputy, General Yelizarov

My 4-YEAR WAR with the Reds

By BRIG. GEN. FRANK HOWLEY with COLLIE SMALL

The running battle of Berlin with our "Red Ally" opened with the close of the war. General Howley, on hand from the first as deputy commandant, has told in previous installments of this article how we attempted to co-operate with the Russians even when we were met with open hostility at every turn. This week he shows how the Russians were able to sabotage the Allied joint government at its very nerve center

SOVIET SECTOR

TED WEISBARTH

Howley, strategist of the conference table

PART FOUR OF FIVE PARTS

TOWARD the end of the summer of 1946, General Kotikov, the Russian commandant of Berlin, began to smile more often. It was an interesting development for two reasons. One was that Kotikov smiled habitually just before trying to hit you over the head, and the other was that his teeth had miraculously blossomed out in new caps and fillings.

The Russians had struck gold somewhere. In place of the stainless-steel dentistry to which they had previously been accustomed, more and more of them now appeared with German gold in their mouths. The Germans especially should have been comforted by this change, inasmuch as the *Wehrmacht* at one point in the war professed to be quite sure that the Russians sharpened their stainless-steel teeth with files in order to improve their biting.

I personally had never been bitten by a Russian, but I half believed the *Wehrmacht* theory some months later when Kotikov presented the Kommandatura with a list of "crimes" that American soldiers had allegedly committed against the civil population of Berlin. It was a typical Russian smoke screen except for one thing: as Kotikov went down his list, monotonously reciting the charges, he repeatedly referred to instances where American soldiers had bitten old German ladies. I couldn't believe I was hearing right, and by the time he had finished I was almost helpless from sheer incredulity.

Finally it was my turn to speak.

"Well," I began, "I am forty-five years old and I have never seen an American over five bite anybody. All of the ladies seem to be in their late sixties, and American soldiers seem to like to bite old ladies over sixty."

As I spoke, the British and French commandants were having difficulty stifling their laughter, and Kotikov, sensing that something was wrong, was getting fidgety. After a hasty whispered conference with his colleagues, he shifted gears. He denied he had said "biting." His interpreter had not translated correctly, he said. What he had meant was that American soldiers had been "beating" old ladies, not "biting" them.

Later, I sent one of my aides out during a recess to ask the interpreter, a rather pretty Russian girl, whether Kotikov had said "biting" or "beating."

"Biting," she said, snapping her teeth together.

In 1946 we were still arguing about German youth organizations, a controversy that still has not been settled. Kotikov naturally preferred to teach German youth Communism while we preferred to indoctrinate them with baseball. Kotikov was particularly suspicious because American soldiers were instructing German kids on how to play the game. He was sure it was an insidiously clever political maneuver on our part.

We carefully explained to Kotikov that American soldiers were the only people in Berlin who understood the game and therefore were the only ones who could teach it. He was not entirely satisfied with that, so we supplied him with charts and statistics on the equipment we had provided. We also included a description of how the equipment was used, and we invited Kotikov to came out and watch a game. He still suspected that a Louisville Slugger was a political instrument.

Finally the British commandant, General Nares, lost his patience. "So far as I am concerned," he said, "I know of absolutely nothing less political than an American game of baseball."

Someone in the back row spoke up.

"Put Kotikov in at shortstop," he said.

So ended the debate on *(Continued on page* 40)

Westward to Chadley

By NARD JONES

EVERY morning for fifteen years Jonathan Detwiler had passed the steps marked Westward to Chadley and dutifully gone on to descend the stairway which led, inevitably, Eastward to New York.

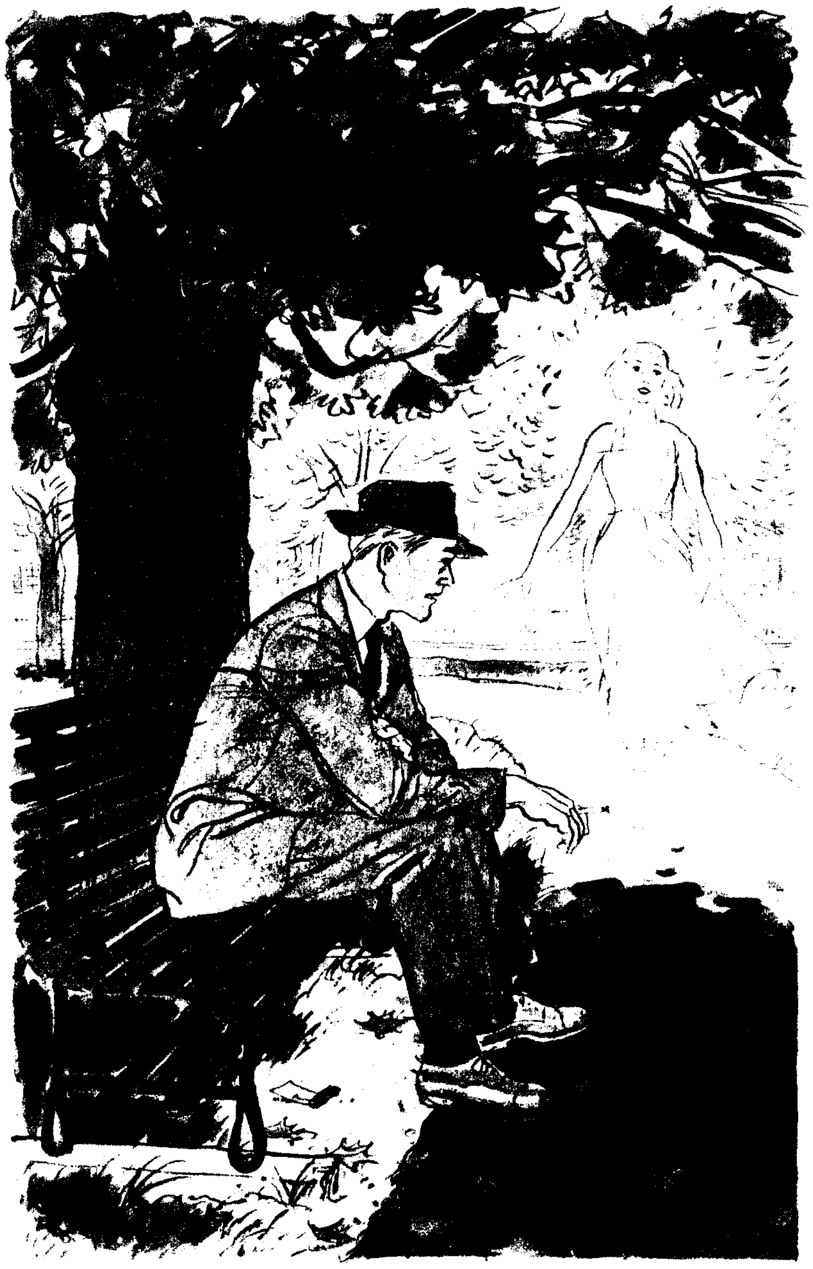
He had been wondering of late what would happen if, some morning, he did not proceed along the overpass to go down the staircase of habit. What would happen if, some bright morning, he turned down the first stairway and took the train westward, in the very opposite direction?

Well, for one thing: at about nine thirty "F.W." (F.W. Peddleweight of Peddleweight Imports, Inc.) would gaze at his empty desk and say, "Detwiler sick?" Then Miss Henby would telephone his home in Beechwood and ask Mrs. Detwiler if Mr. Detwiler were sick.

Really, thought Detwiler one morning (on, of course, the eight-eight) that was all that would happen if he took the train westward to Chadley. But then, of course, his wife would worry because he would *not* be at home sick.

On this particular morning he began figuring how many miles he had traveled from Beechwood Station to Grand Central and back again. As nearly as he could figure it in his head it was 240 miles a week, or about 960 miles a month, which would be 11,520 in a year. Mr. Detwiler was stunned at his calculations. In fifteen years he had traveled more than 172,800 miles! It was incredible. He was a well-traveled man, actually. Only he hadn't gone anywhere, except to Beechwood and New York.

But he knew in his heart that he could not say he had been to New York in the sense that other people have been there. Rarely had he been there at night, and then only when he and Ada were first married, to have dinner and see a play. That had simply got tiresome; they were forever straining to make a train before midnight. When the baby came it was even more difficult, and they had finally grown out of the habit. Young Jon was in prep school now; nothing was holding them from nights in New York.



Collier's SHORT SHORT

It wasn't that they were old, Detwiler told himself. Forty-three is not old, and Ada was younger. Forty-three years old and 172,800 miles and you might say he had been nowhere at all.

Just at this moment the train going west whizzed by and he watched it. Funny, he thought, how a train going in the opposite direction seems more mysterious and glamorous than the one you are on.

He was still thinking about it when he got home that night and it made him feel a little guilty. Watching Ada, he became suddenly aware that he was not always conscious of her in any real sense. Why, she was still pretty! Her figure was good and her face young. She had weathered the years much better than he had. But then, damn it, she had not traveled 172,800 miles getting nowhere at all.

Now that he stopped to think about it, it was curious that they were still in Beechwood. They had never meant to be there for long. Ada's father had had an old house there which he said they might as well use for a while. They were quite young and Jonathan had been getting very little, then, at Peddleweight Imports. Perhaps he had been weak, Detwiler thought, in taking the house and enough money to fix it up. But he had convinced himself that he was doing it to make things easier for Ada. They had always said, in those days, that one day they would get away from Beechwood.

"It isn't too late," Jonathan said, looking at himself this night in the mirror over the fireplace; and immediately Ada asked from the kitchen, "What is it, dear?"

"I didn't say anything."

"You said it wasn't too late," she reminded him. "Too late for what?"

"Too late for the movies," he said hastily. "They have one of those French films you like."

"You like them, too," said Ada, amusement in her voice. So they went to the movie. It was about Paris theatrical life and there was a very disturbing girl in it who did the cancan.

BUT Jonathan was not sure the movie had anything to do with what he did next morning. He went down the stairway marked Westward to Chadley and stood on the platform looking across the tracks, calmly watching the eight-eight pull out for New York without him. He got on the westward train and held out his commuter's ticket and the conductor said, "That's not good, except between Beechwood and New York."

"How far is Chadley?" Detwiler asked.

In a panic he learned it was far up the line, that this train itself did not go there, but one changed at Albany for Chadley. "Well, I just want to go to Haverdale, then." A fellow in the office lived in Haverdale, and Jonathan knew it was about thirty-five minutes beyond Beechwood Station. He could go there and take the next train back to New York and get to the office by midmorning.

But somehow, when the excitement of paying the conductor was over, he fell again into that half coma which had possessed him when he took the first stairway. It was as if he himself were not willing his actions.

WHEN he got to Haverdale the sun shone brightly; the town seemed exotic, although somewhat sleepy at that hour with the earliest commuters gone and the later ones not yet about. But then Jonathan saw a young girl going up the steps of the post office to mail a letter in her hand. She wore a light dress that left her shoulders bare. Jonathan walked on, whistling softly to himself.

But conscience is strong and he went into a little restaurant and telephoned Mr. Peddleweight. "This is Detwiler. . . . F.W., some personal things have come up that I've got to take care of."

To his astonishment, Mr. Peddleweight seemed more alarmed than nettled. "You'll be in tomorrow, won't you, Jon? I mean—that Jamison matter is coming up and you're the only one who can handle it, you know."

"Oh, yes. I'll take care of that, F.W. Don't worry about it." He came out of the phone booth, and then sauntered down the street. There was a park at the end, a nice little park with benches and in the center a greenish cannon that looked extremely harmless. Jonathan sat down and smoked a cigarette and listened to the birds, and in his mind's eye the girl in the light dress kept passing by.

He remembered how Ada had looked last night, when he had seen her for the first time, really, in years. He walked back to the restaurant and telephoned her. "Whatever are you doing in Haverdale?" she wanted to know.

"Nothing," he said carelessly. "Why don't you hop on the next local and join me. Meet you at the post office."

"But aren't you going to the office at all?"

"Not today. Just telephoned F.W. and told him." A sudden idea struck him. "Come to think of it, Ada, don't meet me at the post office. Take the next local and I'll climb aboard and we'll go on to Chadley."

"But why Chadley? I don't—"

"And wear that blue dress you got last month. I like you in that."

He hung up gently and said, "Thank you very much," to the man behind the counter. At the door he paused to ask casually, "How far would it be from here to Chadley?"

The man looked puzzled. "Darned if I know. It could be a hundred miles or a thousand for all I know."

"I see," said Jonathan Detwiler. "Well, thanks just the same."

For what are a hundred miles or a thousand to a man who has traveled almost two hundred thousand, with half a lifetime yet to go, and a beautiful woman in a blue dress to meet in a railway carriage which would pause—just briefly enough for the rendezvous—on its way westward? THE END

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER DOWER

Miss STRAWBERRY

and the Sergeant

By WILLIAM A. KRAUSS

All she had left was her dignity and her job—and a nodding acquaintance with the Sergeant. Now the job was about to go

"I've brought the water, ma'am," Sergeant Forster would say and she'd answer, "Thank you, Sergeant"

EVERYBODY said how sad it was about Miss Shrewsbury, because she was a lady but destitute. "No lady has any business being destitute," Mr. Rees had once observed, crossly. "It creates an embarrassment for all who know her." She was a little, small-boned, delicate woman with wide-spaced black eyes and a lean aristocratic nose; her face was hardly lined at all, though she would never see fifty again.

Her naturally pink coloring had led some irreverent wit in the French Legation to nickname her *Mlle. Fraise*—Miss Strawberry. The name stuck, it was so ludicrously apt. She was strawberry decorated by the two black seeds of wide-spaced eyes. Nobody ever had quite the bad taste to use the name to her face, of course. Even if she was forced to work for a living, she was incontestably a lady, though some thought she behaved rather more grandly than her condition warranted.

"Her salary barely pays her rent," people said, "and yet she lives as though she were a dowager duchess."

This was an absurd exaggeration, but it contained a measure of truth. Miss Shrewsbury kept seven cats—an unwarrantable extravagance, when you considered the cost of cream. Sometimes the Bishop came to call, parking his sedan at the bottom of Miss Shrewsbury's stony hillside, climbing afoot to her flimsy box of a bungalow with its always breath-taking view of the great blue West Indian bay. On such occasions she compounded with particular care an expensive brandy cocktail; and sometimes—though not as often as the gossips believed—there were *canapés* of American caviar.

If it happened that the night was windless and touched with the melancholy of far stars, Miss Shrewsbury might insist that the Bishop (or some other guest) stay on for dinner. That was more expense. She would sit too rigidly in her chair and say brittle things about world affairs or the novels of Henry James; or she would tell some whimsical anecdote about her cats.

"Cats," she would sometimes say, "are so very much like people." And, after a pause, with a very faint trill of high laughter, "Don't you think so?"

The Bishop, or any other guest mellowed by brandy and caviar, would usually agree sleepily, for Miss Shrewsbury liked to keep her guests till a late hour.

Then in the morning at the United States Embassy, where Miss Shrewsbury worked as a stenographer, she would be red-eyed and somewhat befuddled. Mr. Rees, of Boston, the young First Secretary of Embassy, would shake his head and say to Mr. Pryce, of Richmond, the young Second Secretary of Embassy, "Old Strawberry's just half awake. Been up all night, I suppose, with her cats and caviar and her Bishop. I don't know. It's damned awkward. I suppose sooner or later she'll have to be mentioned to the Ambassador. It's time we let her go." And he'd shrug his shoulders a little to indicate that he was really sorry for the old girl, but after all there was the matter of efficiency to consider, wasn't there?

Nobody knew, because nobody but the Bishop knew her well, that Miss Shrewsbury indulged herself in late hours and other little excesses because she was usually lonely and always afraid. The Bishop didn't really know, because he was a very good man and would have been astonished to think that anyone who had the consolation of religion could be afraid of anything.

But Miss Shrewsbury was afraid. She was afraid of the calendar, which said she was fifty-two years old. She was afraid of the great and anonymous Department of State of the United States of America, which would one day—how soon?—cease to require her services. She was afraid of the street she would have to walk down on that day when the cover would go on her typewriter for the last time and the airless cubicle outside the office of the First Secretary would be forever closed to her.

Other people—the filing and mailing clerks, for instance, and Sergeant Forster, the embassy watchman—read the handwriting on Miss Shrewsbury's wall, and naturally everybody agreed it was a shame she would not be entitled to a pension. No lump of severance pay; no pension—because Miss Shrewsbury was, like any Turk or Hottentot, a foreigner. Miss Shrewsbury was British. For the British there are no United States pensions, as even the Bishop was probably aware.

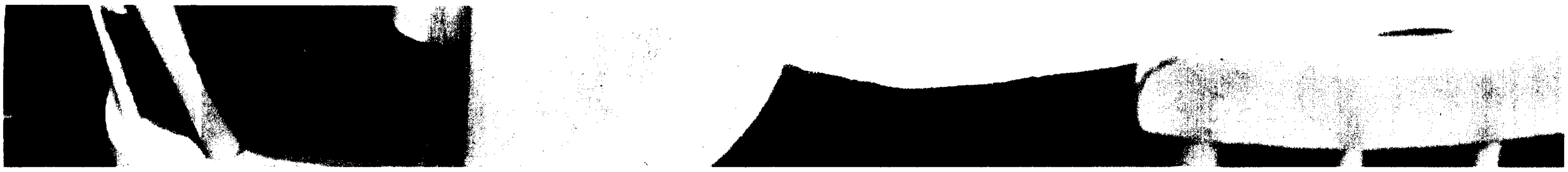
THE BISHOP called regularly on Miss Shrewsbury in the tiny, flowered bungalow she rented high above the bay in this sunny republic on the Caribbean rim. A few other people, when they could think of nothing else to do, would say, "Let's run up and see Miss Strawberry and her cats." But they never stayed long, and the visits were awkwardly formal. Miss Shrewsbury was hospitable but aloof; she knew they didn't really like her and only called out of pity and a sense of duty.

Except for the Bishop, she had only one regular visitor. The embassy's Sergeant Forster called once each week—and he hardly counted because he came only to bring water. The public water supply was not regarded as trustworthy by members of the diplomatic community. On the embassy property was a fine artesian well; and it was one of Sergeant Forster's duties to deliver each week a large drum of water to each member of the staff.

Every Friday evening the Sergeant—U.S.M.C., ret.—climbed out of the embassy pickup truck, which was too small for his big frame, and brought her drum of water to Miss *(Continued on page* 34*)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

BABIES *Mean Money in th*



AT DIFFERENT times, Joseph Smallwood of Gambo, Newfoundland, a five-foot-five-inch, hatchet-faced bundle of energy, has been a printer, a newspaper reporter, a pig farmer, a Bowery bum, a campaigner for U.S. Presidential candidate Bob La Follette, a movie publicity man, a founder of fishermen's co-operatives, an author, a bootblack, a union organizer, and the writer and narrator of a fabulously profitable radio soap opera called The Barrelman. At forty-eight, Smallwood quite conceivably could still be pursuing any of these occupations today—except for one thing, which has made him, instead, the Abraham Lincoln of Newfoundland.

That one thing is a revolutionary piece of Canadian legislation entitled "8 George VI, The Family Allowances Act, 1944," whereby the government of Canada automatically mails a monthly check to Canada's mothers to help them raise their children.

Here is the story of Smallwood's political metamorphosis:

When Newfoundland decided on a plebiscite in July, 1948, to determine whether it should remain independent or become Canada's tenth province, Smallwood donned his most attractive bow tie, hired a private plane and barnstormed by air to nearly every one of Newfoundland's 1,300 villages. In each poverty-stricken fishing town he singled out one of the fishermen (he claims to know one third of the island's inhabitants by name) and said, "Jim Parsons, there! How much money do you fishermen make in a year?"

"Oh," Parsons would reply, "about 400 or 500 dollars a year."

Whereupon Smallwood lowered a bony finger at the man and thundered, "And do you know you'll be getting that much for your children in family allowances, if Newfoundland becomes a part of Canada?"

Later, when he ran for Premier in Newfoundland's first provincial elections, Smallwood pointed the same finger at the village postmaster and roared, "Johnny Taylor, there! How many family allowance checks did you distribute to the people this month?"

"About 350, Joey," the postmaster would answer.

"Hear that?" Joey proclaimed triumphantly. "Three hundred and fifty checks—more than $5,000 a month—to help free the people of this village from economic slavery!"

Smallwood saved the union-with-Canada movement by a comfortable majority. It was considered a miracle, because Newfoundland—which is controlled by a handful of great corporations and businessmen—had fought bitterly against annexation since the area was first colonized in the sixteenth century; and nothing else had been able to turn the trick in over 400 years.

Annexation of these vital 43,000 square miles of territory is only *one* of the miracles in which family allowances have participated. Canada's milk consumption jumped from 331,000,000 pounds in July, 1945 (the month the family allowances went into effect), to an all-time high of 370,000,000 pounds just one year later; and Montreal milkmen reported they were leaving bottles at slum tenement doors where they never had delivered them before.

In that same period, Canada's infant mortality rate dropped from 51 to 47 per 1,000, and the monthly production of children's shoes rocketed from 762,000 to 1,180,000 pairs.

The head of Quebec's largest de-

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MONTE EVERETT

Bank

All Canada has benefited in health and prosperity by the Family Allowances Act which pays families from $5 to $8 monthly for each child under 16 years of age

By BILL DAVIDSON

Ottawa's Thomas family enjoys a meal packed with added vitamins because Dad's salary as a clerk is rounded out by F.A.A. checks

partment store wrote to the government: "We never had an infants'-wear department before, but thanks to you, we're selling so many children's clothes that we have to install one now." Near the Arctic Circle a Hudson's Bay Company trading post, which in 1944 had sold 98 cases of canned tomatoes, two cases of powdered milk and no Pablum baby food at all to its Indian and Eskimo customers, was selling 1,016 cases of canned tomatoes, 989 cases of powdered milk and 1,263 cases of Pablum annually within two years after the act went into effect.

The Family Allowances Act gives every mother in Canada, with children under the age of sixteen, a monthly check from the government to help raise her offspring in health and decency. The purpose is to supply things not heretofore available, such as milk, oranges, vitamins, music lessons, higher education, and better shoes and clothing. The checks, which go to rich and poor alike, total $5 a month for each child under the age of six years, $6 for children six to ten years old, $7 for the ten- to thirteen-year-olds, and $8 for those in the thirteen- to sixteen-year bracket.

No strings are attached to the grant. It is paid directly out of the Treasury without any special tax. Although few Americans know much about it, it is as far-reaching in scope as almost any phase of the New Deal. In fact, in discussing Family Allowances recently, Canada's Minister of National Health and Welfare Paul Martin (a ringer for Fiorello La Guardia in temperament and appearance) said, "When Franklin D. Roosevelt died, the New Deal didn't die with him. It simply moved across the border into Canada."

The theory of the allowance is this: Two Canadian workers named Throckmorton and Heathcliff work side by side in a factory. Both men do the same job and receive the same wage—$37.50 a week. Throckmorton, a bachelor, gets along pretty well on his $37.50, living in a one-room apartment, eating satisfactorily, and having enough left over for beer, cribbage and dates. Heathcliff, with a wife and three children, is engaged in a constant struggle to make ends meet.

Since it would be unfair to pay Heathcliff a higher wage for doing the same work, and since his company probably would fire him and hire a single man if such a wage increase were ordered, there is no way to equalize the actual pay of Heathcliff and Throckmorton within the existing wage system.

Prevent Heathcliff's parenthood from being a penalty! That was the principal argument that zoomed Family Allowances through Parliament by unanimous vote in 1944.

Today, bachelor Throckmorton still does all right on his $37.50 a week. Heathcliff is aided in raising his children with an extra $21 a month paid to his wife by the government. Industry is happy, too, because it doesn't have to give Heathcliff a raise—or fire him for asking for one.

The unexpected manna tastes sweet to its recipients. One New Brunswick mother wrote to R. Byrnes Curry, National Director of Family Allowances: "Billy wants me to tell you he has his very first pair of flannelette pajamas. They were always made out of flour sacks before."

Glasses Urgently Needed

Another mother in Caledonia, Ontario, wrote: "Yesterday I had my oldest boy's eyes tested and I was alarmed to learn that he would have gone blind in a matter of five years if he had not had attention. So the child allowance made it possible for me to get the glasses he needs so badly."

In Ottawa, I spoke with Mrs. Arthur Asquith. "The allowance is God's gift," she said. "I never have seen so many children in our vicinity with new snow suits and rubbers. For the first time I can afford to give my own children all the oranges, vegetables and cod-liver oil they need; and for the first time they haven't been plagued with colds."

In Selkirk, Manitoba, an Indian mother told me, "My sons in the North say game was so scarce this year their children might have starved if it weren't for Family Allowances. It is the first year we do not have a new case of tuberculosis among our grandchildren."

In Montreal, Mrs. Paulette Rosier said, "All my life I have been a scrubwoman. Without the family allowance, I would be obliged to take my daughter out of school and perhaps she would become a scrubwoman, too. Now she can continue her education and become something better."

In Toronto, I heard a well-to-do woman acquaintance phone her shoe store for an appointment to fit her children for school. The shoe dealer at the other end of the phone spluttered. "Don't come today, tomorrow or Wednesday," he said. "It's Family Allowances day and I'll be swamped!"

Family Allowances are happily accepted today as an integral part of Canadian life. Just across the United States border the allowances are cause for shudders. Many attack them as a totalitarian baby-spawning scheme reminiscent of Nazi Germany or Soviet Russia. The typical American reaction is the snickering gibe, "They're really bribing people to breed fast up there, aren't they?"

It never was the objective of Family Allowances to increase the size of families. On the contrary, as brilliant young Dan Wallace of Canada's Department of National Health and Welfare observed, "The more creature comforts you have, the fewer creatures." This has proved to be true. Canada's most recent vital statistics show that the average family has dropped from 2.37 children in October, 1945, to 2.26 children in July, 1949.

Actually, Canada was not the pioneer, but the *thirty-third* nation to distribute family allowances to its people. The first recorded proposal of such a scheme was made by England's great statesman, William Pitt, in 1795, when he got up in Parliament and said, "Let us make relief, in cases where there are a number of children, a matter of right and honor, instead of a ground for opprobrium and contempt. This will make the large family a blessing and not a curse, and provide for those who, after having enriched their country with a number of children, have a claim upon its assistance for their support."

Pitt introduced a bill providing that a weekly allowance be paid to every poor man with more than two children who were not self-supporting, and to every widow with more than one such child. This bill ended up in the eighteenth-century version of the Congressional wastebasket.

For more than a century after that the industrial revolution bestirred similar proposals, all of which met a similar fate. Finally, in the economic unrest after World War I, several nations came through with limited family allowance payments (mostly by industry), and crusaders sprang up in other countries. One of them was a French-Canadian Catholic priest named Father Leon Lebel, who considered that family allowances were the number one objective of the papal Encyclicals on Social Justice.

A Priest's Lone Voice

Father Lebel took the stump for family allowances throughout the 1920s. In 1929, he almost singlehandedly forced Canada's Parliament to set up a committee to look into the matter. The committee's report was adverse, so Father Lebel took the stump again. For 13 more years he was a lone voice to which little attention was paid. He lectured, testified before committees and wrote reams of articles and books on the subject. Finally, a frustrated old man, he retired to a Catholic retreat in Montreal.

Other men rose in his footsteps. George Davidson, then head of the powerful Canadian Welfare Council, made a speech in 1942 advocating family allowances. Britain's Beveridge Report advocated family allowances. Three months later Canada's Marsh Report had a whole chapter on the subject. All of which finally attracted the attention of Deputy Finance Minister W. Clifford Clark, who sold the idea to the then Prime Minister, Mackenzie King.

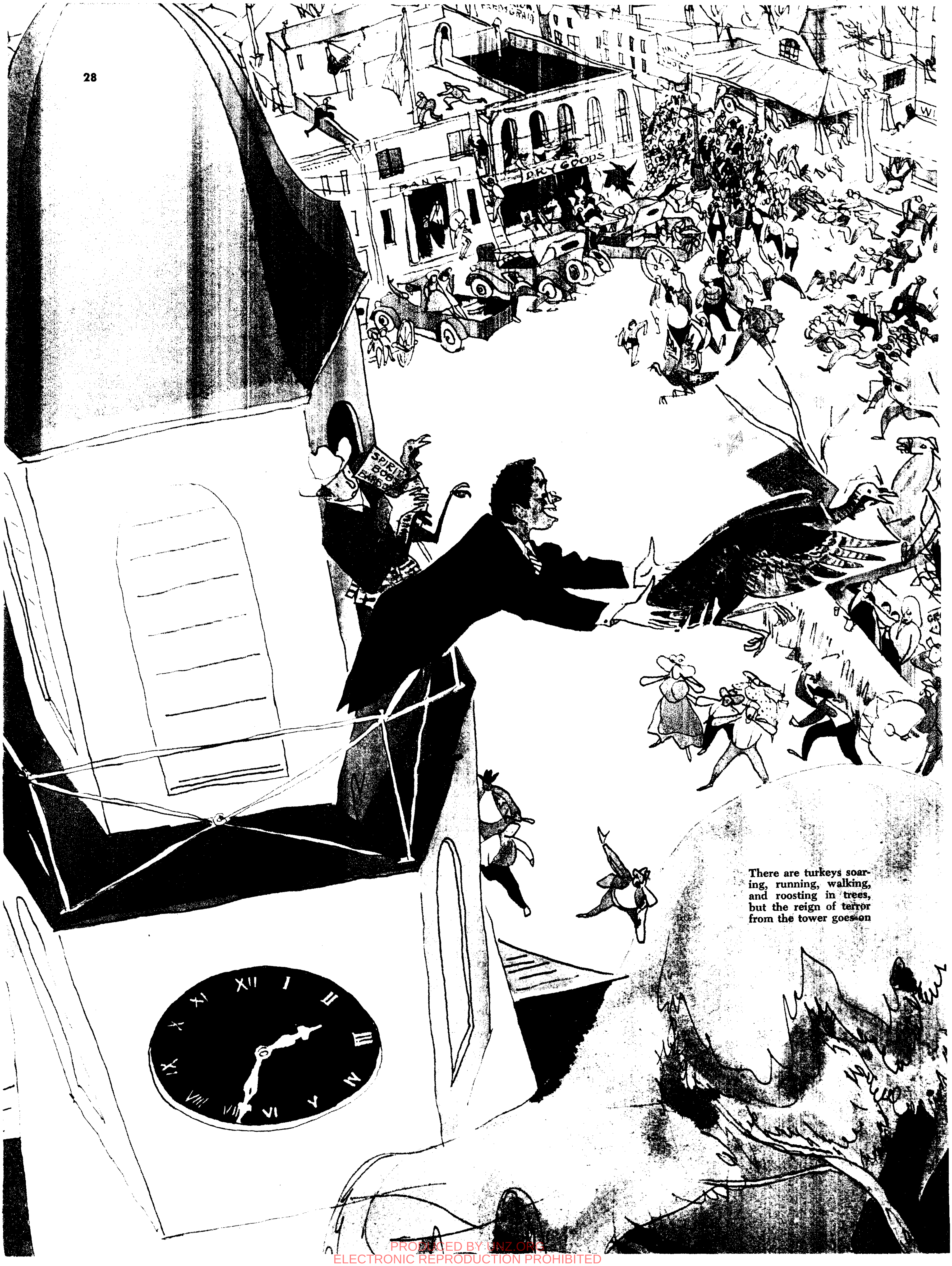
In Parliament the opposition screamed. Conservatives claimed the bill was pure Socialism, a vote-getting bribe. Ontario bellowed that the idea was to separate her from wealth—a French-Canadian plot to enrich Quebec, with its large Catholic families. Leading social workers protested that *they* and not the government should handle the country's child welfare problems. Labor fussed that family allowances would be rung in as a substitute for wage increases.

But the popular appeal of the thing was so overwhelming that after only three days of debate, the Family Allowances Bill passed on August 1, 1944, without a single member of Parliament daring to vote against it.

That night old Father Lebel smiled quietly to himself and offered up a special prayer of thanks in his retreat in Montreal. Then, sightless in one eye and nearly seventy years old, he sallied forth on a new crusade—to teach French Canadians how best to *use* their family allowances.

Today Canada's family allowances are administered by a small staff of less than 2,000 people scattered among 10 regional offices in the 10 provinces. Any child in Canada under the age of sixteen is eligible (except for immigrants who have been in the country less than one year). All

(Continued on page 84)


BANK
DRY GOODS
SPIRIT
BOB

There are turkeys soaring, running, walking, and roosting in trees, but the reign of terror from the tower goes on

Blake's Thanksgiving

By B. M. ATKINSON, JR.

Prunella saw Henry as a man of vision. Dexter saw him as a loudmouthed fool. But Henry himself settled the question with the most amazing performance the home town had ever seen

IN THE history of my home town there are two black days that stand out above all the rest. The first occurred when a General W. T. Sherman and party came through. It has no special name. The second one, which occurred many years later, has. It is known as Blake's Thanksgiving even though it was on the Saturday before the feast day. Then it was that the name Henry Blake became a byword in turkey heaven and a dirty word in our section of the earth.

Colonel Junius Fields is the only man alive who had the misfortune to be present on both occasions and he is very definite as to which day was the blackest of the two.

"Son," he'll tell you, "there never was a day any blacker than Blake's Thanksgiving. The screams of the victims still ring in my ears. Cursed be the name of Henry Blake!"

The disaster all starts at a public meeting of the Marion Boosters' Club. The order of the day is to draw up a scheme that will attract some of the county trade that is going to Greenup, a rival town ten miles away. In short, the merchants want to have one big trading day before the Christmas season sets in.

They have only the best interest of the community at heart, of course. Joe Williams thinks it would be a great attraction to turn a bunch of greased pigs loose, catchers keepers. The Boosters will buy the pigs from him, naturally. He gets hooted down, mainly by Ramsay Potts who favors a mammoth, old-fashioned pie-eating contest. Ramsay is a baker.

That sort of selfless devotion to the city keeps popping up until I tell my sister Prunella that I'm leaving. She says, "Oh, no. I'm sure Henry Blake is going to make some wonderful suggestion." She's sweet on Henry, thinks he's got vision, imagination, get-up-and-go, and a lot more money in the bank than he really has. She's got lots of company among the womenfolk.

Well, Henry does get up. He flashes his big buckteeth at everybody, messes with his bifocals and makes a series of courtly bows to his followers.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he starts out, "I think we have had some mighty fine suggestions put before us here this afternoon." Growls and grunts from the audience. "Yes, sir, they are mighty fine, but I notice one little flaw in them all. Namely, they are not exactly appropriate for the season." All the old ladies bob their heads at one another and Prunella beams like she's Henry's mother.

"As Thanksgiving is only ten days off I suggest that we make it our theme. Now the symbol of Thanksgiving to me is the turkey and I happen to have a little scheme that this grand old bird fits into perfectly." He also has an uncle who raises the grand old birds. "First I'll just give you the gist of it to see if you approve."

He pauses, and then, making a sweeping gesture with his arms, he says, "Don't you think a Thanksgiving dinner floating down to you from the heavens would make an intriguing spectacle?"

"Get on with the gist," some unromantic soul in the back hollers.

"Ah," says Henry, "I see you don't follow me. What I mean is toss a number of the grand old birds from the clock tower of this very courthouse. I can just see hundreds of happy people with upstretched arms clamoring for some juicy gobbler as it flutters earthward. All good things come from above, see. It's the real spirit of Thanksgiving. I think our friends in the county will just love it."

At this point there is mad applause, and the ladies give little shrieks of delight: "So original . . ." "Such imagination . . ." "Count on Henry to come up with the answer."

Only one dissenter can make himself heard. "Why don't we throw chickens out instead?" It's Gene Lester, the civic-minded poultry man.

"One more suggestion like that, Gene Lester, and we'll throw *you* out." This from Miss Nellie Shouse, one of Henry's more aggressive disciples. Great laughter. A complete victory for Henry. . . .

Among the poorest losers is Dexter Harris, a big-money, little-brain farmer boy. He is just about everything Henry is not, which is the reason I like him and the reason Prunella treats him like a lackey. He's got a date with her that night and starts paying his respects to Henry's genius right off.

"You don't think that turkey business is original with Henry, do you?" he says. "I've heard of 'em doing it lots of places."

"Dexter," Prunella says coldly, "I'd rather not discuss Henry with you. You're just green with envy because you didn't think of it. You've always been jealous of Henry. You just don't appreciate his vision. You're a plodder, Dexter, the Man with the Hoe type."

"What do you mean, Man with the Hoe type?" Dexter snorts. "I've got three tractors and you know it." As I say, he has got more money than brains.

When Dad comes in Dexter mistakes him for an ally. "Mr. Moore," he says, "tell Prunella what a harebrained scheme that thing of Henry's is."

"Harebrained?" Dad bellows. "Dexter, you don't have much of a business head, do you? That stunt will pack this town. Henry worked out all the details. That boy is going places, mark my word."

"Un-hunh," is Dexter's brilliant defense to all this.

"Here's the way it will work," Dad says, ignoring the sickly look on Dexter's face. "Each merchant is going to sponsor a turkey. That'll make about forty in all. Around the neck we're tying a big cloth tag which will carry the sponsoring merchant's name. Something real catchy, like Spirit of Grigg's Hardware."

"Yeah," says Dexter, "but a lot of people out in the country raise their own turkeys."

"I know, Dexter," Dad roars, "but they don't have courthouses to throw them off of!" He goes on before we can pounce on that one. "Besides this tag will be good for ten dollars in trade at the store named. Now tell me that won't bring 'em to town and make 'em scramble."

And that's that.

HENRY is truly in his glory the next few days. He wants to carry the whole load himself. He buys the turkeys from his uncle just like everybody knew he would, but strangely enough Uncle is not happy. Nobody else is buying turkeys, because everybody expects to latch onto one of the flying forty.

Miss Sybil Bailey isn't happy either. She has some distant affiliation with the A.S.P.C.A. and pokes her busy nose into the affairs of birds and beasts as well as those of men, women and children.

"Henry Blake," she hollers at him one day on the street, "if I see one act of cruelty committed on those poor birds I'll have the law on you. I might even get out an injunction against this shameful thing beforehand."

The Anti-Henry school is all behind her, but Henry is too slick. He convinces her that the turkey is such an all-round grand old bird, so high in sporting blood, that it will enjoy the proceedings.

Naturally the Man with the Hoe is very unhappy at the great way things are shaping up. The night before the big day he calls up home. When I tell him that Prunella is out helping Henry nurse his brain child, he's even unhappier.

"Well, Jim," he says, "you just tell Prunella that I'm more positive than ever that the thing won't work." He sounds a lot more convinced than when he first makes that declaration.

"What makes you so sure?" I ask him.

"I'm a man of vision," he says. "I've got imagination. You tell Prunella I said that too."

I don't like to call my friends liars so I change the subject and ask him what time he'll be in for the big event.

"I'm not coming in," he says. "I'm a man of vision."

I sign off, figuring what's the use?

EVEN nature itself seems to be in Henry's camp. The Saturday before Thanksgiving is a perfect day, clear and crisp. The crowds start pouring into town early, white people and colored, in buggies, wagons, flivvers and on foot. They see signs all over town proclaiming Marion's merchants as the friendliest in the world. The stores are jammed and the owners are all for Henry.

By one o'clock there must be two thousand people milling around the town square, all of them studying the lay of the land, trying to figure where they would flap to if they were thrown out of the courthouse tower.

The square is about a hundred yards across. All four sides are lined with stores and the courthouse looms above everything on the north corner. The open part in the middle supports a few trees and an imposing statue of General Thomas McClintock, C.S.A., astride his favorite charger, Pompey. A committee from the United Daughters of the Confederacy is busy defending their hero from small boys who want a leg up on Pompey so they can see better.

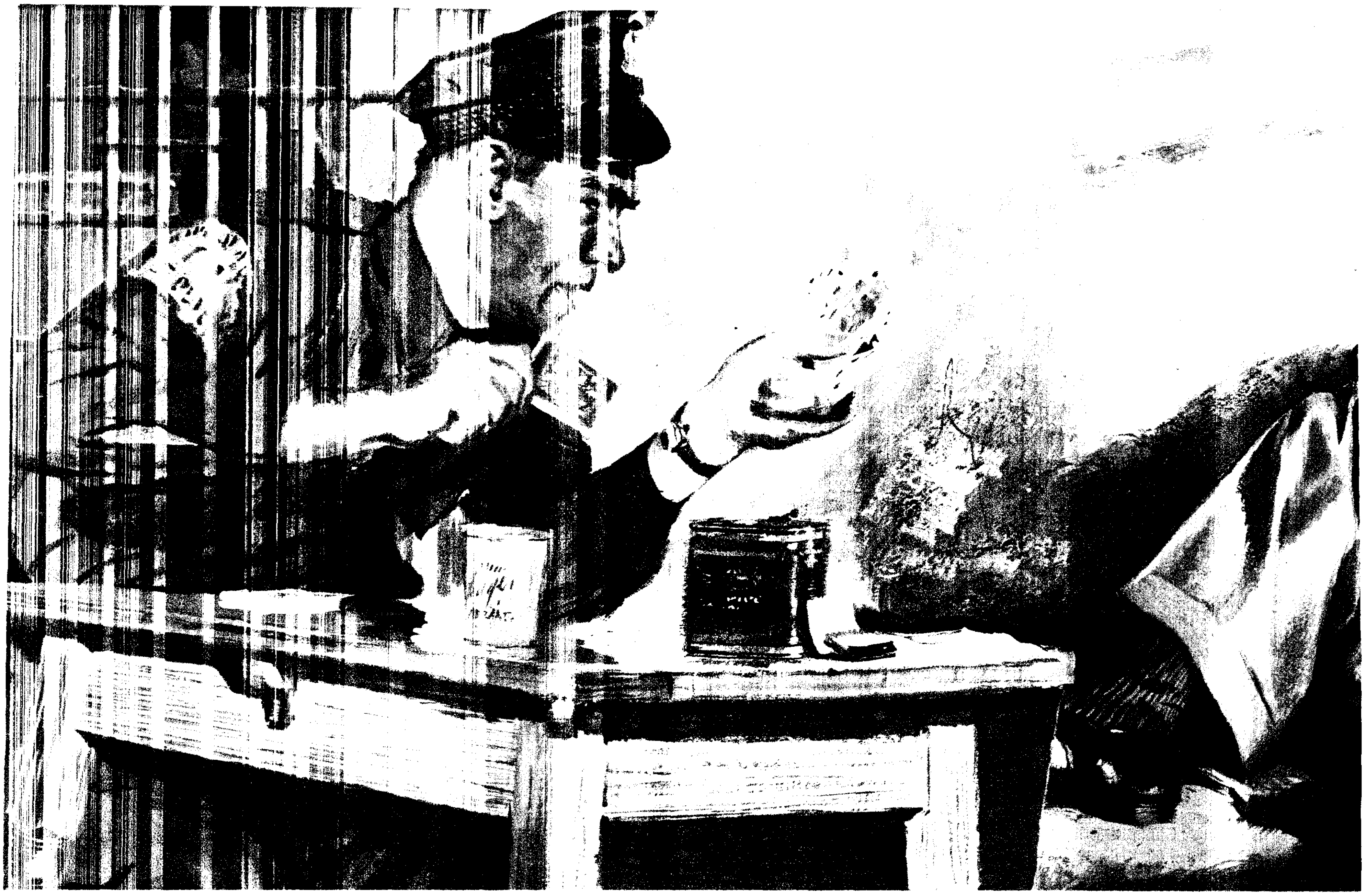
At one thirty a cheer goes up. The turkeys, their wings clipped just enough, are being carried to the tower. At two o'clock Mayor Tom Shelley mounts the dignitaries' platform rigged up in the middle of the square. He bids everyone a warm welcome, extols the virtues of our merchants and winds up with: "And now I give you the brilliant young man responsible for this magnificent gathering, Marion's favorite son—Henry Blake."

Everybody looks around for Henry, but there's no Henry. "Ah," says our coy mayor, "never look on the ground for Henry Blake, look to the heights." He points to the courthouse tower—and there, high above the common herd, is our modest, unassuming hero waving a handkerchief. He is going to release the turkeys himself, but he's let one of the Boosters go up with him and hold the birds till he's ready.

All the ladies wave back and then the town fire whistle lets go with a salute. The big moment is at hand. Henry delays things

(Continued on page 79)

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST



O'Rourke was still winning heavily. "You worried, David?" he asked casually.

The Man who had Influence

By DON MANKIEWICZ

This is the story of a rich man's son who was born with everything but a conscience. It begins on the day he woke up in jail to find himself accused of manslaughter

DAVID KRAFT opened his eyes and was conscious of the glare of the sun. For a moment he considered drawing the blinds or possibly having them drawn. Then he noticed that there were no blinds and no curtains on the windows. Only bars.

This did not distress him particularly, although it annoyed him. David Kraft was extremely self-possessed for a young man of twenty-three; and this was not the first time, nor even the second time, he had awakened to find himself in jail.

David threw off the sleazy blanket that covered him from the waist down, stood up, and took stock of himself, starting at his feet.

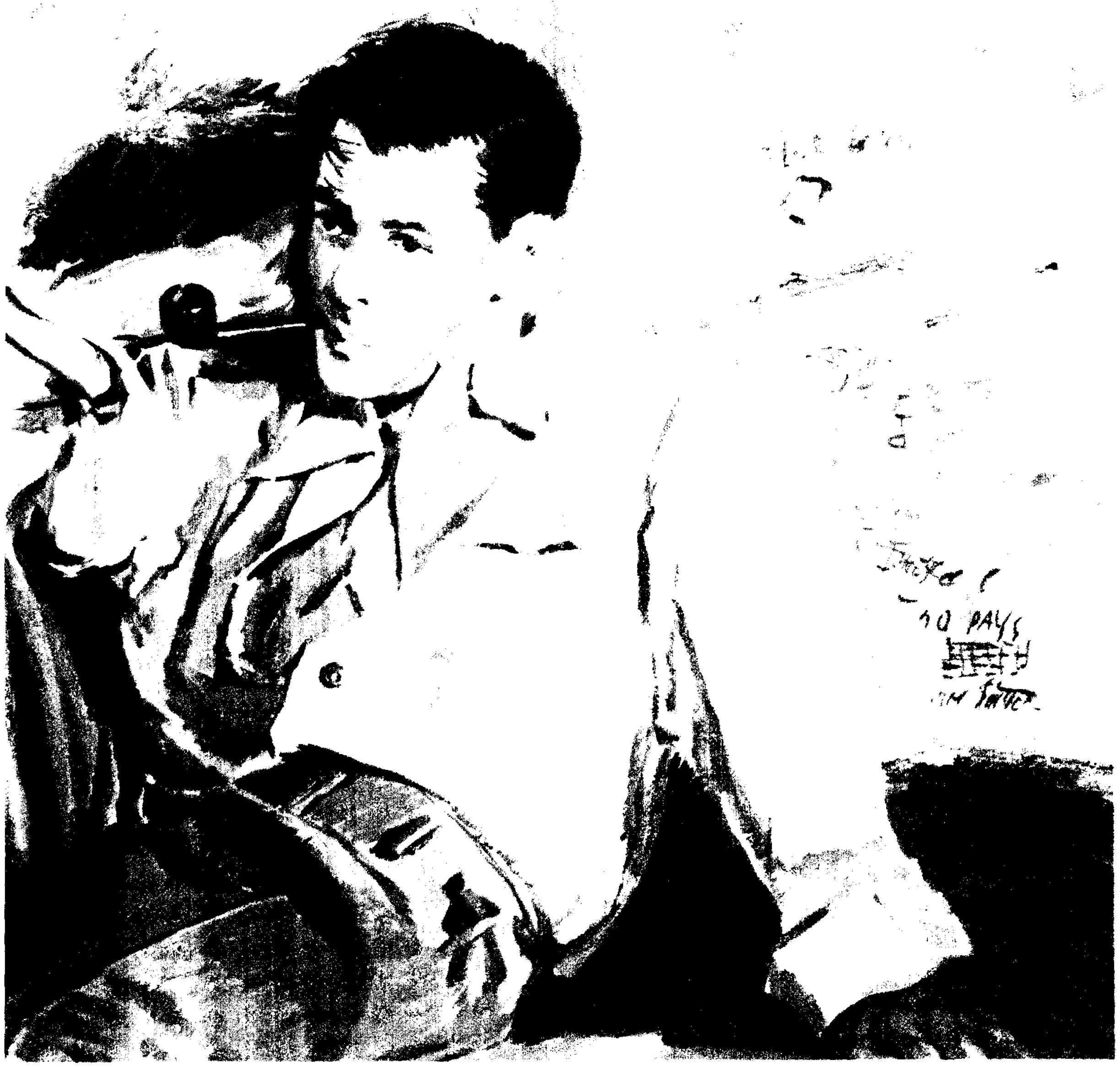
He was pleased to see that he was still wearing his shoes. This was most gratifying for two reasons. It was nice to know that his $75 custom-made shoes were not lost. More important, the fact that he had been allowed to retain them indicated that he had not been combative when picked up; this would make the task of his father and his father's lawyer much easier. Satisfied at the condition of his shoes, David looked at his trousers. They were rumpled; but their condition was satisfactory for trousers that had been slept in. That settled one point: there had been no fight—with the police or anyone else.

Inspection of his coat and shirt was equally reassuring. His shirt was entirely unmarked; his coat had only a siruplike stain on the right elbow. Engine grease, David decided, after smelling it. His tie and belt were missing but that was routine. That he had been allowed to retain his shoelaces showed that the police had not taken seriously the possibility that David might attempt suicide.

His pockets were empty except for a receipt for his wallet, listing its contents, signed *Officer Fred O'Rourke*. Officer O'Rourke had added David's watch to the receipt describing it down to the number of jewels (17), the engraving *(To David from Dad)*, and had taken a remarkably accurate guess at its value ($650).

Satisfied that he was in no serious trouble, David gave a cursory examination to his cell, which contained a cot, a basin, a chair, a table and a window. On one side was the customary grill with a sliding gate in it—locked of course—which faced a corridor and a blank wall. The window was rather large for a jail window, and it faced a courtyard. The sun had just cleared the low building on the opposite side of the yard, and David estimated from this that it was still early, before eight o'clock.

He crossed to the basin, threw some cold water on his face, combed his hair expertly with his fingers, and sat down on the cot to think. His next move, he decided, ought to be to reconstruct in his own mind as much of the previous evening as possible. This was something Harry Cohalan, his father's lawyer, had impressed on David's mind. Remembering was always important. Often, Harry said, to know what had happened before the police knew would enable a man to stay one step ahead of them. "You're at a great disadvantage," Harry



"Harry Cohalan worries for me," David said. "He gets paid for it"

had said, "if you don't know what to confess and what to deny."

What to confess and what to deny? He could afford to deny any charge as to anything that had taken place prior to five o'clock the previous evening, David decided. He could remember quite clearly having gone to the USC–California football game that afternoon. Had he stayed for the whole game? Probably, he reasoned, because he had made a big bet on the game.

David suddenly re-examined his receipt. "Cash: $2,940.75," it read. David didn't know exactly how much money he'd had when he left for the game, but he knew it wasn't more than a hundred dollars. And his bet had been for $3,000. So he must have won the bet, and more than that, he must have stayed at the game until the very end in order to collect. Abe, his bookmaker, never paid off until, to use his own phrase, "the red board was up." This took David up to the end of the game, when he must have met Abe outside Tunnel 7.

CLOSING his eyes, David imagined the five-o'clock scene outside Tunnel 7, the pushing crowds, the little island of emptiness formed by the angle of the hot-dog stand and the stadium wall where Abe always stood, the never-to-be-eaten frankfurter in his hand. ("Makes it look legit," Abe explained once in his gruff Bronx voice.) Yes, he decided, he'd been there. And not alone. Someone had gone with him, probably someone else who bet with Abe. David ran over the names of his friends; when he got to Matt Randall, he stopped. It had been Matt, that he knew. He could see the two of them pushing up to Abe, see Abe counting out the money. Then he remembered where he'd gone after the game.

This was progress. Now he could account for his day until about seven. It had been dark when he and Matt had left the hotel bar not far from the Coliseum. They had had a few drinks; then they had gone their separate ways, Matt in his car, David in his. Why had they broken up? David stared at his shoes. Hardly shoes he'd wear to a football game. Nor for that matter were his jacket and trousers quite sporty enough for an afternoon in the southern California sun. That was the clue he needed. He'd gone home to change his clothes. He must have had a date.

And, David realized, there could only have been one girl with whom a date could have assumed such importance that he would have refused to join Matt in a more extended celebration.

His date had been with Jane then; but where had they gone? Not to a movie, nor even to a cheap night club; he would not have changed. To the club, probably, David decided. He could recall Jane's pretty disapproval as he fed silver dollars into the slot machine, but this could have been a long-remembered disapproval, a souvenir of any of a dozen evenings with Jane.

Still, his sudden certainty that he *had* visited the club was something of a triumph. It took him up to midnight, which was the earliest anyone would go to the club. And it was unlikely that he'd spent less than two hours at the club. That would place him in the parking lot at about two, with Jane at his side, probably arguing about who was to drive. Jane had probably—as usual—been right. And David always understood that, once he sobered up. But at the time he always felt in full control of himself, able to drive, able to drive better and faster than anyone else in the world. . . .

The sun had climbed past the window now, and David became conscious of the fact that it was no longer in his eyes. Harry Cohalan will be coming soon, he thought, considering Cohalan with something like affection. Big Harry with his pipe and his half-smile, and his property deeds for bail. David heard voices down the corridor and decided that would be Harry, probably with a policeman.

David was right. Harry wore his usual dark blue suit, and the policeman was a large man who looked like the house detective in a mystery picture—only not stupid. Officer F. O'Rourke, David guessed. The policeman spun the key in the lock and slid the grill back. Cohalan stepped inside; O'Rourke let the door snap back, locked it, and walked quietly down the hall.

"Good morning, Harry," said David. "What am I in for?"

"Black out again, David?" Cohalan put a nasty, skeptical inflection into the question.

"Not quite," said David. "I'm reconstructing the evening. I think I've got it figured until about two. That's when I think I left the club—with Jane. Was she with me when I was picked up?" David was thinking that he might be able to reconstruct the night by starting at the other end and working back.

"In a manner of speaking." Cohalan spaced the words out slowly, decisively, almost brutally. David had seen him break down witnesses on cross-examination this way. It bewildered David that Harry should use this tone to him. "She was with you all right," the lawyer went on. "When the cops got to where you'd clipped the milk truck, on Sunset at the bottom of the hill, you were outside the car, slumped over the hood, out cold. Jane was sitting up in the front seat." Cohalan varied the even spacing of his words by leaving an even longer pause before he added: "Dead."

THERE was panic in David's voice. "Dead? Jane's dead? Harry, you don't mean it? She's not, she can't be!"

"Yes. She's dead, David. The police theory is that the impact pitched her through the windshield and cut her throat. She fell back into the front seat and bled to death. That's all I'm going to tell you. The way I figure it, you'll be better off not remembering. So, if your blackout *is* real"—Harry looked squarely at David— "you better not fool with it. Don't try remembering."

David stared at Cohalan. This is just a dream, part of a bad hang-over, David told himself. It'll disappear. Harry isn't even here. If I look at him, if I look at him long enough, he'll disappear.

"Snap out of it," said Cohalan; and David knew this was real. "Now you listen to me," Cohalan went on. "They've got you down for a preliminary hearing today. You'll be bound over to stand trial, probably for manslaughter. We can probably get bail fixed. You may be asked questions. If so, answer them the best you can. If you don't remember, just say, 'I don't remember.' You're in deep enough without any perjury. You'll get your belt and tie back before you go into court. Look as neat as you can. Don't grin and don't scowl. Do you understand all that?"

"Sure, Harry, sure. I understand." Confidence was returning to David. Harry would get him off. He'd been in tough spots before. Not this tough, but they'd looked bad at the time.

"Harry," David asked, "what was I doing while Jane was"—the words were hard to say—"bleeding to death?"

"You figure it out. You were slumped over the hood when the cops got there. You hadn't been knocked out by the crash; you'd passed out from booze. The cops figure you got out of the car to see if the motor was okay."

"Oh," said David. There was nothing else to say. With Jane inside the car—

"With Jane inside the car," Cohalan went on, picking up David's thought, "you went out to look at the motor. She was bleeding to death, but you were worried about your car. You should see the papers."

"The papers? But my father—I mean—"

"This is a big story, David, not an ordinary drunk rap or some floozy hollering statutory rape. No newspaper can pass up this kind of story. There isn't that much pressure in the world."

David sat up and looked at Harry. This *was* big, if the papers wouldn't play it down as a favor to Sam Kraft, who owned Kraft Theaters, one of the biggest advertisers they had.

"I guess that's about it, David," said Harry, getting up to leave. "You've got about three hours before your hearing. Here's a deck of cards." Harry fished in his overcoat pocket and tossed the cards on David's cot.

When Harry had gone, David began a game of solitaire called cat's luck, *(Continued on page 63)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER

Are Football Coaches WORMS?

By FRANCIS WALLACE

With the numerous pressures he faces on the job, it's not surprising that the average college coach becomes a promising prospect for a psychiatrist's couch

WE HAD sat through hours of freezing rain at an Army-Navy football game in Philadelphia and were walking back to town together. My companion, a rugged fellow, was taken with a chill and I offered him the flask which is standard equipment for goose-pimpled sports writers during November. But he did not take it until we had reached the middle of a bridge where he could watch both approaches. Even there he thought it prudent to pull up the collar of his overcoat to hide his head.

My furtive friend was a successful football coach from a Western Conference university hundreds of miles away. And the incident illustrates a paradoxical fact: the college coach, even though he be a campus demigod and public idol, usually is also a human rabbit who spends many of his waking hours hiding from pressures and people—faculties, alumni, press, students, even strangers—that threaten not only his job but his health.

And his sleep, too. I recall a recent conversation with Frank Leahy. The Notre Dame coach was making an elaborate point to me that he was not at all worried about a schedule situation which has embarrassed both him and the university. Then, as if it were an entirely unrelated fact, he added that he was on his way to keep a dental appointment. He had ground the cap off one of his teeth in his sleep!

Leahy, top of the current coaching crop, is still in his early forties, but may have to retire before long because of ill health. Yet his situation is more typical than unique. Coaching is a young man's game, a precarious profession in which the turnover is constant.

Recent examples are numerous. Frank Thomas, after 15 bright years at Alabama, is invalided by a heart condition. Dick Harlow's blood pressure forced him to leave the big-league tensions at Harvard for a more relaxed post at smaller Western Maryland. Carroll Widdoes, after winning coach-of-the-year honors at Ohio State, voluntarily retired to an assistant's job and is now taking another shot at head coach, but at much less demanding Ohio University.

A few, such as Fritz Crisler of Michigan and Bob Higgins of Penn State, have had the rare good judgment—and luck—to bow out voluntarily at Glory Peak and retire to easier athletic posts at an administrative level. That was what Harry Stuhldreher *intended* to do at Wisconsin, after giving 24 years of honorable service to the game. But the Good-by Harry boys couldn't wait, so he was *pushed* upstairs.

Look over the lists and see just how many men over forty-five, and how very few over fifty, still operate in the gridiron big time. Even the most prosaic occupations have normal strains which become more burdensome as the years pile up. But the football coach, by the peculiar nature of his job, takes on overwhelming hazards. Even the small-college coach is expected to combine within himself the talents of executive, salesman, strategist, scientist, student, teacher, psychologist, diplomat, detective, politician, propagandist, orator and actor.

A cynic on the squad said: "Get hold of yourself, Toots"

As a character builder dealing with impressionable youth, he must keep his personal and family life above reproach. And overriding all other pressures is the implacable compulsion to win. He takes a weekly examination on the playing field with his mark, in all its terrible finality, up there on the scoreboard in electric letters for all to read.

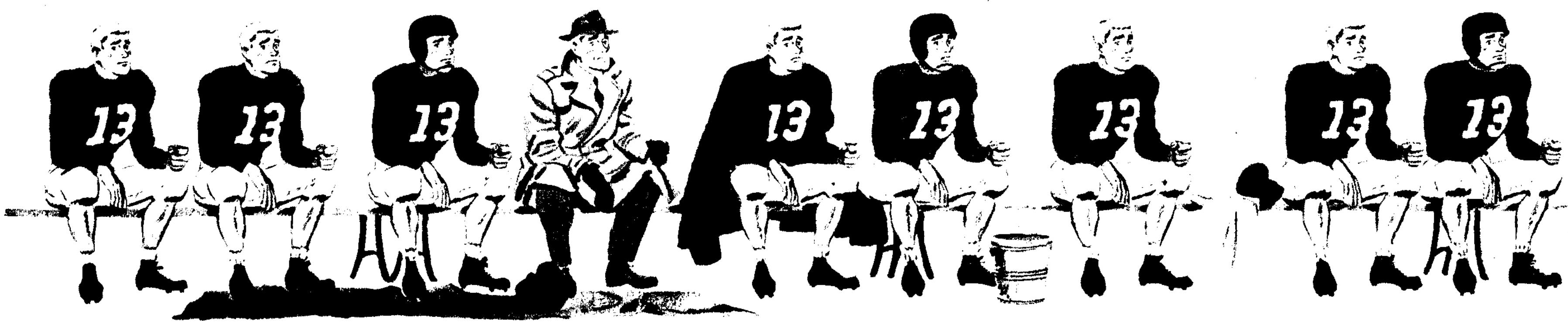
A few years back a name coach was imported to put on a football revival at a major conference school. Skilled in all the routines, including effective propaganda, he had even the seasoned sports writers palpitating over the expected renaissance. There was one hitch. He lost the first game. But still being young enough to shake off such embarrassments, he invited the reporters into his kitchen that night and was explaining just how it had happened when one of them pulled him up with: "Don't show me them plays on the tablecloth, Coach. Show me them plays on the field."

Obviously, no man short of genius can hit the jack pot year after year. The majority are just good, game guys of reasonable competence who, since there are so many jobs to be filled and somebody must fill them, go on doggedly hacking away at their jobs season after season. They hit an occasional peak, but the hills finally get too steep and the football world passes them by.

The public thinks of a coach as a man who spends a short period of the year in a dramatic atmosphere, after which he takes it easy until the next campaign begins. Actually, he's a year-round man. He spends about five months, including spring (and sometimes camouflaged winter and summer) practice, on and about the field with his boys. The rest of the time he is general manager of a football business and a sort of supersalesman and ambassador-at-large who goes about selling his institution to high-school players, alumni, the general public and wealthy endowment prospects.

Throughout the year, in all his varied tasks, he is meeting people, working on people, persuading people. His personality is constantly on trial, and nowhere more than in his contacts with his boys. For the truest axiom in football is: *Over a reasonable period, usually about three years, a football squad reflects the personality of its coach.*

Since the most important part of his equipment is his own personality, the first person a coach goes to work on, and continues to work hardest on, is himself. He bends and squeezes himself into the mold of his job as he sees it. Often he copies from some model, either the man who coached him or some other outstanding *(Continued on page* 68)



Over a reasonable period of time, usually about three years, a football squad will reflect the personality of its coach

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LUCKIES PAY MORE

to give you a finer cigarette!

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20
CIGARETTES
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Yes, at tobacco auctions Lucky Strike pays millions of dollars more than official parity prices for fine tobacco!

There's no finer cigarette in the world today than Lucky Strike! To bring you this finer cigarette, the makers of Lucky Strike go after fine, light, naturally mild tobacco—*and pay millions of dollars more than official parity prices to get it!* So buy a carton of Luckies today. See for yourself how much finer and smoother Luckies really are—how much *more* real deep-down smoking enjoyment they give you. Yes, smoke a Lucky! You'll agree it's a finer, milder, more enjoyable cigarette!

RAYMOND W. CRUTCHFIELD *of Reidsville, N. C., veteran tobacco warehouseman, says: "Year after year I've seen the makers of Luckies buy fine, ripe leaf that makes one great smoke!" "Crutch" has smoked Luckies for 20 years. Here's* more *evidence that Luckies are a* finer *cigarette!*

COPR., THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

L.S./M.F.T.—Lucky Strike Means Fine Tobacco

So round, so firm, so fully packed—so free and easy on the draw

Miss Strawberry and the Sergeant

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

Shrewsbury's door. Forster had done his stint during the first World War, but he still kept his imposing military bearing. He was straight as a tall pine, with crossbar shoulders and a thatch of fine white hair.

The Sergeant was always uncomfortable in Miss Shrewsbury's presence and awed by her reputation as a lady, however poor. Like everyone else, he knew a little of her history. He'd heard how her father, an English clergyman of great learning and gentility, had come to the island in retirement to escape the rigors of northern winters; and how, though frail, he had lived to the age of eighty-three, waited on hand and foot by his only daughter.

The old man left no money, and Miss Shrewsbury—twenty-seven at the time of the death—had pocketed her dignity and taken a job as stenographer in the embassy. She had always had it in mind that one day she would return to England, but somehow she'd just stayed on for twenty-five years.

All this Sergeant Forster knew about Miss Shrewsbury and—if he dealt in such terms—he would have called it a very pathetic story. Miss Shrewsbury was uncomfortable with the Sergeant too, though she couldn't have said why. He always approached her as though he were about to salute; and his wariness was a reminder that men were always rather wary with her. She also knew that he was not fond of cats; not that he said so—he simply looked at whichever of her seven happened to be frisking about when he brought the water, and the look said plainly that the Sergeant had no use for cats.

But every Friday, Miss Shrewsbury and Sergeant Forster went through a stiff little ritual.

"Good evening, ma'am."

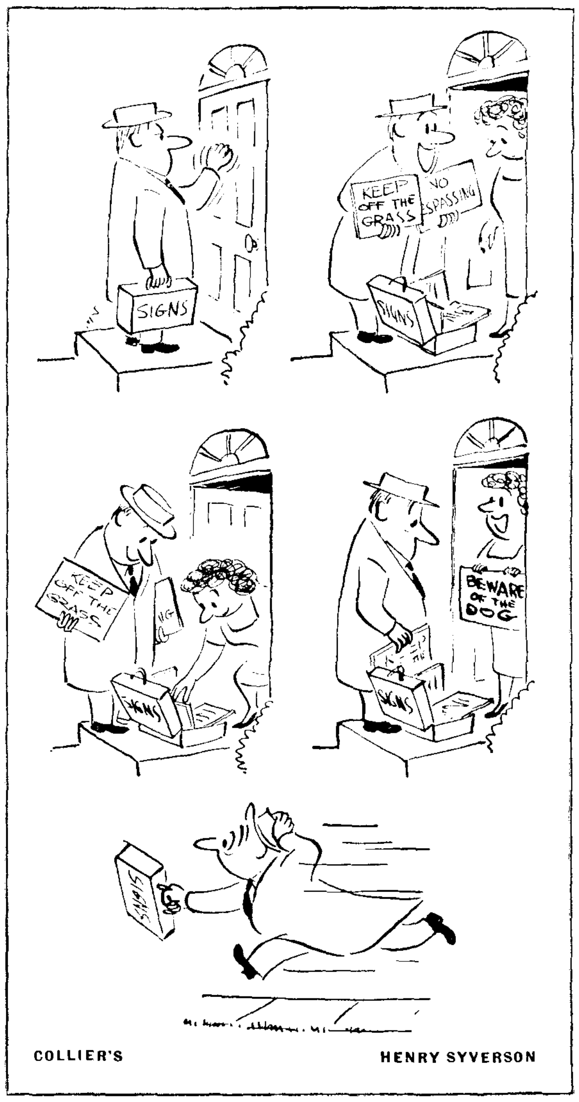
"Good evening, Sergeant Forster."

"I've brought you the water, ma'am."

"Thank you very much, Sergeant."

When the water drum was safely stowed, the Sergeant would touch his cap and hurry away.

THE crisis for Miss Shrewsbury at the embassy arrived sooner than anyone had expected. Into a note to the Foreign Office she slipped a really grievous error. It went unnoticed by Mr. Rees and by the Ambassador himself and led to painfully strained relations between the United States and the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the island republic.



COLLIER'S HENRY SYVERSON

Everything was straightened out, of course, but not without great embarrassment to Mr. Rees and Mr. Pryce, the undersecretaries. They told each other that this error was the last straw and that Miss Shrewsbury would have to go; they agreed that someone would have to tell her she was fired. What they couldn't agree on was who would do the telling. When it came right down to cases, neither Mr. Rees nor Mr. Pryce much fancied being the one to tell the old girl that the ax was falling.

But they didn't need to tell her. Miss Shrewsbury knew that her days of employment were numbered. She dragged herself up the hill each afternoon when the embassy closed and sat staring out over the bay. Her work went from bad to worse; her typing errors increased, and her pages were scarred and unattractive. Even her personal appearance lost its old neatness; her hair became actually quite disordered.

She began to neglect her cats. Almost automatically she fed them and caressed them, but sometimes she forgot to close them in their pen at night. They wandered wherever they chose, fascinated by a new liberty. The fiery Valverde family next door may have been right in their spirited assertion that Miss Shrewsbury's cats had snatched up and devoured a Valverde chicken. In any case, it can't be doubted that the cats did roam.

On a night in the very week of the bungled Foreign Office note, Señor Valverde put out poison. He used an old Spanish formula handed down by his grandfather. Cats are very clever about poisoned food, but Miss Shrewsbury's seven were not up to the Valverde formula, and they died horribly at sunrise all over Miss Shrewsbury's veranda.

MR. PRYCE said rather apologetically, "I suppose Miss Strawberry must be sick."

"She might have managed to send us word," Mr. Rees snapped.

"How? I don't think she has a phone."

"Oh, damn! Look. Everybody knows Miss Strawberry's on borrowed time, but that doesn't mean she can let us down when we're in a jam. There's Follin's annual economic survey waiting for typing, and Towle's long-winded report on internal transportation. Ninety-seven pages, that runs—"

"I'll send Forster up in the truck to see what goes on," Mr. Pryce said.

"Do. Tell him to shake a leg."

The Sergeant drove up the hill to Miss Shrewsbury's. He parked the truck and climbed the path under the flame trees. The gate was open and he went in. It was possible, he thought, that she was still sleeping, or just getting up because of some fault in her alarm clock. He certainly did not want to walk in on some unthinkable morning privacy. So as he mounted the dozen tiled steps to the tiled veranda, he called her name. "Miss Shrewsbury!" he called as loud as was consistent with dignity. "It's Sergeant Forster."

Then he saw the cats.

They were dead. Sergeant Forster had, in his sixty-one years, seen enough of death to know that the cats had died violently. Poisoned, he supposed. By whom? Where was Miss Shrewsbury?

He called her name again; then something, some sound, caused him to turn his head. He saw her in a deep, low chair in the far corner of the veranda, half hidden by trumpet-flower vines. Although he was terribly ill at ease, he felt a rush of pity at the sight of Miss Shrewsbury. She was crouched like an animal, a creature in terror. Her face showed clay-white in the hard light of morning. Her hair was awry and she was crying in wet, helpless sobs.

This was a situation which the Sergeant, a bachelor, had never been called upon to face. His first idea—in fact, his only idea—was to get her a drink. Her cats had died in some ugly way, and naturally she needed a nip to boost her. Against the veranda wall stood a table holding one brown bottle and several glasses. The Sergeant poured a stiff drink and carried it to her.

"Swallow it," he said.

He wasn't sure that she saw him, though she looked at him. But she accepted the glass from his hand, tilted it and gagged and shuddered. "What happened?" Sergeant Forster asked. "Do you want me to get a doctor or the police?"

She continued to look at him and after a while shook her head. "No," she said.

"What happened to the cats?"

"Somebody poisoned them."

She looked very small and fragile and afraid, and again the Sergeant felt a wave of sympathy for her. She was alone. The Sergeant saw that she wasn't just being silly about a lot of dead, inconsequential cats. He suddenly understood that the thing went much deeper than that. A man could feel strongly about a dog or a horse; maybe cats could mean as much to a woman. These animals had been her friends. Her only friends? He supposed they'd waited for her on the steps in the afternoon when she came home from the embassy, sick of the sound of her typewriter and the bossy voice of that damn' fool Rees.

"I'll tell 'em at the embassy you're sick," the Sergeant said. "Have you got a pick and shovel?"

Miss Shrewsbury shook her head.

"Well, I'll get a pick and shovel. I'll be back soon. We'll have to bury them, you know."

"Yes," she said tonelessly. . . .

At the embassy the Sergeant reported to Mr. Rees that Miss Shrewsbury was unwell, that it was nothing serious—she'd probably be in tomorrow. Then he borrowed a pick and shovel from the gardener and drove up the hill again. Miss Shrewsbury had not moved from her chair. The Sergeant collected the cats in a basket and took them behind the house. Miss Shrewsbury stayed on the veranda while he buried them. He piled a few large rocks on the grave to keep stray dogs from digging into it; then he went around to the veranda again. Miss Shrewsbury was dry-eyed now, sitting rather stiffly in her chair, looking straight ahead.

"Is there anything more I can do?" the Sergeant asked.

"Thank you very much. No."

But there was something he could do and on the way down the hill he thought of it. Somewhere he would find a cat, at least one cat, and take it to Miss Shrewsbury. Being such a lady, she might not want to take a gift from a tough old Marine who was only a servant at the embassy. But all in a rush the Sergeant made up his mind to do it.

"What the hell!" he said. "The poor woman."

ABOUT five o'clock the Sergeant asked permission to go to the center of town on personal business. There was a man he knew named Gomez who was a trader in everything—old books, new beds, used automobiles, whatever. It took Gomez just ten minutes to find a cat. This was a fat cat, bright yellow, and Gomez was willing to sell it for two dollars.

The cat was pretty, as cats go. The Sergeant paid what was asked and tied the animal to a pedal on the floor of the pickup cab for the ride to Miss Shrewsbury's. He climbed the steps of her bungalow with the cat securely in his arms. On the top step he paused. Miss Shrewsbury was still in the same chair.

"I've come back," the Sergeant said.

"Oh," said Miss Shrewsbury.

"This cat," Sergeant Forster said. "I thought you might like it. To keep. A friend of mine gave it to me, and I got no place to keep it. How do you feel now?"

For quite a long while Miss Shrewsbury simply stared at the Sergeant. He had nothing more to say. He suddenly felt too big for the veranda, as he was too big for the cab of the embassy truck. He was afraid that if he took a step he'd knock something over and break it. It was embarrassing and he felt like running away. But Miss Shrewsbury's eyes held him there. She began to cry.

"Why, gosh!" Sergeant Forster said. "Don't do that."

Miss Shrewsbury rose from her chair and, dabbing at her cheeks with her handkerchief, approached the Sergeant and held out her arms. He gave her the cat.

"But of course I can't accept it," she said, low.

"Why not?" the Sergeant said. "I mean, it's only a cat—"

"No," she said.

Sergeant Forster understood. Miss Shrewsbury was being a lady. There were strict regulations of conduct, and he'd made a mistake. Damn it then, all right—he'd made a mistake! The Sergeant was getting mad.

"It's only a cat," he said again. "And you're going to take it." He spoke sharply, almost like a Marine noncom giving an order. "I don't want any more nonsense out of you, Miss Shrewsbury. I can give you a cat if I want to, *and you can take it*. Go back and sit down."

He saw the quick movement of her shoulders as, startled, she caught her breath. She watched him closely, backing away. Then she sat, holding the cat. "It's a pretty cat," she said, almost whispering. "I won't try to say thank you."

"You don't have to," the Sergeant said.

She stroked the cat and it purred. Her face was composed again. Inside the house a clock struck. From the force of old habit Miss Shrewsbury nodded to

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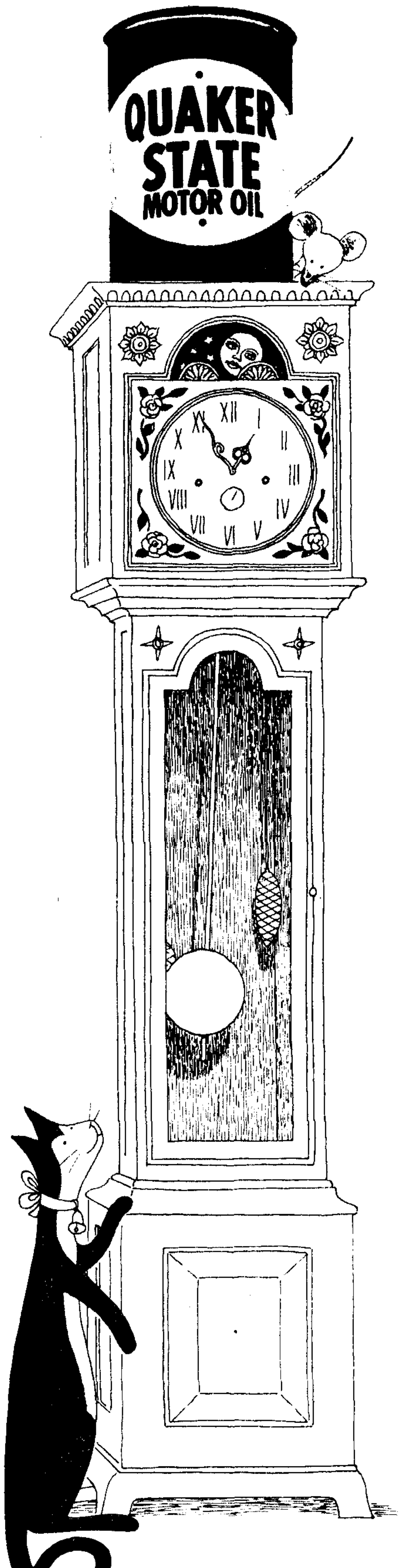

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Journalist, Ogden, Utah	Nobody drove that historic golden spike to connect our coasts by rail. Too soft to drive, it was gently pushed into a hole drilled to receive it.
Psychologist, American Orthopsychiatric Association	Typists who chew gum while working are 17 per cent more efficient than those who don't chew.
Acoustician, Army Signal Corps	Absolute quiet is not restful. Experiments show that about 30 minutes of absolute silence is all a normal person can stand.
Neurologist, University of California	Peoples with high I.Q.s usually make the worst skilled workers.
Anthropologist, University of New Mexico	Nobody's face is symmetrical. A right-handed person's is fleshier on the right side, and a left-handed person's on the left.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

each stroke separately. "Can it be six!" she said.

"Six," the Sergeant said.

"But you—you've missed your tea!" She made it sound like a disaster. The Sergeant found himself laughing. He never drank tea, he said. "But surely, then," Miss Shrewsbury said, "a whisky, Sergeant Forster?"

The Sergeant looked at his wrist watch, confirming the time. He had once chauffeured the Ambassador for a week, and he remembered that at six o'clock the Ambassador always took a whisky and soda.

The Sergeant said thanks, he'd stay and have just one whisky and soda. He held the cat while Miss Shrewsbury brought a bottle and its accessories. There was only a little whisky, but of a celebrated brand. Later Miss Shrewsbury brought out a small tin of caviar. The Sergeant tried it. It tasted strange but good. He had a second whisky.

THEY talked about the people in the embassy, and once Miss Shrewsbury actually chuckled aloud at what the Sergeant said—off the record—about Mr. Rees. They discovered that neither of them liked Mr. Rees very much.

"You must do me a favor, Sergeant Forster," Miss Shrewsbury said suddenly. "You must do me the honor of staying for dinner."

The Sergeant hesitated. He knew the Bishop sometimes stayed for dinner—but he was not the Bishop. And in a little place like this you had to be careful of the gossips.

"I'm afraid not," the Sergeant said, and his voice sounded honestly regretful.

"Of course we would dine here on the veranda." Tactfully Miss Shrewsbury made it plain that the Sergeant needn't set foot inside the house. The Sergeant understood and nodded his acceptance. Miss Shrewsbury smiled and went inside to prepare the dinner. . . .

The dinner included native mutton, broccoli from the hills, and canned peas. Sergeant Forster enjoyed it thoroughly. At Miss Shrewsbury's suggestion, he lingered to watch the moon rise above towering mountains. It had been a very long time since he'd seen the moon quite that way. Sharing it, you might say. In the old days when he was a very young Marine, he'd ridden in those very mountains on many a patrol, under a moon as big and shining as tonight's. Gave a man moon fever, it did, and brought back old dreams he thought he had forgotten.

Oh, he'd had his fair bit of dreaming, long ago, and run after the girls a lot in his time. He'd never have believed, back then, that he'd end up his years still on the foreign shore, and still living alone. He had his own house, with no debts on it; he loved his garden—too big a garden, really, for one person to take care of. He told Miss Shrewsbury about his house and garden, and about the old days in the Marines.

He sat much later than he'd intended. At midnight, he shook Miss Shrewsbury's hand; and only later, driving down the hill, did it occur to him that she had not asked him to come back for another visit. She hadn't said, "Please come again," the way people always did, even if they didn't mean it. She hadn't said anything at all; she had simply extended her hand for the Sergeant to shake.

And suddenly the Sergeant knew why. He'd talked too much; he'd talked the whole damn' evening without letting the old girl get a word in edgeways. And Miss Shrewsbury, being a lady, had been too well-bred to cut him short. The Sergeant cursed, wondering what had got into him. He wasn't usually much of a talker.

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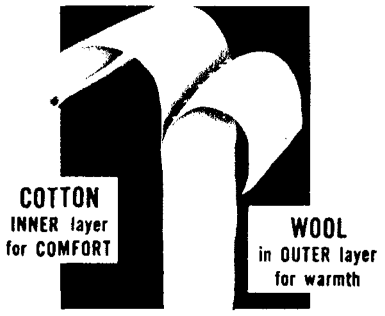

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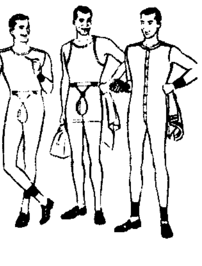

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HEALTH UNDERWEAR

The Sergeant heaved a deep sigh of very real regret, and kept on driving. . . .

"Come in," Mr. Rees said when Miss Shrewsbury knocked next morning. The time was just past nine, and Mr. Rees, looking up, merely pointed to the rough draft of Towle's long-winded report on internal transportation, awaiting typing.

But Miss Shrewsbury ignored the draft. She sat.

She was not expected to sit. Mr. Rees put down his pencil. "Yes?" he said, staring fixedly across the desk. Miss Shrewsbury returned his stare with complete composure.

Her voice was surprisingly crisp. "Let us not fence with each other, Mr. Rees," she said. She sat straight but without tension. Her eyes were bright. Her hair, Mr. Rees observed in spite of himself, was immaculately piled in some new arrangement that made her look years younger. She threw a bomb at him. "You urgently desire to sack me, don't you, Mr. Rees?" she said, with the touch of quaint British slang she sometimes allowed herself.

Her smile was without rancor. It flashed into the First Secretary's mind that Miss Shrewsbury had, by the old military maneuver of unexpected attack, taken command of the situation. He did not like it. Still, what was he expected to say?

Miss Shrewsbury went on quickly: "There's an awkwardness for you, I know, in discarding an old employee, but I think we need not speak of it. I've come to bargain with you."

"Indeed?" said Mr. Rees, astonished. "What, precisely—"

"Precisely this, Mr. Rees. I shall save face. I shall resign. But there is the problem of water."

Problem of water! "I'm afraid I don't understand," he said coldly.

"But you do. The public supply is atrocious. Untrustworthy. And since I shall continue to live here, I shall continue to want water. Hence, I'll write my resignation only in exchange for your assurance that Sergeant Forster will continue to deliver embassy well water to my residence."

"Are you joking, Miss Shrewsbury?" Mr. Rees said.

"I have never been more serious in my life, Mr. Rees," Miss Shrewsbury said.

For a moment Mr. Rees weighed the possibility that Miss Shrewsbury had been drinking. But no. Plainly not. It might be, as she said, that she simply wanted water. Mr. Rees shrugged. "The water can be arranged," he said, not very graciously.

"Delivery *twice* a week."

"You have my assurance," Mr. Rees said impatiently.

"Each Tuesday and each Friday," Miss Shrewsbury stipulated.

"I see no objection," Mr. Rees said.

"At approximately 6 P.M."

Mr. Rees made a note on a pad. "Six exactly."

"I venture to remind you that today is Friday."

"Delivery will be made today at 6 P.M., Miss Shrewsbury. I shall personally inform Sergeant Forster."

"May I borrow your pen?" Miss Shrewsbury said quietly.

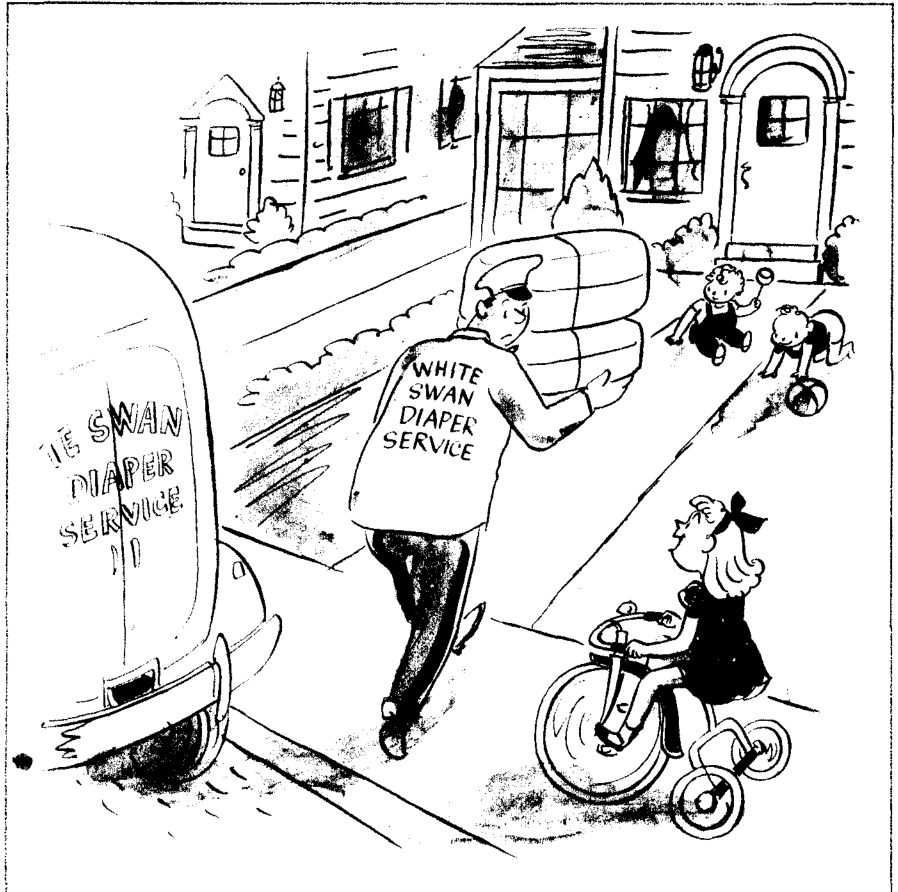
A FEW minutes later she put the cover on her typewriter for the last time in the airless cubicle outside the office of the First Secretary. She went down the broad stairway of the embassy, looking neither left nor right, and out through the high arched gateway. The street was tropically warm with direct sunlight, but Miss Shrewsbury walked briskly, head up. She smiled in passing at the pretty bloom of hibiscus on a garden wall, but did not pause. She had shopping to do.

Three tins of caviar—there should be three. And a fresh bottle of whisky, of the celebrated brand. He would, of course, want to see the cat, because he'd brought it to her and had a kind of implied responsibility; yes, there would be the cat to talk about, merely as an introductory topic—something to break the ice. Then, logically, properly (inevitably, even), a man's evening whisky and soda. And—it would all fall into place, she knew it would—dinner on the veranda. Beef?

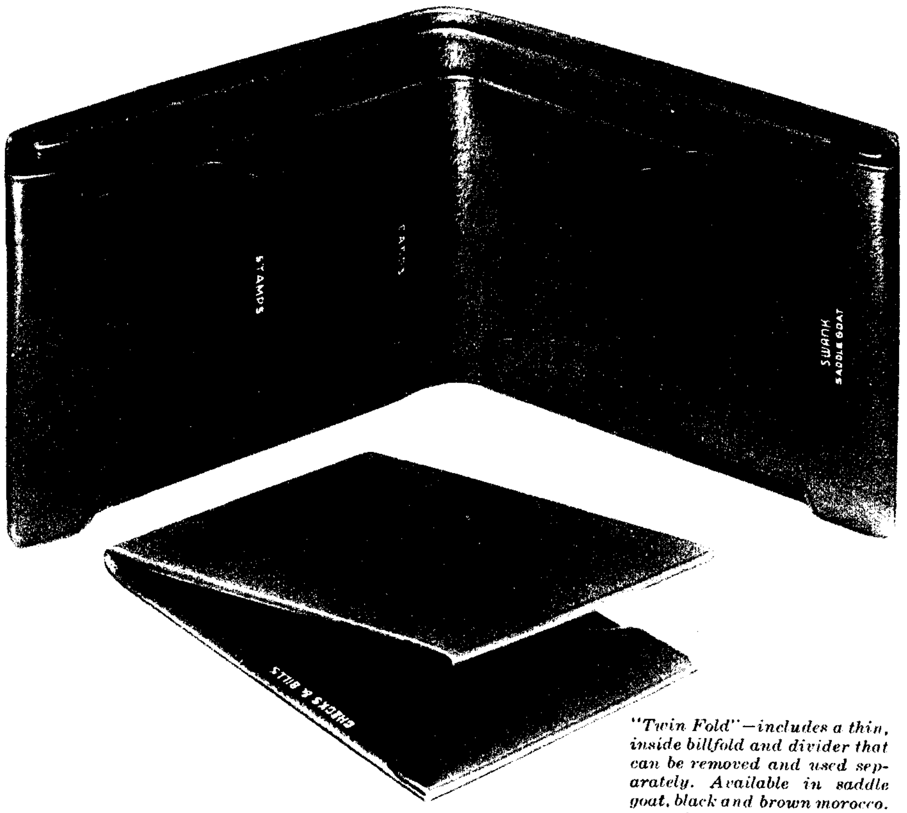
Sergeant, said Miss Shrewsbury to herself, testing the syllables. She found that she could, without any difficulty at all, invest the title with a large measure of military dignity.

Miss Shrewsbury, still smiling, walked on, until she reached the shop where caviar was sold in small tins and could be charged.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Brother, have you come to the right place!" BARNEY TOBEY



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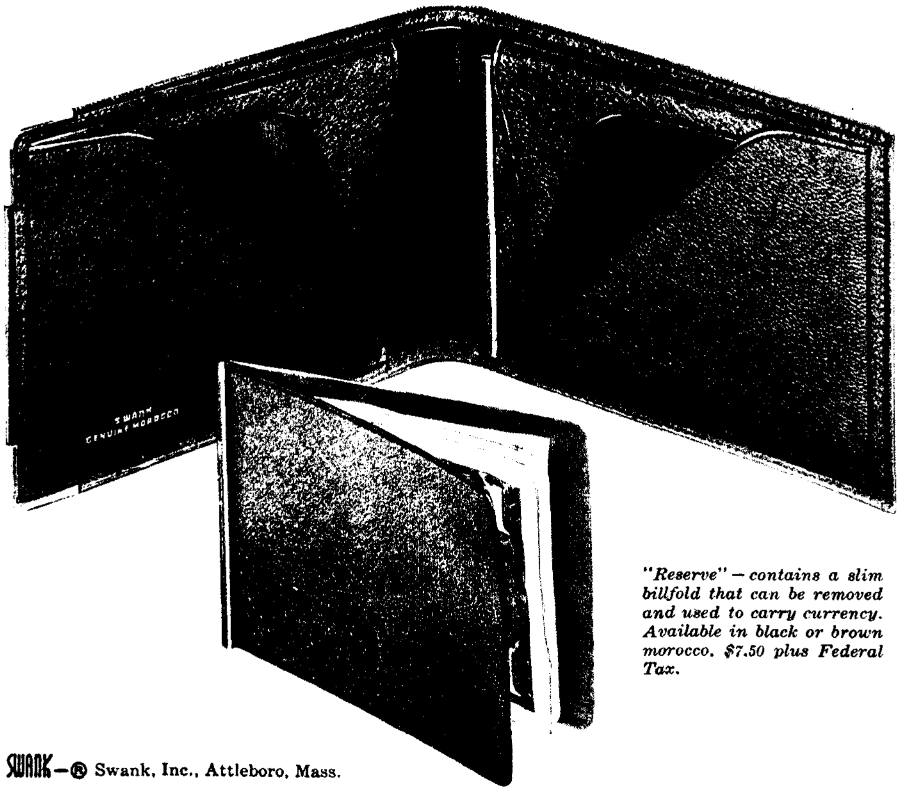

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* Right after eating

My 4-Year War With the Reds

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

the political implications of baseball. Besides, there were more important things at hand.

In October the eyes of the world were focused on Berlin for the first elections in 14 years. The people of Berlin were finally going to be given a chance to indicate their pleasure or displeasure with the government the Russians had handed them in 1945.

It had been a long battle to get the Russians to agree to the elections. The American point of view had been expressed months before when General Clay wrote me a note.

"Early elections," he said, "are an American creed." The word "creed" was in capital letters, underlined in pencil.

Evasive Soviet Tactics

It was not a Russian creed, however, to risk loss of control in Berlin. Kotikov bobbed and weaved frantically whenever the question of elections arose in the Kommandatura. Once, when I asked him to set a date which would be acceptable to the Russians, he said, in a masterpiece of evasion, "Why don't I say Christmas? That way it might be too early or it might be too late." I told him I didn't understand. Kotikov shrugged and smiled his inscrutable golden smile, and that was the end of that.

If it had been left to the wily Kotikov, there still would not have been any open elections in Berlin. I am convinced he knew the Communists would be defeated, even though his mission to Berlin was to see that they were not. On the other hand, Marshal Sokolovsky, Kotikov's superior, was not so smart. Sokolovsky thought the Communists would win. Consequently, at a meeting of the Allied Control Council, Sokolovsky overruled Kotikov and agreed to hold the elections. Kotikov immediately resigned himself to the inevitable.

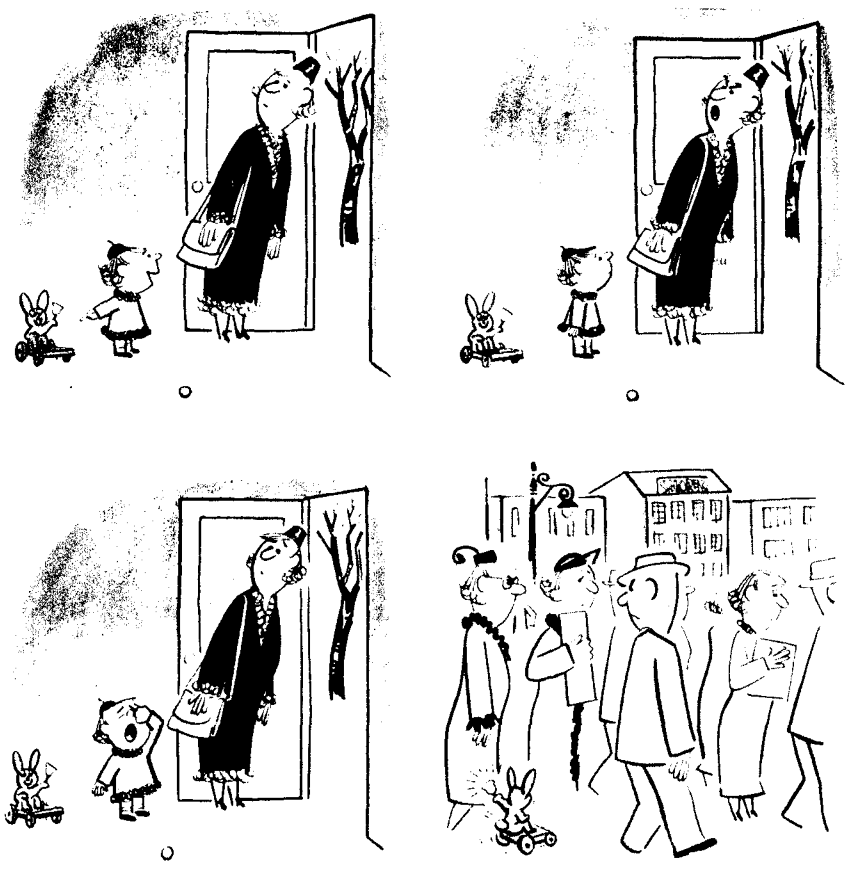
The inevitable was not long in coming. The elections were held on October 20th. The Communists won only 19.8 per cent of the vote while their chief opposition, the Socialist SPD, captured over 48 per cent. It was obvious the Russians would have to find another way. The screws on the iron collar with which they had tried to strangle Berlin were showing signs of coming loose.

On the night of October 21st–22d there was a new development. The houses of various German technicians in the Russian sector were visited by Russian secret police accompanied by German interpreters. When they came to the door, the technicians were given two minutes to make a fateful decision: whether or not to take their families with them to Russia. Naturally there was no question of whether the technicians themselves would go. That was all arranged. However, if they indicated they wanted to take their families, the Russians gave them two hours to get ready. If they chose to leave their families behind, they departed at once.

So far as I know, there is no evidence that these German technical men were atomic experts, although a number of them were experts in the field of electronics. Neither are there any definite clues suggesting that the operation had anything to do with the results of the elections. More than a year before, the Russians had thoughtfully assembled the best technicians in Berlin under one "roof" by offering them better rations and better houses in the Russian sector. Some of them had signed contracts to work in the U.S.S.R., but whether they were *forced* to sign the contracts is not known. I have my own opinion, however.

In any case, by daybreak on October 22d over 400 of them had been spirited out of Berlin. The Russians moved them in trucks to a railroad station in the Soviet sector and shipped them off to Russia that same night. Several of them

SISTER



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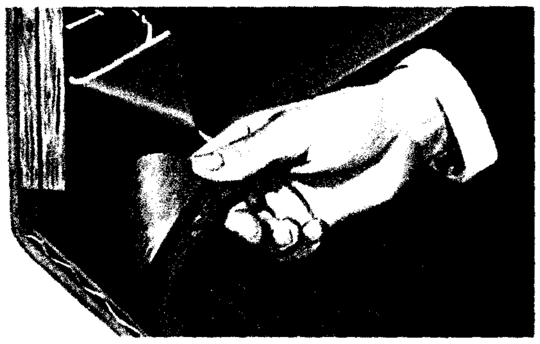

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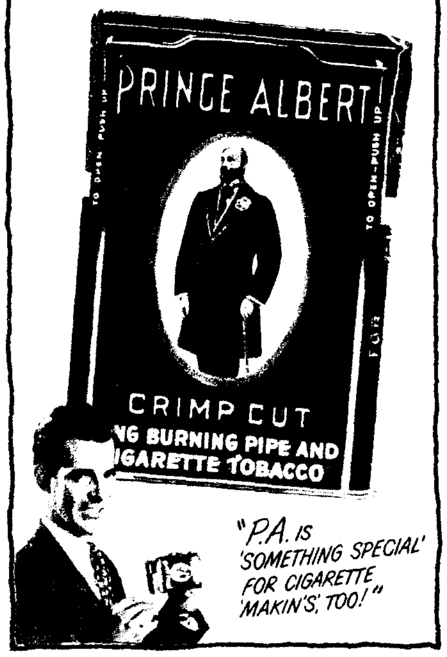
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"deserted" during a stop at Frankfurt an der Oder and reported later they had been put on the train and given an excellent meal. Then, as the train sped eastward, they were handed contracts to sign. I say it grudgingly, but it must have been a model police operation. No fuss, no noise, no bother.

Three days later, at a meeting of the Kommandatura, the British protested strongly against the action as a violation of basic human rights. Unfortunately, General Frank Keating, who was then the American commandant, was in a sticky spot.

In the early days of the occupation, we ourselves had taken a number of German scientists and technicians to the United States, and we were hardly in a strong position to challenge the Russian action without knowing more about it.

Kotikov's Cagey Answer

Keating therefore requested "more information" of the Russians, although he associated himself in principle with the British protest. Kotikov said he had no more information, that all he knew was what he read in the newspapers.

"What newspapers?" we asked.

Kotikov demurred. Finally he said, "Taegliche Rundschau." The Taegliche Rundschau, of course, is the voice of Moscow in Berlin. The Russians have always insisted it is a Red Army newspaper, although, curiously enough, it is printed in German. In any case, the Taegliche Rundschau had printed an article saying merely that a number of German technicians had signed contracts to work in Russia, where living conditions were better.

We got nowhere at the Kommandatura and the subject eventually was referred to the Allied Control Council. There it was dropped like a hot rock when the Russians unexpectedly produced some embarrassingly pertinent data on when the Americans and British had removed technicians under more or less similar conditions.

The difference was that in the case of German technicians going to Great Britain or to the United States they went voluntarily. However, the Russians maintained that theirs had gone voluntarily too. So we were stymied, with no way to prove the contrary and no way to correct the situation anyhow.

The Western Powers in the Control Council had been set to demand more information from the Russians when the Russian general exploded a bomb at the table by saying blandly, "I am not asking the Americans and British at what hour of the day or night they took their technicians. Why are you so concerned about the hour at which I took mine?" Unfortunately, nobody could think of a reasonable answer.

It was Kotikov, as usual, who provided the sequel. Several weeks after the British protest at the Kommandatura, Kotikov invited the political leaders of Berlin, with the exception of the SPD heads, to his headquarters in the Soviet sector. When they arrived they found Kotikov sitting on a platform at one end of the room. Facing Kotikov, with his back to the "audience," was a German technician.

"Are you sure you want to go to Russia to work at your profession?" Kotikov asked him.

"Jawohl," the technician replied.

"Why do you want to go to Russia?"

"Because in Russia I will have wonderful equipment and an opportunity to perfect my science."

"Aren't you afraid the Russians will chop your hands and feet off?"

"No. That's reactionary press talk."

Kotikov rose and smiled triumphantly. The political leaders filed silently out of the room. A few hours later one of them came to my office and gave me an account of the meeting.

"What was your reaction?" I asked.

"We could hardly keep from laughing," he said.

As I have said previously in these articles I do not consider myself an infallible prognosticator. Yet, in view of the State Department's apparent reluctance to recognize what was happening, I feel compelled to refer to a notation I made in late October, 1946.

"The whole thing," I wrote, "reminds me of the tragic foreign policy of Russia, which has . . . so conclusively proved their immaturity diplomatically and their unpreparedness for the role which has been thrust upon them in international affairs. They have in less than two years converted the American admiration and love, which was built up during the war by their magnificent resistance, to a hatred, by their stubborn, uncompromising greed.

"They have caused American policy to turn toward a soft peace for Germany instead of a hard peace. This in itself has divided the Western Allies. The French feel that they have been sold down the river; the British, who are economically depending more and more upon us, have had to go along with the American view. Russia can be blamed for the tragedies which are going to follow from our having *lost the peace."*

That was 1946.

For all my fights with Kotikov and the other Russians, we still maintained the fiction of friendship during the winter. Colonel Yelizarov, a big powerful bruiser who had married a sister-in-law of Lenin's and had forthwith become the father of an astonishing 16-pound baby, had arrived to replace Colonel Dalada as Kotikov's deputy. Yelizarov and I always kept one hand on the trigger, but each of us tried, so far as was compatible with our missions to Berlin, to get along with each other. Needless to say, neither of us got very far.

I was sorry to see Dalada go. He had been my favorite, and we frequently visited each other's homes. In his way, Dalada had really tried to be friendly. Still, he was a Russian and a Communist. Once, when I had gone to Switzerland to participate in an international horse show and had fared rather badly with my comparatively nondescript horses, Dalada asked me on my return how I had done.

"I was awful," I confessed. "I must have finished seventeenth in one event and perhaps twelfth in another."

Dalada was shocked.

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "I'm glad I didn't see it!"

It never occurred to Dalada that anyone would enter a sport contest unless he was sure to win. He had expressed perfectly a guiding Russian philosophy.

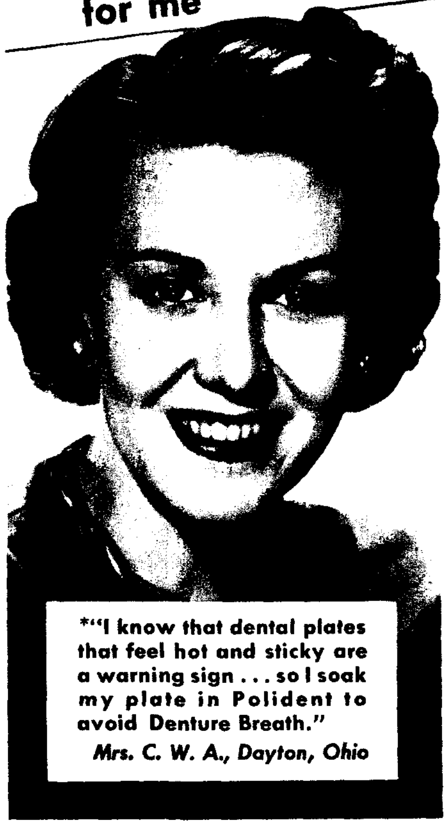
A Colonel With an Icy Smile

Yelizarov was more Russian than caviar. He seldom smiled and when he did smile it was like the ice breaking up on the Yukon in the spring. Yet he, too, was not a bad fellow outside the Kommandatura. Unfortunately, however, he was an enthusiastic hunter and his sense of sportsmanship was also askew. In fact, on one occasion it was dangerously askew.

The British had invited us to hunt wild pigs with them in Spandau Forest. I was standing on a knoll with my rifle, ready to take my two allotted shots if and when the pigs came out. Yelizarov was standing back about 30 yards from the edge of the forest with his driver beside him, and the British were on the other side of me.

Suddenly there was a crashing noise in the woods. Charging out of the forest, past Yelizarov, were about a dozen pigs. Yelizarov grabbed his rifle and fired twice. Then he whirled around, grabbed a tommy gun, and opened up. Astonished, I hit the dirt just as Yelizarov's

I WEAR FALSE TEETH yet my mouth feels fresh, clean and cool No "DENTURE BREATH" for me*



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driver opened up with *his* tommy gun. The British, I discovered later, were also frantically burying their heads in the leaves to escape the Russian fusillade.

When the bombardment died down, Yelizarov had killed five pigs and wounded some others. We never did get a shot and the British were especially outraged.

"The blighter!" one of them fumed. "He shot more than twice."

"Hell, no!" one of the Americans said sourly. "He only shot twice. Two clips."

Having lost the elections in Berlin, the Russians were determined to drive us out of Berlin some other way. The cloud, faintly outlined on the horizon, was the blockade, but the full storm was yet to break. Meanwhile, they were probing and testing along other lines.

At one point, for example, in an obvious move to test our reaction to force, they sent several truckloads of soldiers to the Reichsbahndirektion Building, the nerve center of the railroad operations in and out of Berlin. The building itself, while in the American sector, was occupied by Russian officers and men who ran the railroads, which were under Russian control by agreement. Now, however, they had posted armed sentries around the building.

We were taken by surprise. Nevertheless, I did not propose to allow armed Russian soldiers parading around the American sector, waving guns in American faces. Accordingly, I laid a plan. The Russian guards usually arrived about 11 P.M. to take up their nocturnal stations around the Reichsbahndirektion Building. Our plan was to send an American guard down around nine o'clock to turn them back when they arrived.

Shortly before nine, one of my men called in.

"We're here, all right," he said. "But so are the Russians. They came early tonight."

Obviously they had learned of our plan either by tapping our telephones, which they did regularly, or from one of the innumerable spies they had planted in the American sector, including my own office. One afternoon not long before, I had addressed a staff meeting and by nightfall Kotikov had a full report on everything I said. This time he had outfoxed me, temporarily.

On the Verge of a Clash

Nonetheless we deployed for action. We set up machine guns and the men waited in the shadows, ready to turn back any more Russians who might come up. The Russian guard withdrew into the building, but before long three truckloads of Russian infantry drove up. The Russians insisted they were going to school in the building and we insisted they were not. The ones who were inside could come out, we said firmly, but no one on the outside could go in.

I had called General Clay meanwhile and had said I thought we ought to send more machine guns, just in case.

"Double the guard," he said.

The extra guard arrived promptly with more machine guns, and just as promptly the Russian infantry withdrew. But there were still armed Russians inside the building. About one o'clock in the morning Kotikov called.

"By the way," he said after a few polite preliminaries, "an awkward situation has developed in our building."

"*Your* building?" I said.

"Well, the Reichsbahndirektion Building," he said. "We thought you ought to know that American soldiers are down there and one of them has just stuck a tommy gun in General Petrov's stomach." (It later developed that Petrov had refused to identify himself when challenged by an American soldier.)

"Well," I said, "I will investigate the matter. I'll call you in the morning."

"Oh, no!" Kotikov said, a little wildly. "Shooting may break out." He repeated it three times.

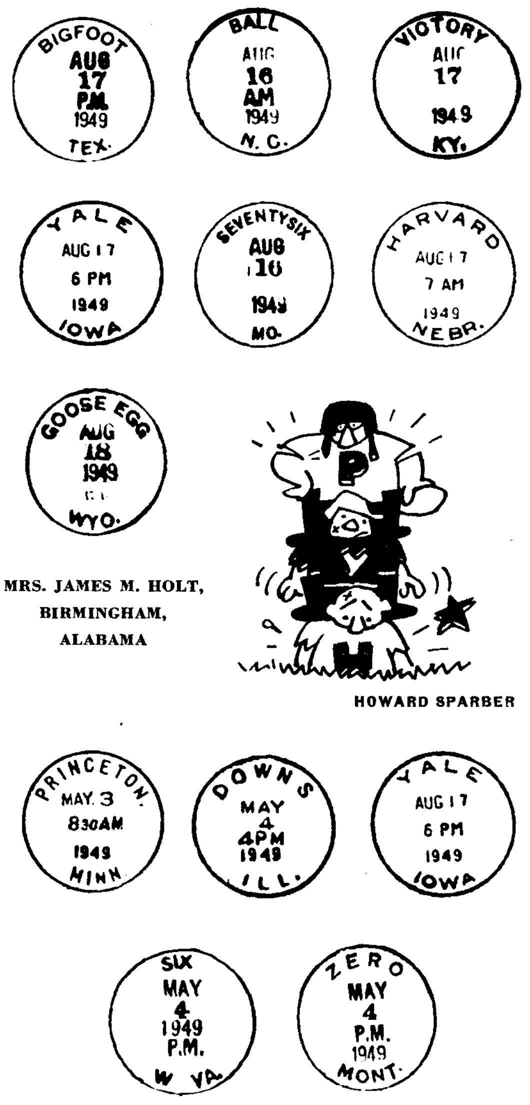
"Our soldiers are well disciplined," I said curtly. "I trust yours are, too."

Kotikov could recognize a *fait accompli*. The Russian troops withdrew the next morning.

We made our last really costly sacrifice to a false notion of how to get along with the Russians in the spring of 1947. Unfortunately, this was a colossal boner. A new American commandant, whose tenure was destined to be short-lived and whose name I prefer to omit, had arrived in Berlin with a set of wondrous notions about what dandy fellows the Russians were. In practically no time at all he handed Kotikov the entire Berlin school system.

The Russians had already succeeded in dominating the educational system by placing Communists in all

Picture Postmarks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BALL AUG 16 AM 1949 N. C.
VICTORY AUG 17 1949 KY.
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SEVENTYSIX AUG 16 1949 MO.
HARVARD AUG 17 7 AM 1949 NEBR.
GOOSE EGG AUG 18 1949 WYO.
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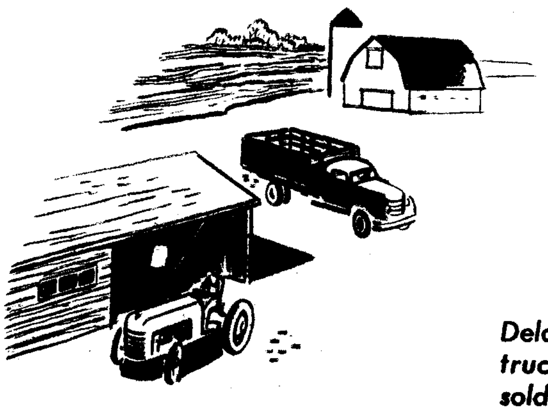
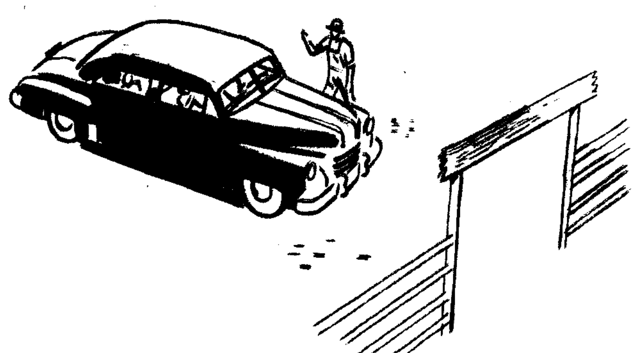

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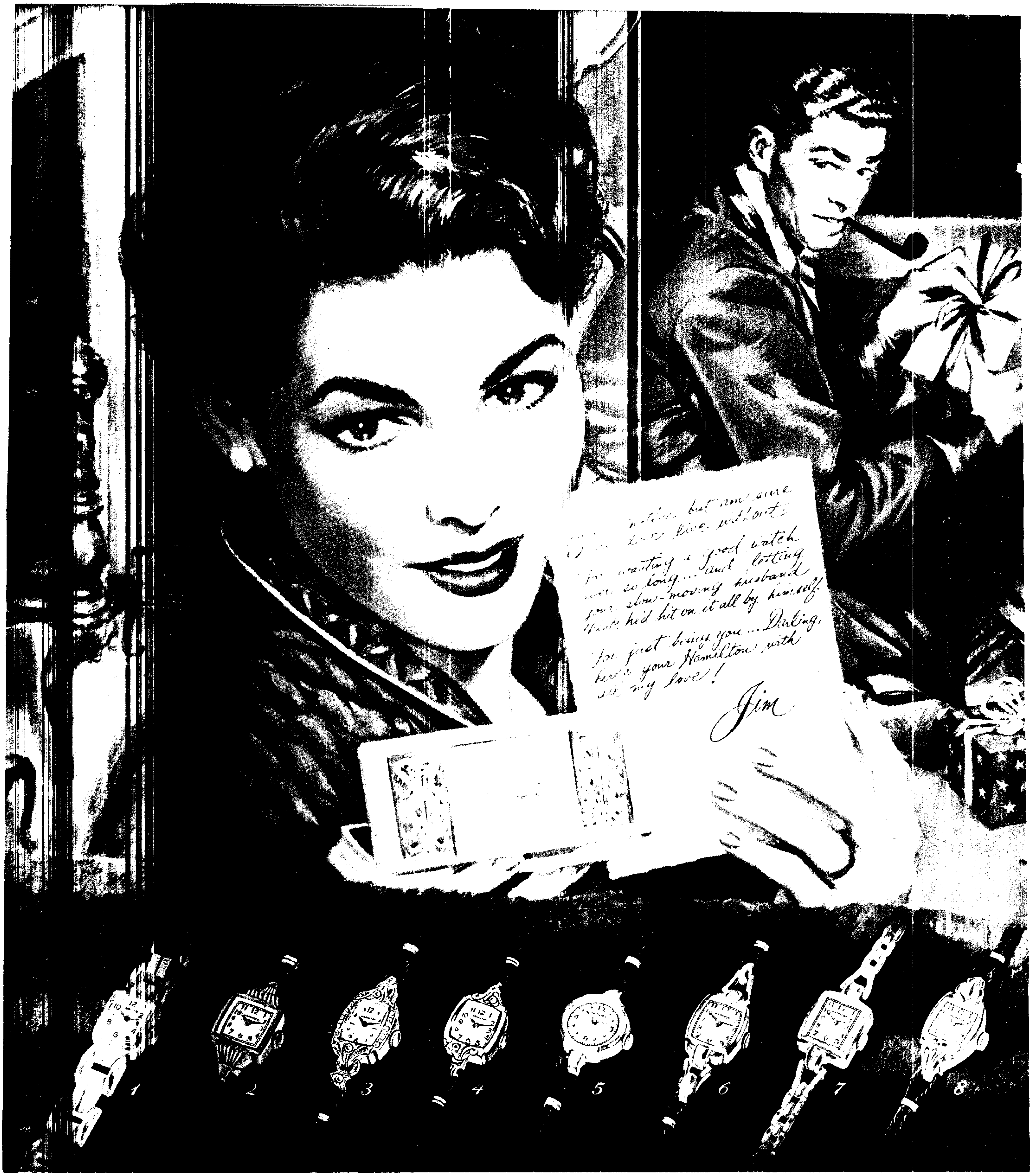
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To Peggy

for marrying me in the first place . . .

for bringing up our children—while I mostly sat back and gave advice.

for the 2,008 pairs of socks you've darned.

for finding my umbrella and my rubbers Heaven knows how often!

for tying innumerable dress ties.

for never getting sore at my always getting sore at your bridge playing.

for being the family chauffeur, years on end.

for planning a thousand meals a year—and having them taken for granted.

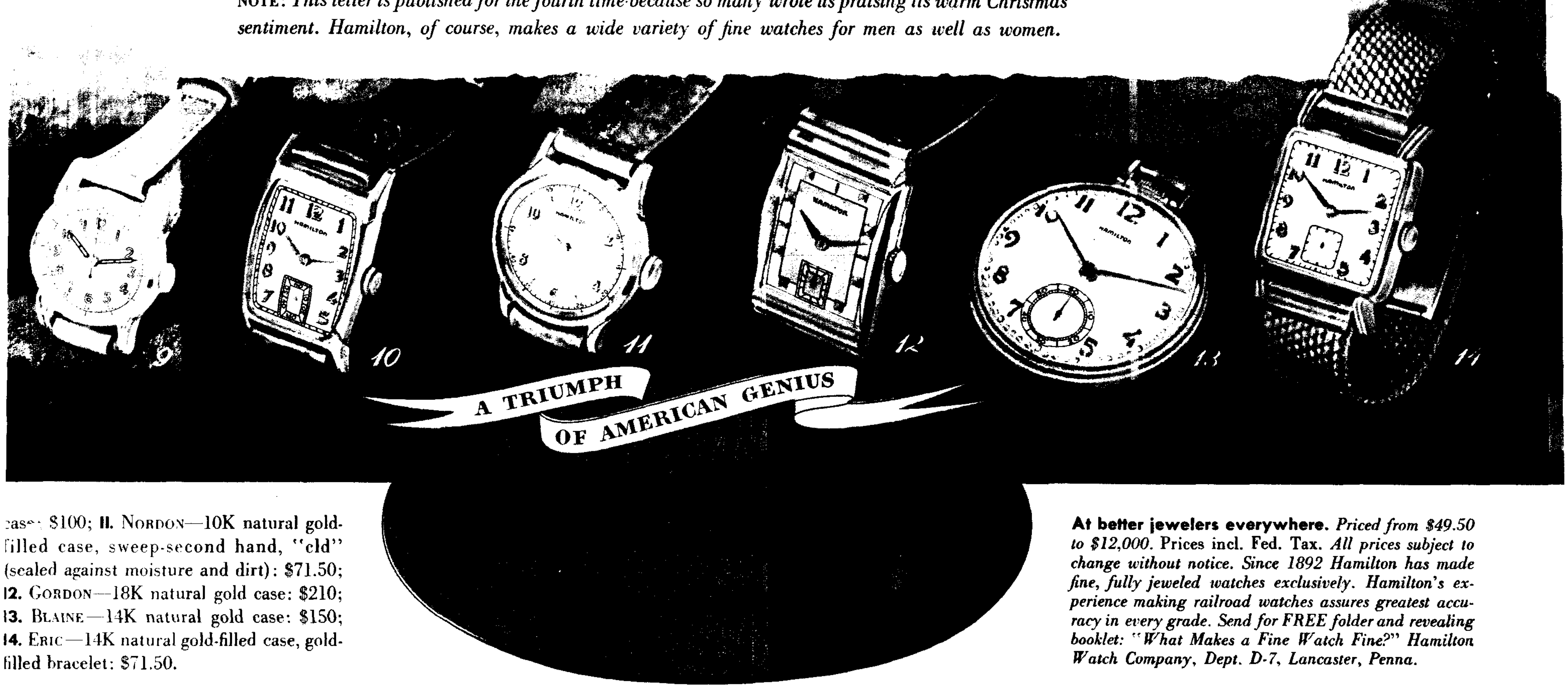
for a constant tenderness I rarely notice but am sure I couldn't live without.

for wanting a *good* watch ever so long . . . and letting your slow-moving husband think he'd hit on it all by himself.

for just being you . . . *Darling, here's your Hamilton with all my love!*

Jim

NOTE: *This letter is published for the fourth time because so many wrote us praising its warm Christmas sentiment. Hamilton, of course, makes a wide variety of fine watches for men as well as women.*



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key positions except that of the head of education, Dr. Nestriepke. Nestriepke alone opposed complete Communization of the school system. It therefore was desirable from Kotikov's point of view to replace him with Wildangel, the deputy head of education and a reliable Russian tool.

Kotikov was willing at this point to settle for a reprimand as the first step in pulling the rug out from under Nestriepke. I, however, had refused to reprimand Nestriepke, although Kotikov insisted he was violating Kommandatura orders. This patently was not true.

The new general arrived just about the time Kotikov was ready to drop the issue. The day before his first Kommandatura meeting, I briefed the new commandant on the situation. To my great distress, he refused to believe it was purely a Russian political maneuver. A State Department representative who attended the briefing was inclined to scoff at the idea, also. The next morning, about an hour before the meeting, the new general questioned my head of education, who told him the same things I had told him. Later the education expert said that for some reason he could not make the general understand what he was driving at.

When the meeting opened, the French chairman, General Jean Ganeval, summed up the situation briefly. The British were next, but General Herbert, the British commandant, was also a new arrival in Berlin. He asked first to hear his colleagues' views.

The new American commandant then announced that after carefully weighing all factors involved he had decided that in the best interests of everyone concerned Dr. Nestriepke should be *removed* from his position.

I was stunned. When I could speak, I leaned over and said, "My God, General, now we're really in hot water! You are firing an elected official without a trial. Worse, the whole educational system in Berlin goes into the hands of the Communists."

Kotikov, who would have been delighted with a mild reprimand for Nestriepke, thanked the new American general and accepted his proposal that Nestriepke be removed. The French and British shrugged "yes" rather indifferently. Kotikov couldn't have been happier or more surprised if we had given him the state of North Carolina.

The news of our blunder traveled quickly through Berlin. Alert American correspondents immediately demanded a press conference. Clay insisted that the new commandant face the newspapermen. It was one of the worst ordeals of my four years in Berlin. The correspondents took the new general's hide off and hung it on the barn door. The questions, sharp and pointed, came from every direction and there were moments when I found myself wanting to run and hide. Finally, after one particularly difficult series of questions, the general said desperately, "Well, after all, I'm only human."

"Ah, how true!" one of the correspondents impertinently retorted.

It was a good example of how not to run a press conference. Later some of the more mature members of the press apologized for their colleagues' gadfly tactics. As for the general, he was taken to the cleaners simply because he didn't understand Russian tactics.

Officially from December 1, 1947, I was American commandant in Berlin. It had taken a long time, and there were times when I had been ready to quit. I had consistently opposed a policy of appeasement and I had consistently fought against allowing the Communist party in Berlin preferential treatment.

This was not calculated to win me any popularity awards in certain Milquetoast sectors in the United States where, every time I touched a Russian, someone screamed.

During September and October, 1947, I had a series of five conferences with General Clay. While the conferences undoubtedly seemed unimportant to Clay, they reaffirmed my own feeling that my thinking was in complete disagreement with United States policy in Berlin, which seemed to favor appeasement. The first conference with Clay saw me on the mat for having thrown a handful of Communists in jail overnight for calling a meeting without the approval of military government.

They knew the rules, but the Russians protested the next day, anyway. Clay accused me of running a Gestapo city. I told him I wasn't.

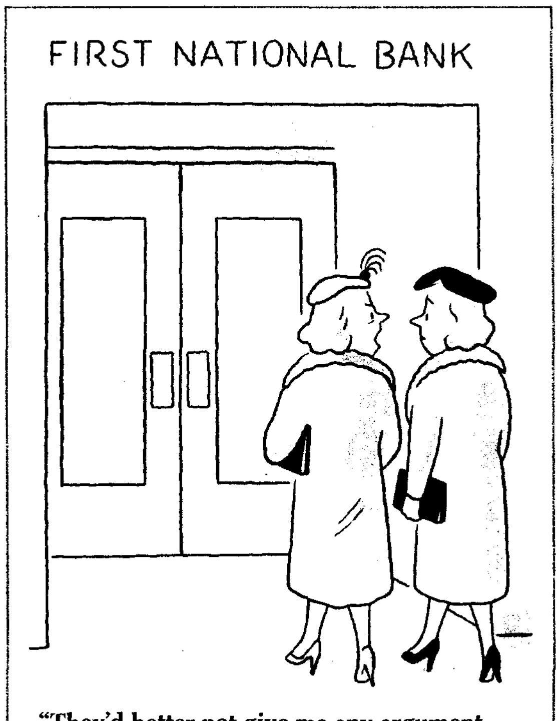
There were several other interim conferences notable for harsh words, but after one of them Clay said, as I was leaving, "I want you to know, Frank, that I wouldn't call you up here if I didn't think the world of you." That made me feel better.

A few days later, however, I conferred with General Clay over a staff study I had drawn up, dealing with steps to be taken to curb Communism in Berlin. Because I think as I do, I assumed in the first paragraph that Russia was neither an ally nor a friend. I also noted that the Communist party was not a democratic party. Clay and I had another argument. After leaving his office, I was fed up. I decided to go home to Philadelphia.

Two days before my departure, Clay sent for me and asked me a routine question: What did I think of one of the members of my political affairs section? While I was answering, I noticed Clay wasn't listening. As I got up to leave, he said, suddenly, "How would you like to come back as commandant?"

General Clay can be irresistible. I went home to the United States all right, but I was back in three weeks as commandant.

After the failure of the London Conference in 1947, the Russians decided definitely to drive the Western Powers



"They'd better not give me any argument—I figured out my balance three times, and I should have anywhere from $186 to $213!"

COLLIER'S CHON DAY

from Berlin. It was to be by far the most critical period of the entire occupation. It was also destined, naturally, to be the most critical phase of our relationship with the Russians.

By March, 1948, Kotikov had his orders from the Kremlin. I knew he had received them as well as if I had read them myself. He was to terminate the elected city government. He was to separate the Russian sector from quadripartite control. He was to break up the Kommandatura by introducing a carefully prepared "walkout" subject on which the Russians could claim that we had insulted them or had otherwise made the Kommandatura useless. After these preliminaries, the Russians would clamp on a blockade to force us out of the city.

Kotikov was now flanked by Yelizarov, his deputy, on one side, and a new political adviser, Maximov, on the other. Maximov was a big rawboned joker who had formerly been Vishinsky's secretary. Kotikov was now a mere puppet reduced to reading papers written for him by Maximov and Yelizarov. On one occasion he even had to get Maximov's permission to agree that a meeting was over. Finally, Kotikov stepped up his attacks on the Western Powers to a new hysterical pitch and he departed completely from the old line he had followed before the London Conference.

After the first meeting at which Maximov appeared, I went to Major General Walsh, the United States Intelligence chief in Berlin, and said bluntly that the Russians were getting ready for a coup. Walsh forwarded my report to Washington.

I was later summoned by Mr. Riddleberger, assistant in Berlin to Ambassador Murphy. I had told Perry Laukhuff, a State Department man, what I had told General Walsh, and Laukhuff had prepared a report to the State Department. Riddleberger wanted to know if it wasn't too extreme.

"If anything, it's too weak," I said.

One Walkout After Another

The next meeting of the Kommandatura confirmed my first impressions. Kotikov read a series of violent tirades which had been written for him and absolutely refused to talk about any of the subjects on the agenda rationally. The same thing was happening at a meeting of the deputy commandants. On March 20th Marshal Sokolovsky terminated a meeting of the Allied Control Council by saying, "Since the British and United States members refuse to report before the Control Council on matters discussed at the London Conference, I see no sense in continuing today's meeting and declare it adjourned." That was Sokolovsky's walkout. The Kommandatura walkout was still to come.

The fateful day came on June 16th. It came two meetings after most of us thought it would come. Kotikov did not attend because of "illness." His place was taken by Yelizarov.

The meeting opened at 10:00 A.M. We argued heatedly about a number of things, the debate swirling around even more inconclusively than usual. Yelizarov introduced his favorite chestnuts on which no agreement was conceivable. Hours passed and still nothing was accomplished. I was getting more and more uncomfortable.

At 7:00 P.M. an unusual thing happened. A strange Russian commissar came in, wearing, I noticed, a beautiful embroidered Ukrainian blouse under his suit coat. He whispered to Yelizarov and Maximov, and the Russians immediately asked for a recess; they went to their part of the building.

Looking out the window a few minutes later, I saw the mysterious new commissar drive off in a big automobile. Maximov continued to walk nervously up and down, puffing a cigar in a long holder. Something was up, and I was afraid they had got wind of the impending secret currency reform in the West. That would have given them a strong point on which to walk out. I then decided they were *not* going to walk out, that they would wait until we had actually announced the currency reform.

When the meeting resumed, Yelizarov launched a blistering attack on the Western Powers over trade-unions. The debate lasted until ten o'clock, and when it was finally dropped from the agenda I was nearly spent. I was convinced the fireworks were over after 12 hours and I made plans to leave the meeting, with Colonel William Babcock, my deputy, sitting in for me. This was a procedure authorized by precedence. The fact that I was authorized to leave the meeting if I so desired was never mentioned in subsequent attacks on me.

Fourteen Points—or None

At 11:00 P.M. I proposed that we end the meeting. Thirteen hours had passed and we were all dragging. The Russians, however, refused. Instead, Yelizarov dragged out the oldest chestnut of all. We were going to discuss for the umpteenth time "Fourteen Points for the Amelioration of Working Conditions of the Workers of Berlin." We had once argued about it for eight months straight and had been unable to reach any agreement whatsoever, mostly because the Russians adamantly refused to discuss the program point by point. We either had to swallow all 14 points at once or none at all.

Realizing the absolute futility of going over the weary, old arguments again, I requested permission from the chairman, General Jean Ganeval, to be excused. I had a heavy day ahead of me. I asked to leave Colonel Babcock in my place. Ganeval graciously gave the permission and I left the room. There was a subsequent report that I slammed the door on my way out. I did not. The door stuck and I simply yanked it open.

As I left the room, Maximov entered into an excited whispered conversation with Yelizarov. Suddenly Yelizarov slammed his papers down on the table.

"I consider it impossible to continue this meeting after an action that I can only class as a hooligan action on the part of Colonel Howley," he said. "I consider we should finish . . ."

At that point General Ganeval offered to close the meeting, but Yelizarov continued: "If Colonel Howley will not excuse himself I will not remain here any more."

About eight minutes had elapsed. Yelizarov started toward the door. Ganeval reminded him that I had been excused properly, but Yelizarov kept going. Ganeval asked him if he would discuss the date for the next meeting. Yelizarov tried to turn around to say something, but Maximov was pushing him, and his words were lost.

Two days later we announced currency reform in the West. The Russians had walked out of the Kommandatura because of my alleged "rudeness." It was a pathetically flimsy excuse.

And now, with currency reform announced, they were in the position of the hunter who fires his gun in the air and then watches the deer run by.

The battle of Berlin moved swiftly toward all-out war during General Howley's last days as commandant. His behind-the-scenes story of the Reds' blockade and the Berlin operation of our air lift, one of the most dramatic chapters in history, will be printed in the final installment of this article—in next week's Collier's

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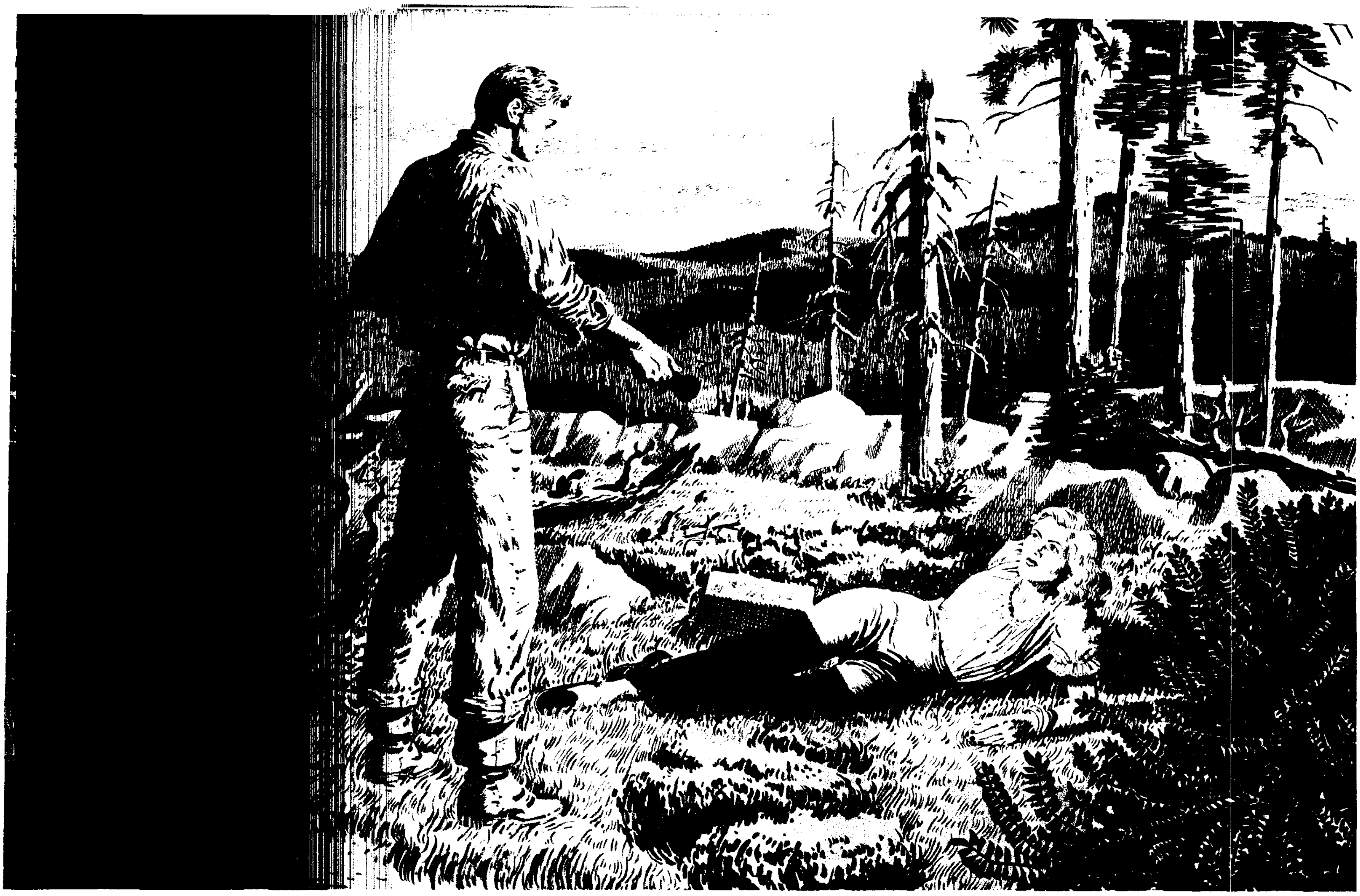

Virginia lay without moving until he stood above her; then she turned on her side to gaze defiantly up into his flashlight

Valley of the TYRANT

By DICK PEARCE

***CONTINUING** the story of a man's fight for his career and the love of a headstrong girl*

The Story: The chance to live down an old mistake and resume his career as an engineer brought JOHN MARLAND to the Mother Lode country of California. He had been blacklisted on most dam projects because of a scandal involving a woman; but genial ROGER HEATH, chief utilities engineer for the city of San Francisco, gave him a job as levelman with a surveying crew near Tomtown in the Tom River Valley, where the city planned to build a dam to complete its water system. Marland's first job, however, was to find out whether LON BROCK, survey engineer for the project, was in the pay of interests opposed to the building of the dam on the site chosen by Heath. Brock had reported that the site was unsuitable; Heath knew the report was false, since he had tested the site himself years before. Using the name JOHN LYNCH, Marland went to work on the surveying crew. Brock provoked a quarrel with him, simply to assert his authority, and knocked him unconscious. AIREDALE JOE, the camp cook and an old prospector, predicted that Marland would sooner or later settle his score with Brock. Marland soon learned that almost the entire Mother Lode was dominated by the rich and powerful WARNER LYONS, a big man who was in love with the old West as it was during the gold rush of 1849. Lyons was also in love with JANET ARMSBY, the beautiful daughter of SHERMAN ARMSBY, descendant of one of the forty-niners who had made a fortune out of a gold mine called the Magyar. The mine had been abandoned for years; but old Armsby's son, SHERMAN ARMSBY, JR., hoped to reopen it in the belief that it would still yield gold. The family fortune had practically dwindled away; and, presumably out of friendship, Lyons had agreed to buy part of the Armsby land. It was the same part on which San Francisco held an option for the building of the dam. At Foothill House, Lyons' gambling saloon in Tomtown, tension arose when Lyons learned that Marland had made love to Janet without objection from her, and when all members of the party guessed that Brock had forced his attentions on VIRGINIA KANE, yellow-haired friend of the Armsbys. Later, in an upstairs conference room, Marland twitted Lyons for living in the past. He compared him to Canute, the legendary king who made the waves stand still. Enraged, Lyons turned on Marland violently and seized him in a powerful grip.

PART THREE OF FOUR PARTS

THE pain was agonizing. Marland wanted to set his teeth against it, to twist and writhe and break that terrible grasp. But Lyons wanted him to struggle; he wanted a further pretext for using his incredible strength. Marland held himself quite still, meeting the glowing eyes unflinchingly. All at once the vise opened. Lyons stepped to the bottle, poured a drink for Marland and brought it to him, grinning.

"Still drawing kings, eh?" Lyons said. "Surprised you that time. Ever since I could read I've lapped up stuff about kings and emperors and czars. They're the only ones ever did anything worth a man's time."

"Handle me again," said Marland evenly, "and you and I will quarrel."

"Now I wouldn't want that. Not at all. Let's say I made a mistake."

Marland wanted to get out of here. There was in his nostrils an odd mustiness of the dead past, and in his stomach a strong revulsion. He fought down his desire to leave. He was too close to something that he sought, though he did not know what it was.

He said, "After you restore the Mother Lode, then what?"

"Then what?" The question seemed to puzzle Lyons. "Then the people come, of course. What's Palm Springs? I'll tell you. It's a lot of fancy swimming pools in the desert. What's Las Vegas? Honky-tonks dressed up in cowboy clothes. This is the only genuine West. I'll bring millions here where hundreds come now."

"People or dollars?"

"People, damn it!"

"Is that what Tomtown wants?"

The odd fire lighted in Lyons' eyes and set them glowing again. "It's what

(Continued on page 55)

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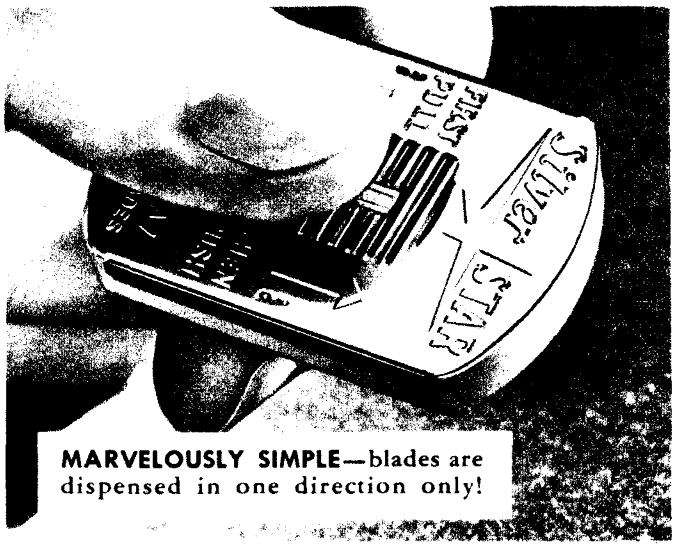

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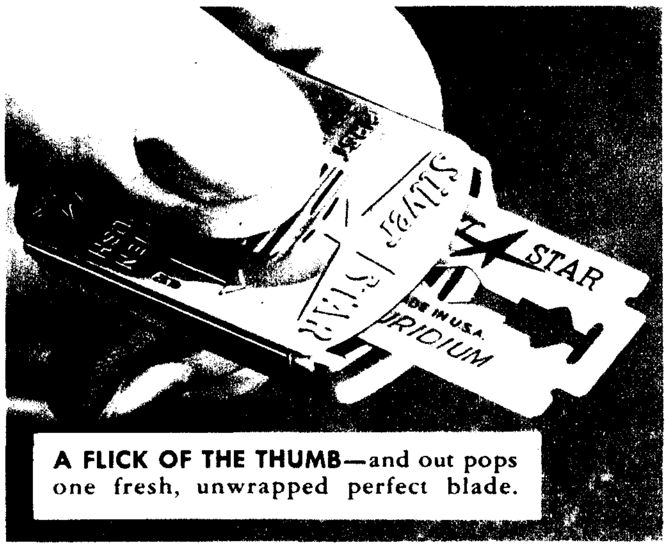

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H. GEORGE PETRIE, *Prominent New Orleans Chemical Executive*

"I had to feel my face to know I shaved!"

"With absolutely no feeling of the wonderfully keen Silver Star edge, it just didn't seem possible that the blade was taking my whiskers off. I had to feel my face to know I shaved! The Whiz-Pak dispenser is tops, too!"

JOHN HUGHES, *Noted Sportsman*

"LIKE A 'PHANTOM BLADE' ...you can't feel it shave!"

"The new Silver Star Duridium blade is like a 'Phantom Blade'. It does a real shipshape job of taking off stiff whiskers, yet you can't feel it shave. And Whiz-Pak is the handiest dispenser ever!"

CAPTAIN ARTHUR W. PIERCE, *Moore-McCormack Lines*

"Thought I'd forgotten to put in a blade!"

"The Silver Star removed my beard so easily and gently, I thought I'd forgotten to put in a blade! Silver Star and Whiz-Pak make a convenient combination!"

GENE CAVALLERO, *Genial Host "Colony Restaurant," N. Y. C.*

"You hear it, you see it, but you don't feel it!"

"The new Silver Star is most amazing! You see the whiskers come off—but you feel no shaving sensation. And I'm sure all men will go for the new Whiz-Pak!"

ROCKWELL GARDINER, *Connecticut Antique Collector and Dealer*

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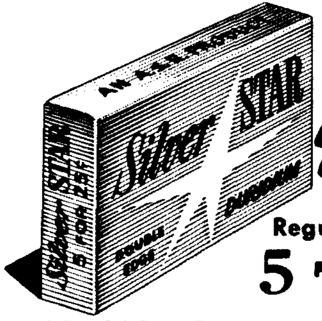
MADE BY DURIDIUM PROCESS

The Razor Blade your face can't feel



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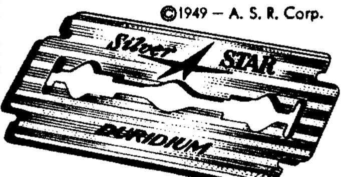

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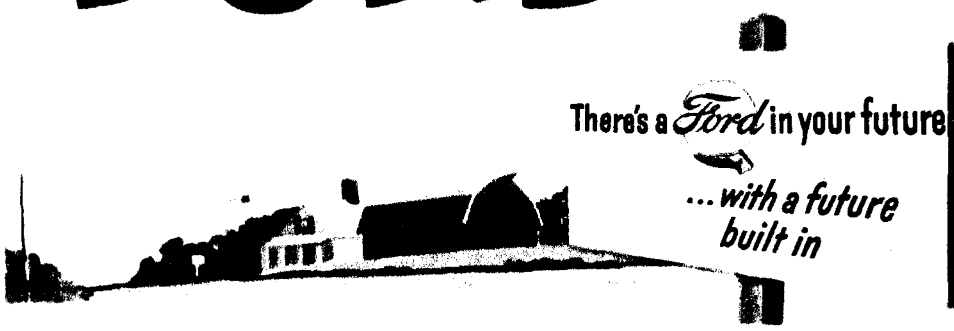
FORD for '50


There's a Ford in your future
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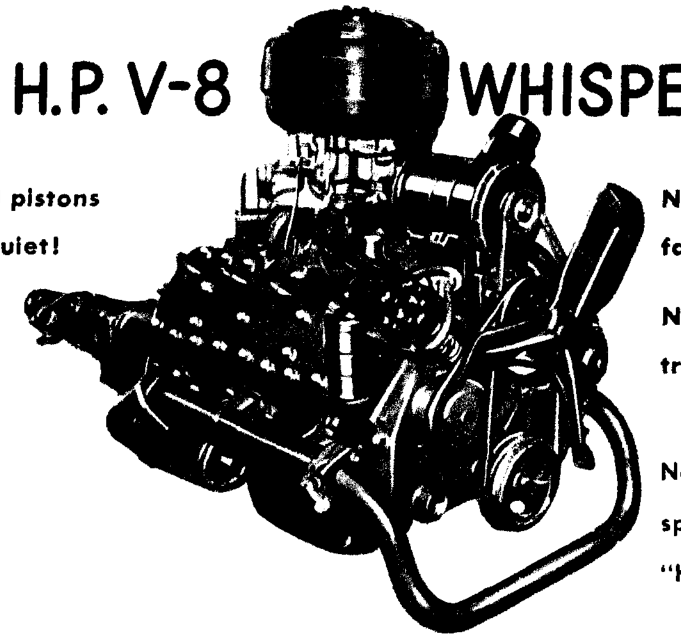
ITS EXCLUSIVE NEW 100 H.P. V-8 WHISPERS QUALITY



New super-fitted pistons start quiet, run quiet!

New three-blade, slow speed fan cools quiet as a breeze!

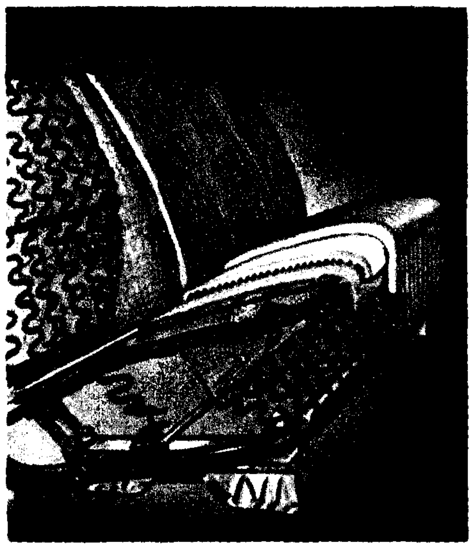
New "Hushed" timing gears—try to hear 'em!

New camshaft design with special lobe contours for "Hushed" valve operation.

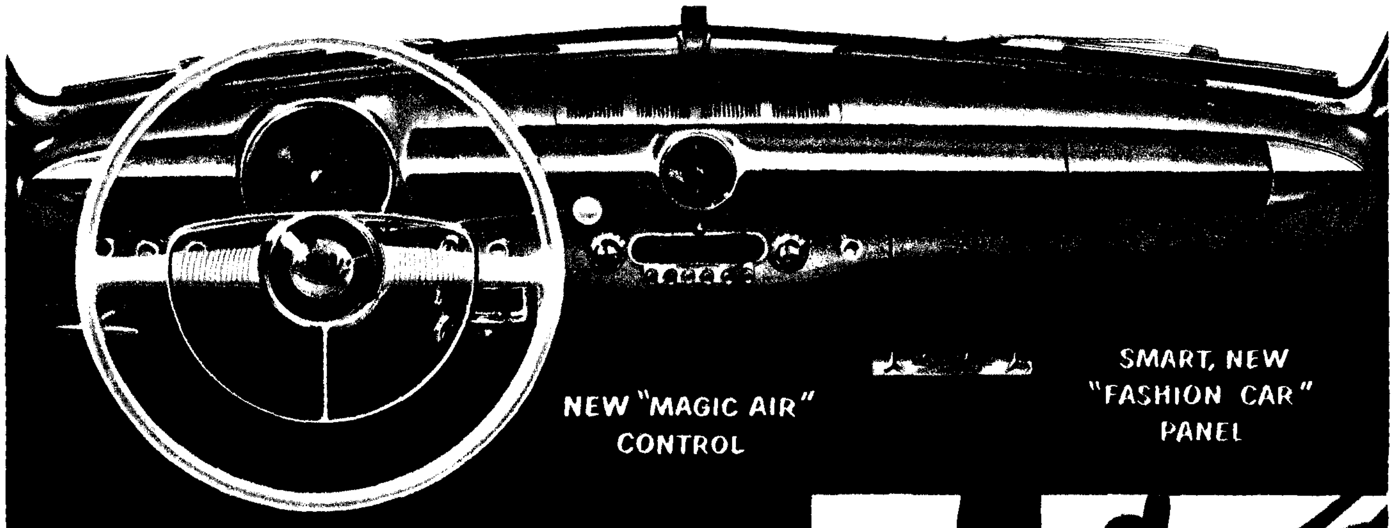
It's so quiet you can hardly hear it—even with the hood up! But don't let the quiet fool you!

Here's a full 100 horsepower wrapped up in V-8 design that makes you the master of any road! Here's a brand-new V-8 engine of the same type used in America's costliest cars. With more power than you'll find in any other car in its field. Yet the Ford V-8 sells for less than many Sixes.

With this 100-horsepower engine you get years of quality performance—the kind you'd expect from Ford, maker of more than ten million V-8s (more V-8s than all others combined!) Take the wheel of the '50 Ford today—feel and hear the difference!

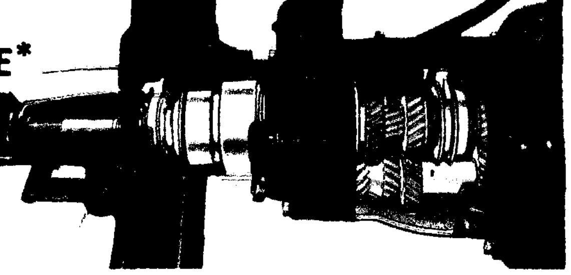


New foam rubber front seat cushion over new special non-sagging springs, the finest that can be put into any car! Note the unusual hinge-like springs—they give you a sense of floating. Here's the kind of firmly buoyant support that will keep its shape and prolong your riding comfort for years and years to come.



New Instrument Panel with newly designed controls for instant access. You'll like the new "Magic Air" Heat Control, now illuminated for easier night use. And you'll also like the new horn ring on the steering wheel—it can't catch your sleeve and lets you see the instruments.

AUTOMATIC OVERDRIVE*

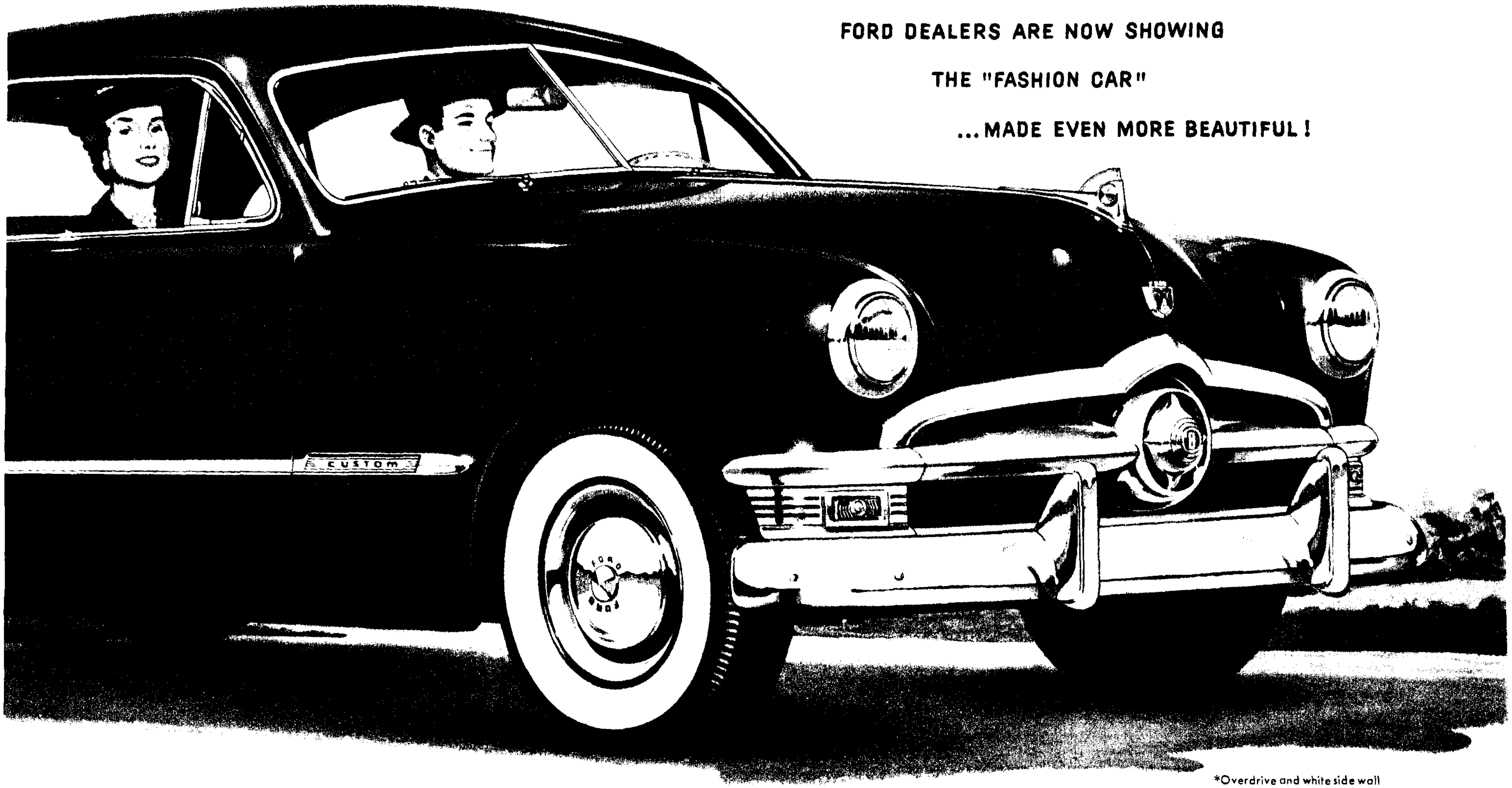


Let up on the gas pedal at any speed above 27 m.p.h. and you're in fourth gear for cruising. Engine speed drops 30%. It's quieter, smoother—pays for itself in gas savings.

FORD DEALERS ARE NOW SHOWING

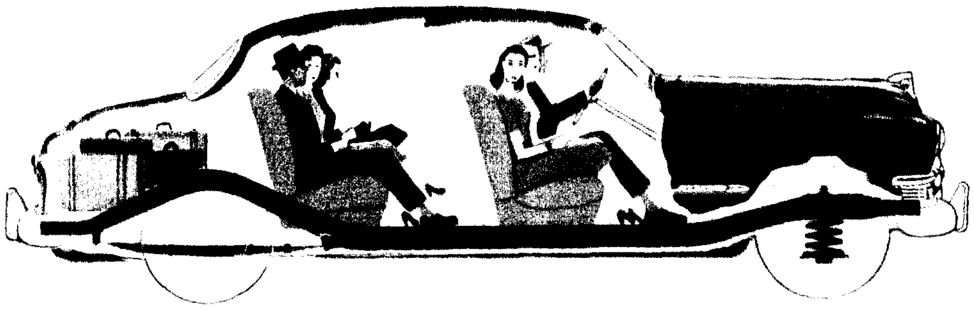
THE "FASHION CAR"

...MADE EVEN MORE BEAUTIFUL!

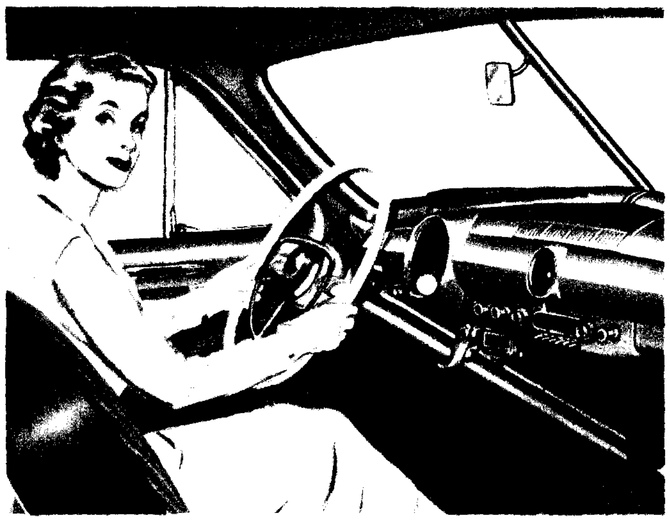


*Overdrive and white side wall tires optional at extra cost.

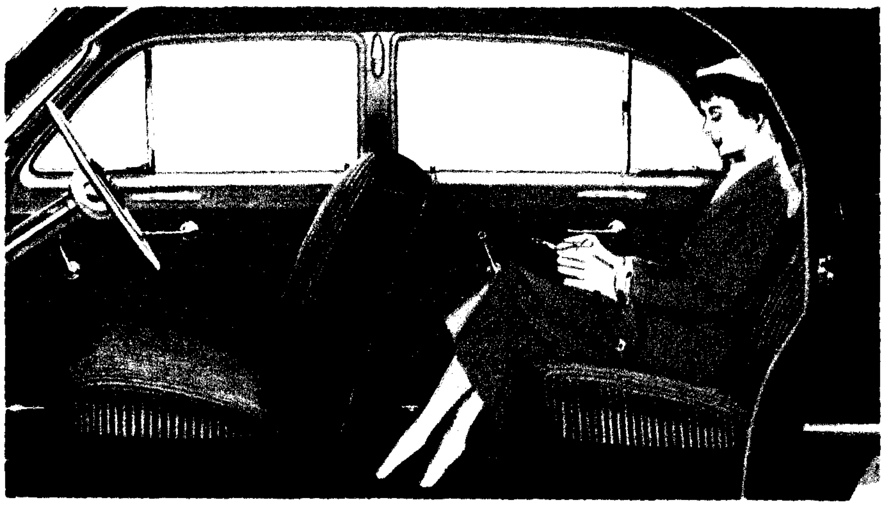
ITS "HUSHED RIDE" FEELS LIKE AMERICA'S HIGHEST PRICED CARS!



"50 ways new for '50" tells you only part of Ford's quality story. The '50 Ford gives you a "Hushed" ride—a "Mid-Ship" ride between the wheels, away from the bumps. So quiet because doors, roof and body panels are "sound-conditioned"! And so comfortable because of Ford's famous "Hydra-Coil" Springs in front and Ford's "Para-Flex" Springs in the rear. And, remember, Ford's 35% easier-acting King Size Brakes mean sure, straight line stops on any road surface! Yes, here's the "feel" of highest priced cars in the low-price field.



You'll love the fine car luxury interiors of the '50 Ford with new upholstery fabrics. Take your choice of broadcloth or long-wearing mohair—in new, sparkling clear colors!



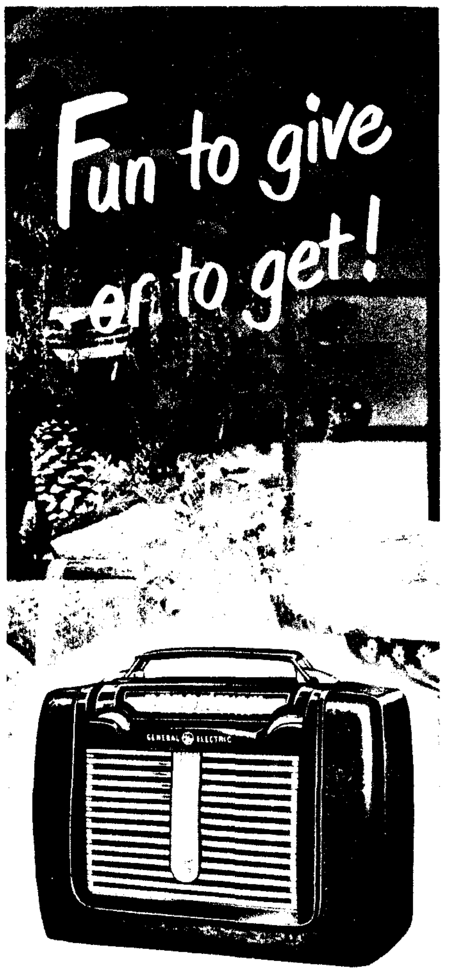
There's room and room to spare for six big people in the '50 Ford. Actually, you get more hip and shoulder room than in any other car in the low-price field. You get lots of head room, too! And you just haven't seen room till you've seen Ford's "Deep Deck" Luggage Locker.

Just push a button and the door opens!

Smart new deck lid handle with trigger-type latch permits easier opening of Ford's roomy and water-tight luggage compartment.

Drive the '50 FORD

It's Here Today...at your Ford Dealers!



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GENERAL ELECTRIC

You'd Never Know Our Daughter Is an Epileptic

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

got along at home and in school. A week later she visited the clinic by herself and was tested by the staff psychologist—both for general intelligence and for ability to handle mathematics and other high-school subjects.

On still another visit she had a long talk with the clinic's psychiatric worker. Meanwhile, the social worker got a report from Lakeside High.

Soon the clinic had quite a file of material. It might have been called *The Yahraes Family, with Particular Reference to Dixie Lou but with Many Notes about Her Parents, Her School and Her Community; Together with Recommendations.* The little social worker riffled through it as she told us what the clinic staff had decided.

"Dixie Lou's problems," she said, "center around her social life. She's shy and troubled. It wasn't epilepsy that made her that way but the reactions of people around her, particularly of teachers and classmates."

She suggested we let Dixie Lou drop algebra and—since she'd probably need it to get into college—take it in summer school in a different town.

Slippery Going

I'd like to ski like a Swede or Norse,
And I think I could, providing
I stayed on the straight and narrow course
Without so much backsliding.

—NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

"We believe any handicapped person must learn to get along with his trouble in his own home, school and community," the social worker said. "He can't run away from himself. But sometimes a person runs into a stone wall. It will only hurt Dixie Lou to keep on bucking that algebra teacher."

So Dixie Lou substituted home economics for algebra, gave up most of her vacation to commute to summer school, and passed easily—with an A.

Like a Minority Group

She continued to see the psychiatric worker twice a month, making the hour-long train and subway trip by herself. Dixie Lou came to recognize that her problems were common to almost all adolescents. They were accentuated because, as an epileptic, she was as much a member of a minority group as if she had been a Negro—and minorities are liable to be kicked around.

Still, there were things any lonely girl could do to make people more eager to accept her.

As her sophomore year started, Dixie Lou felt confident enough to follow the clinic's suggestions. She gave a birthday party. She went to football games. She tried out for dramatics, since all through the grades she'd had leading parts in school plays.

Encouraged by the clinic, we continued our campaign to make the school more receptive. The prejudiced principal had moved out and been succeeded by a woman we'll call Mrs. Smith.

"This is your school," Mrs. Smith told a P.T.A. meeting. "The faculty and I are here to serve you and your children. If you have any problems, just bring them to me."

We did, and found her tremendously sympathetic; she said she'd do anything to help Dixie Lou have a normal school life. But nothing happened. We saw her often, and were always told not to worry—things would work out fine.

We think Mrs. Smith was sincere. Given a few years to clean up problems that are inevitable when a town gladly spends a fortune for a new high school but staffs it with an underpaid and often badly trained faculty, she might have had time for the problem kids. As it was, Dixie Lou was soon back in the old vicious circle—making low grades because she was discouraged, discouraged because she was making low grades.

A Good Town to Move Out Of

"It's not just the school," the psychiatric worker said, "it's the town. I know the place and it's full of a competitive atmosphere—too darn' much keeping-up-with-the-Joneses. If you could get to a friendlier community, we wouldn't be surprised if Dixie Lou had even fewer seizures than now. Emotional strain, you know, can make any illness worse."

We told her we had some wonderful friends in Lakeside.

"Sure," she said, "but I haven't heard of any of them getting up in a P.T.A. meeting to suggest that a certain handicapped youngster be given the breaks she deserves. And your friends have children. But I haven't heard that any of them goes even a little out of his way to make Dixie Lou feel part of the gang."

That was true.

We thought about the clinic's advice for weeks. How would we go about looking for a friendlier community?

The doctor suggested that people were less hurried, more understanding, in small communities anywhere. The psychologist said that a small school would give Dixie Lou more attention.

These were good suggestions, but the year was 1946 and the housing shortage was universal. Then, suddenly our landlord gave us a compelling push. He sold the house.

Eventually, with only six weeks to move, we found a place farther out in the country. Almost every windowpane in the house had been broken. Chunks of plaster had fallen from the ceilings. There was no electricity, no running water, no furnace. A bull was tethered in the front yard. A bird had nested in the privy.

But the house was vacant. We could manage the small down payment. Even more heartening, the near-by village looked cozy and friendly, and a teacher assured us that the school was excellent.

"Would there be any prejudice against an epileptic?" we asked.

"Why should there be?" she answered.

We moved the day after school closed. All summer Dixie Lou scrubbed and painted, helping us make the house livable. She had no seizures. When the time came to enroll the children in the Pine Plains Central School, we told the principal Dixie Lou's story.

"I think I know what she needs," he said. "I'll talk with the teachers."

One of the teachers interested her in trying out for the school paper. Another encouraged her to join the dramatic club. She found her classmates friendly. Her studies came much easier than at Lakeside.

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Gloves by **ALBERT-RICHARD** . . . different from the ordinary because they're Action-Fit* for complete finger freedom!

During the last half of Dixie Lou's senior year, she had only one seizure. Perhaps that wonderful freedom was owing to mesantoin, the new medicine Dr. Z added to the dilantin. Perhaps it was the result of her happier school and social life—her job on the yearbook, her part in the class play, her role in the school chorus. Maybe there was something else at work—a friendliness and a community spirit we had not experienced in Lakeside.

Dixie Lou wanted to go to college, and her teachers pronounced her college material; in spite of her dismal showing before we moved, her four-year average landed her in the upper third of her class.

But we had little money. Also, neither she nor we wanted to hide the fact that she was an epileptic.

We helped Dixie Lou compose letters to a dozen colleges—mostly small, coed institutions. Only one turned her down because of her ailment; most of the others said they were filled or could do little to help her earn her way.

Dixie Lou finally chose Keuka College, at Keuka Park, New York, even though it was not coed. We liked its program, which, under President Katherine Gillette Blyley, had been emphasizing the individual's role in community and world affairs. Even better, we liked its wholehearted acceptance of an epileptic; it asked only that our doctor certify she was capable in every way of college work. And it gave Dixie Lou a place in its co-operative dormitory so she could reduce expenses to the point where we could meet them.

Dixie Lou's freshman year went off even better than we had hoped. She did have a seizure—just one—almost at the very beginning, but her classmates took it in stride. She made friends, had dates, traveled to a big week-end fraternity party. Her grades were better than average.

She decided to become an occupational therapist—"because I have been helped so much myself, I want to work at something that will help others." But this decision led to the discovery that her troubles aren't all ended.

In June she visited one of the best occupational therapy schools, in New York City, and was told that an epileptic probably couldn't do the work. She applied to two other colleges with top-ranking O.T. courses. They rejected her flatly and in almost identical language: "We are certain an epileptic couldn't stand the strain."

We don't know exactly how much strain an occupational therapist must stand. We do know that Dixie Lou then went off to Philadelphia and spent the summer in a settlement house—guiding a gang of underprivileged youngsters, some of them so thwarted they tried to beat up the counselors, and she came through fine.

"Keep on applying," Dr. Z has advised her. "There's no reason *I* can see why you shouldn't be an occupational therapist—or anything else."

We don't either; we know one epileptic who went through not just college but also medical school, and became an outstanding neurologist.

Still, we're just as glad that Dixie Lou postponed a final decision till after another year of general studies, which she's taking at Transylvania University, in Kentucky. It's coed, and she wanted the challenge of masculine attention in class. And we're pleased that right now she's interested in a certain boy and discusses dreamy-eyed the possibilities of mixing marriage and a career.

She still takes her pills and her capsules, but as the seizure-free months pile up, she comes nearer the day when the doctor will permit a gradual reduction.

"No hurry as far as I'm concerned," Dixie Lou insists. "I have practically forgotten I was ever sick."

Some Effective New Medicines

It will take a while longer for *us* to forget, and meanwhile it's good to know that there are still newer and, for some cases, still better medicines now available. Phenurone is one. Preliminary tests indicate that it can relieve many stubborn cases that other medicines have not helped. Tridione and paradione often stop the petit mal type of epilepsy.

Not long ago we met Barbara, one of Dixie Lou's college friends. "She's a sweet kid," said Barbara. "We're all crazy about her."

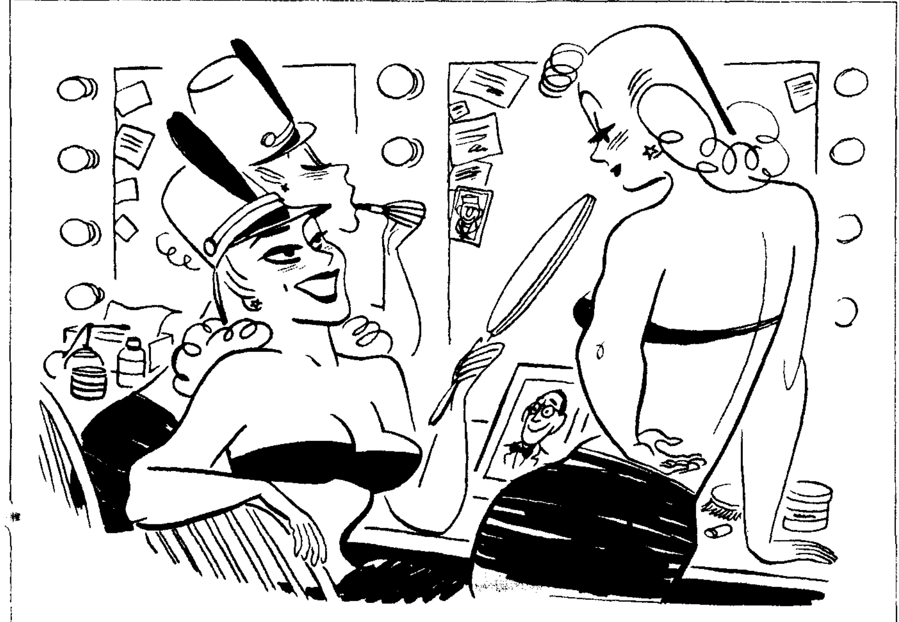
"Even though she has been an epileptic?" one of us said.

"Dixie Lou an epileptic! You'd never suspect it!"

Well, that's it. An epileptic is just like anybody else except during a seizure, and with today's medicines, most of the seizures in most epileptics can be controlled. In many, they can be eliminated completely.

Occasionally, parents ask us for advice. We tell them it's important to get a qualified and interested doctor (the National Epilepsy League, Chicago, and the National Association to Control Epilepsy, New York, have lists). We say that such doctors—and the laboratory men behind them—have done a marvelous job. You, wherever you are, can help by remembering our own experience, that medicine alone is not enough.

THE END



COLLIER'S "His dad left him a million bucks, and I'm gonna help him run it into a shoestring" HANK KETCHAM

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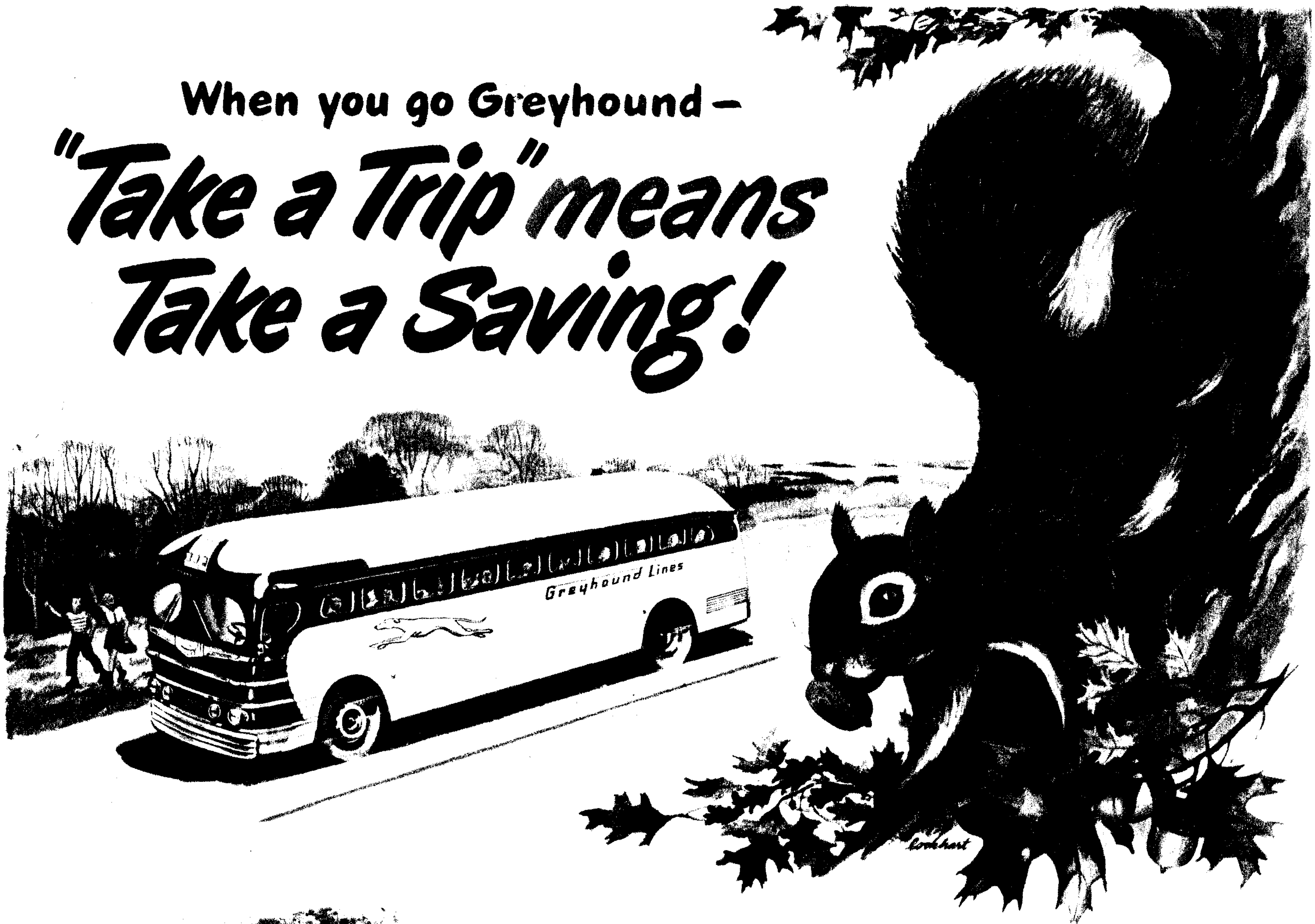

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This is traditionally a time for renewing friendly ties—for visiting the folks in the next county or across the nation. It's time to see the colorful big games—and, if a group is going, it will pay to charter a Greyhound bus right to the stadium entrance!

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Valley of the Tyrant

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

I want. I own half of Tomtown. It's in my mind to buy the rest of it. Then put a torch to it. A man can burn his own."

"Can he?"

"I can. Tomtown burned to the ground seven times between eighteen fifty and fifty-four. Each time the miners built it back bigger. The last time they built of brick and stone. The old walls will stand when I burn it again, and I'll restore it the way it ought to be, the way it was in fifty-four." He drained his glass and refilled it. Some of the intensity went out of his voice, making it almost casual as he continued: "What is fire put here for? Ever think of that? I'll tell you. It's to burn away the claptrap. It's to clean and purify. If you want to know whether a thing is worth keeping, put it through fire."

Marland set his drink down. "I can't match you at bourbon," he said, "and tomorrow is another day."

"I knew I'd make you say it. You could never high-card me again either. No man's luck runs as true as mine. Remember that."

Marland was walking toward the door. He stopped and turned, to see that Lyons was climbing to the high seat of the Concord. Marland said, "Why should I?"

Lyons settled himself and waved the bottle down. "I'll ask one. What is luck? We haven't been talking about chance, now have we? Chance is only the first five per cent of it. You make your luck when you grab chance and ride it to the top of the mountain—or right down the other fellow's throat."

"I push my luck too."

"So you do. Why else d'you suppose I've taken to you? You're a bucko boy with a game of your own too, as Lon Brock would have seen if he didn't have yellow hair in his eyes. But I'm getting a notion we're pushing in opposite directions."

"Stop waltzing," said Marland with sudden impatience. "If this is a threat, spell it out plainly."

"Threat?" Lyons shook his head with a ponderous motion. "A threat warns the other fellow, doesn't it? A fool's act. I never threatened a man in my life. Go on home and stop trying to hurry things. And don't pick any more wild flowers, fellow."

Marland reached the door and looked back. Lyons seemed to have forgotten him. The big man sat loosely on his perch, the bottle between his knees, his half-closed eyes looking out upon the street.

MARLAND found Airedale Joe at the Tomtown Gulch. The cook protested vehemently until Marland loaded him aboard the jeep; then he went instantly to sleep. It was late. But the town was still full of light and noise as they left it behind, crossed the river and found the Armsby road.

Much had happened in this long day, and the need to sift and weigh it kept Marland wide awake. When they were still only a quarter of a mile off the highway, his headlights picked up a momentary flash of movement beside the road ahead.

It was Virginia Kane, caught by the beam just as she dropped behind a bush.

She lay without moving until he stood above her; then she turned on her side to gaze defiantly up into his flashlight. Beside her was a cheap suitcase. She had changed clothes, and wore dark slacks. It came to Marland that he had never seen her in a dress.

She shrank from him when he squatted beside her, and fought him in a sudden frenzy of wildness as he lifted her to her feet. "This won't do," he said gently.

His tone quieted her. She collapsed against him, her weight on his chest, and sobs shook her. His nostrils filled with the too sweet odor of Chinese lily; the perfume told him more about this girl than all the other facts he knew combined.

He asked, his voice still gentle, "Did you lead Brock on tonight?"

"No," she said. She added in an empty voice, "He didn't do anything."

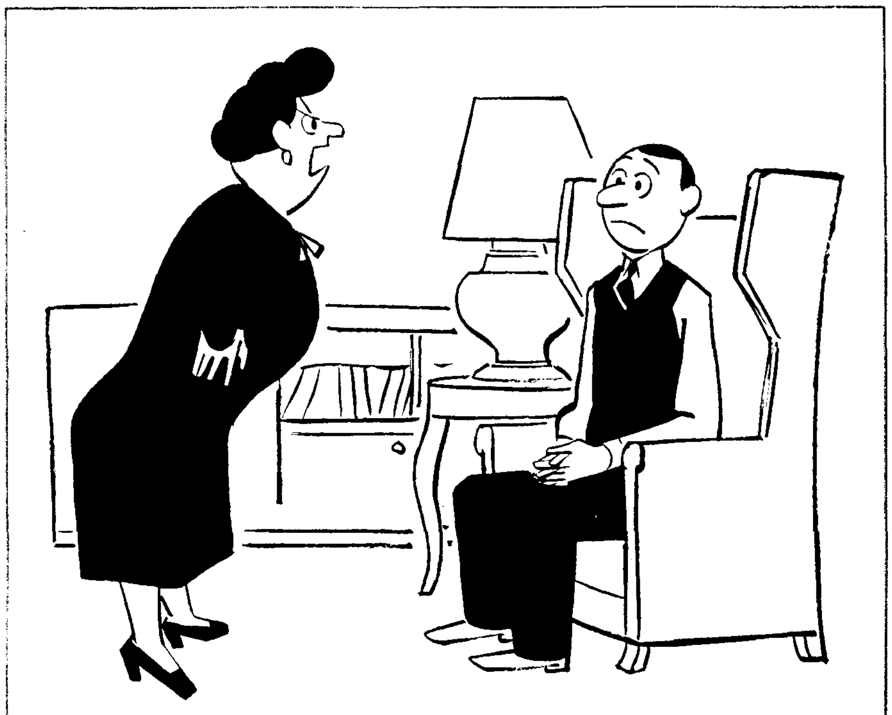
"Who are you, Virginia?"

She pulled her head away from his chest. "Nobody."

"If you're running away I won't stop you. But you can't walk. Do you want me to take you to town?"

She hesitated, about to refuse; but on an impulse she made up her mind. "Oh, yes! Yes!"

He shoved the sleeping cook to the truck bed of the jeep. Virginia was exhausted: she would have fallen had he not helped her to the seat beside him. Then he sawed the jeep around, but never had a chance to complete the turn. Headlights bore down on them from the west, coming fast, and the Armsby car came to a hard stop.



"All you ever do is sit around and think. You never want to do anything we can do together!"

COLLIER'S BEN ROTH

Janet stepped out. She called, "Virginia," and the blond girl answered in a hostile voice. But after a moment she slid from the jeep and stumbled sobbing to Janet's arms. Over Virginia's shoulder, Janet said, "Where were you taking her?"

"Wherever she wanted to go."

Janet said to the girl, "Do you still want to go away?"

"No," said Virginia. Her voice was tired, very tired. "Take me home."

Janet looked across at Marland, held irresolute by some doubt in her mind. She shrugged and led Virginia to her car. Marland waited while she turned the car around, then followed. At the fork she turned left and stopped. Marland entered the right fork, stopped the jeep and walked to the side of her car.

"Sherman went down to the camp to tell Lon something," she said. "Something I said about you."

"Yes?"

"We quarreled again after we got home. About—everything. I— I'm sorry to say I told him that you weren't really panning gold this afternoon. When I told him where I found you, he got very excited and rushed off to find Lon."

"It's all right."

"No," Janet said slowly, "nothing is right."

"It's all right," he repeated. "By the way, my name is John Lynch Marland. I'm using all of it from now on. Good night."

"Good night." Her voice lifted a little. "Good night, John Lynch Marland."

He hurried the jeep into the basin, eagerness pushing him. This was the end of his masquerade as something he was not, and he was glad. He even felt thankful to her for exposing him, accepting without question her implied statement that she had not intended to do it. From the very beginning, he realized, he had intended to shed this role quickly—regardless of what Heath wanted. Perhaps that was why Janet had seen through him so easily. And Warner Lyons too, for Marland was sure that Lyons had long since guessed his purpose. No matter. There was but one thought in Marland's mind now. Lon Brock knew. Brock would be either packing to run away in guilty panic—or waiting for him with those eager fists.

Marland was not long in doubt. Racing the jeep into the camp clearing, he made out Brock's car and saw light in the cookshack. Through the screen the figure of a single seated man was visible.

The cook slept on. Debating briefly, Marland decided to leave him in the jeep. Without stealth Marland approached and circled the shack. The man inside was Brock. There was no sign of young Armsby. Had he returned home? Perhaps. After tonight's happenings Marland was more than ever certain that Armsby was only a weakling serving the designs of stronger men.

Brock called, "Come have some coffee, Lynch."

Marland reached the door, searching the darkness behind him for Armsby. With a hand on the knob he paused. This was a trap; it must be. Why had Brock picked the cookshack? Better to stay outside, to force Brock to come out to him. But judgment had no chance against this eagerness that pulsed in him. He jerked at the door and stepped quickly inside.

Brock was still seated, a coffee mug on the table before him. He nodded, even smiling a little, and indicated the pot on the stove. "Quite a night," he said. The man was too obvious as always. He could not hide the raw expectation that tensed his jaws.

Marland filled a mug and came to the table. He put a leg over the bench, straddling it and facing Brock, in easy reach of his arms. The rising flare in Brock's eyes said that was the way he wanted it. But both Brock's feet were under the table. The advantage of position was Marland's. He saw Brock's left leg come up to straddle the bench too.

"I just saw Virginia," said Marland. "She was running away from you."

Brock stiffened off balance, his leg half over the bench. "What the—"

"You want to know what I was doing down at the lower damsite," Marland interrupted. "I'll tell you. But I want to know something first. Who bought you, Brock?"

Brock lunged forward awkwardly. Marland, balanced and waiting, drove his right fist up into the soft flesh beneath his chin.

Brock went down across the bench, his feet caught again under the table, his overturned coffee spilling across the back of his shirt. He untangled himself slowly as Marland stepped clear. The pent-up need to strike was an unsatisfied ache in Marland; the blow, clean though it was, had lacked power. As Brock came to his feet Marland took a half step forward and drove for the jaw with all his strength.

BROCK fell hard. But after a moment he rolled over slowly, away from Marland, and got to his knees; he swung his head back and forth loosely, his filmed eyes finding Marland and hating him.

"Who bought you, Brock?"

Brock blinked. He came slowly up, shaking off the shock of that full blow, his eyes regaining focus. Marland knew then that Brock's fetish of clean living had armed him with an extraordinary stamina. No single smash could fell him; he must be chopped down little by little.

Marland plunged in quickly, lashing out with his superior speed finding Brock's mouth and eyes. The punishment had no strength in it, for Brock shuffled away from the blows, protecting himself and not striking back. He retreated past the stove, Marland driving him hard.

Beyond the stove Brock made a stand, taking a harder blow in his teeth while shifting his weight. Then he lunged forward, his arms spread-eagled. They wrapped around Marland and swept him back. Too late Marland remembered the stove behind him and found the purpose in this. Brock was going to throw him against it, to grind the small of his back into its jutting edge, to mark him and finish him there. This was the reason Brock had picked the cookshack. In this confined space his superior weight and power was a ram to drive Marland before him at will.

Marland tried to get purchase for his feet and could not. He was carried relentlessly back, and the gray thought went through him that his own impetuosity had brought him to this destruction. Brock's bloody lips pulled back from his teeth; his straining grunts were triumphant. Marland twisted violently to his left and collapsed his body, and they pitched forward and down together. He felt the burning scrape of ripped skin as the small of his back slid across some projection of the stove's front. Then a long sigh of agony came out of him as Brock's knees sank into his belly. They kicked and clawed apart and stood again.

Brock thrust forward confidently, fully ready now to use his advantage. He crowded Marland toward the jut of a cupboard. Marland changed direction and back-stepped again; just in time he found he was being forced against a corner of the table. He swung wide and gave ground quickly, retreating toward the door. Brock divined his intention and leaped for him, and went down before a wickedly fast fist that slammed his temple.

He was up at once, driving Marland toward the door. The door swung open as Marland staggered backward; at last he was outside. He had never known the feel of ground beneath him and space around him could feel so good. Until the last instant he stood in his tracks as Brock plunged through the door for him. Then he stepped aside and swung hard, again hitting Brock's temple. Brock sprawled past him. Marland caught him coming up and hammered him down again, exulting in the strength that ferocity gave him.

Brock came up to a crouch slowly, staggering and turning half away, no longer quite able to find Marland in the shadowed light. It was the end. Marland went to work without mercy, beating down his arms, slashing at his face until Brock crumpled and could not rise again.

Marland put his back to a pine and sucked deeply of the warm night air. He watched Brock come up on his elbows and swing his head dazedly, still seeking Marland. Brock had been robbed of the strength to fight, but he still had his hatred.

"It was Warner Lyons, wasn't it, Brock? What was your price?"

Brock's head followed the voice and found Marland. "The hell with you!" he mumbled.

This was a waste of time. Looking down at him, Marland thought that he no longer hated him. That emotion lasted only so long as he was not sure he could whip him. Now he merely despised him as a sellout and a man who bullied women.

Marland pushed away from the tree. "I want you out of the camp tonight. Now."

He strode to Brock's quarters, remembering the hunting rifle he had seen on pegs there. It was unloaded. There were four rounds in a hunting vest. He rummaged until he found an ammunition box with four rounds out of it. He took the ammunition and left the rifle.

AN HOUR later he watched Brock's car take the road toward town. Then he turned away and put Airedale Joe to bed. Tomorrow Roger Heath would come. When he learned what had happened he would either dismiss Marland on the spot—or install him in Brock's place.

If Heath chose to fire him, Marland would not blame him. Heath's order had been clear: find a man, find the evidence that would send that man to prison, and do it while keeping under cover. Heath had said almost in so many words to go slowly, to spend these first days getting the feel of the place and the people.

Instead, Marland had bulled ahead impetuously, contemptuous of his own role because he saw himself as a snooper. And what had it got him? He had suspicions as to the man Heath wanted; but he had no proof, no legal evidence, no idea of motive. He had nothing except a conviction that Warner Lyons, the first citizen of the Mother Lode and a man who could not tolerate the dishonesty of slot machines, was the archconspirator in a brazen and despicable bribery. Worst of all, Marland had spoiled any chance of another undercover investigation by somebody else. No, he could not blame Heath if Heath saw it that way. But neither would he leave this valley if dismissal came. . . .

Roger Heath pulled at his pipe until a cloud of smoke enveloped his head, then watched it drift away. He said, "So it adds up to this: we've flushed our game without seeing it. And at best it's only a guess. Do we go on playing cops and robbers, or do we get back to dam building?"

"Suit yourself," said Marland shortly.

They had met as arranged on the hillside north of Tomtown. Now they sat on the bank of the Tom just out of earshot of the camp. Heath looked at Marland quizzically, seeing the light of battle that flickered still in the dark blue of his eyes.

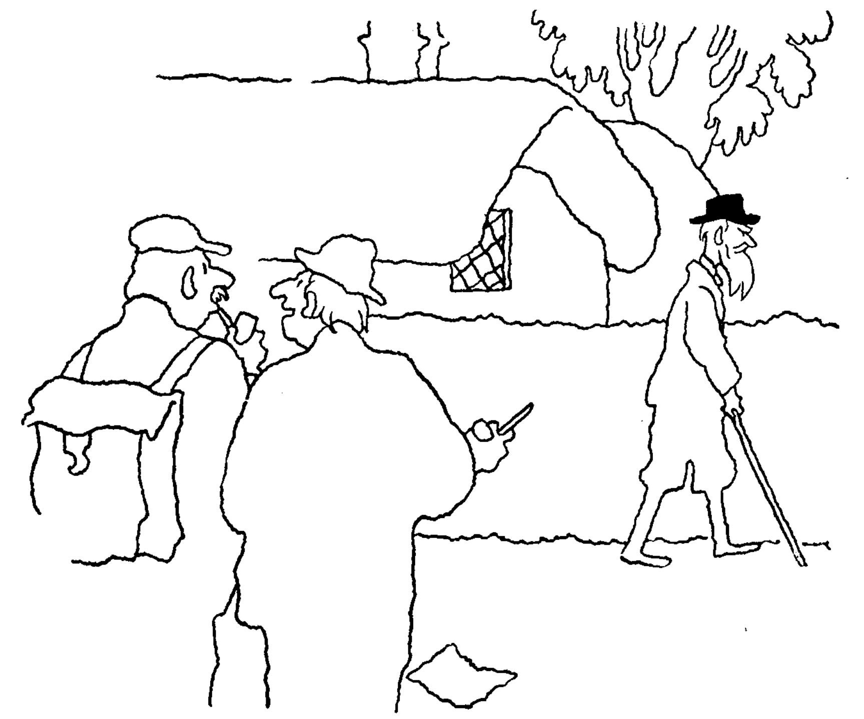
"That's not what you mean at all, John," he said. He smiled a little. "I was summing up, not being critical. If you had lain doggo you would have escaped discovery, but you wouldn't have found out anything either."

Marland nodded, feeling at odds with himself. He could not understand why he persisted in showing antagonism toward this quiet, wise engineer. A guilty conscience, he supposed.

"Lyons will try again," Marland said. "He's following a lodestar. He believes in it absolutely."

"But what the devil does the man want?"

"That beats me. I've a notion he's competing against a man dead for seventy-five years. He's out to make himself a bigger man than the first Armsby ever was in the Mother Lode. But I haven't the faintest idea why he's fighting our dam."



COLLIER'S "That be George Bernard Shaw—our local wit" GARDNER REA

"There's a thought that nags me," said Heath. "When Brock tried to slough off the lower site, he was quick to suggest the one up above here. I thought he was offering an alternative only to strengthen his case against the lower site. But suppose that isn't true. Suppose Lyons really wants the dam upstream. Does that suggest anything to you?"

Marland shook his head. "Not a thing. And that's our trouble. There is some essential fact we haven't got. If we had it we could evaluate such ideas. We've got to go after it."

Heath said thoughtfully, "I'm not sure we should be so quick to eliminate the Armsbys on the girl's word. Remember that we're going to kill the river and divert the water to the powerhouse by tunnel. The tunnel will run under the ridge close to the Armsby house. The blasting won't be comfortable for them."

"No," said Marland quickly. He paused, surprised at himself. After all, he had nothing but Janet's word plus his own scant observations. Yet he trusted her completely; she had said she had no interest in the location of the damsite, and Marland took her word for it.

"Young Sherman is mixed up in it," Marland said. "But he's not important. I suspect he's being used, and the girl is trying to prevent it."

Heath observed with seeming irrelevance, "I've met her. She's a beautiful woman."

Marland grinned at him. "The implication being," he said, "that my judgment has been impaired by a pretty face—again."

"No implication." Heath smiled too. "Just an observation. She's got a head as well as looks. If I were thirty instead of sixty—"

Marland stood up. He found he did not want to talk about Janet. And that was odd. He had always appreciated masculine comments about a pretty woman as much as the next man, perhaps more. But even from Heath, who meant nothing by his remark, this talk stirred resentment.

"Let's get back to Lyons," Marland said. "Where did he make his money?"

"He started with a little water-bug dredge down in the valley. Gold dredging is a cutthroat business, and I guess he had a talent for throat slitting. Now he's got big dredges, hundred-tonners, up on the American and Yuba rivers, and he's got a hand in a lot of other things. Which reminds me . . ."

Heath got to his feet and they turned toward the camp. He said, "If Lyons is our man, then I played the right hunch in being careful when I picked you up at Sacramento. Lyons owns a lot of people around the capital. The way he sees it, he has to. Those big dredges tear up the valleys and leave them desolate as a moon crater. For twenty years people have been trying to get the legislature to regulate them. But Lyons and the other big dredge boys always control the votes at the showdown."

A face rose in Marland's memory—the man at Foothill House last night, who answered to the title of commissioner, and who was so pleased to be noticed by Lyons. Pink-cheeked, well-kept—a politician. Marland recalled something else too.

"I want this dam started on schedule," Heath said suddenly. "You're taking Brock's place."

Marland remained silent. Heath slanted an understanding glance at him. He knew that Marland's pride was struggling with his desire to see the thing through.

"You gave the answer yourself, John," he urged. "He'll try again. We have to wait for him because without proof we can't do anything else. And whatever he tries will be aimed right at you. Had you thought of that?"

"I have." Marland rubbed reflectively on the muscle of his left forearm. "And I'll take that pistol if you still have it."

"It's in the car and it's yours."

WARNER LYONS sat sideways to his high-backed desk and examined Lon Brock with sour humor. "Looks like he took a club to you," he said.

"It wasn't a fair fight," Brock said sullenly. "He hit me twice before I could get set."

"What are you complaining about? He just stole your own trick, didn't he?"

Brock's swollen lips stretched in a grimace of growing temper. "You act like it's funny."

"Nothing's funny." Lyons leaned back in his chair, his mouth smiling but his voice hard. "I like the man. I don't like you. It was time somebody beat hell out of you."

Brock growled in his throat. His shoulders hunched and he moved a long step to stand above Lyons, his right fist cocked with its quick readiness. There he stopped, for the green eyes of the seated man lashed and wilted him with their contempt. There was no fear in Brock. But there was the bewilderment that comes to a man who dominates his destiny with his fists and finds suddenly they are not enough. The fist slowly opened and became a hand again.

"That was another mistake," said Lyons. "They're a habit with you."

"I tell you I made no mistake! I've been over it in my mind a dozen times. Every step of it. Heath should have accepted that report. He got wise some other way, not from anything I forgot."

"No." Lyons seemed to goad him deliberately. "You're all muscle, Lon. Even your brain is muscle, for all your education. That's why you couldn't hold your own with Lynch. He outthought you."

Brock showed a small, dour smile of triumph. "Maybe I can tell you a thing you don't know. His name is not Lynch. It's John Marland. And the name sounds familiar. I've heard about him from someplace."

Lyons said quickly, "Who've you been talking to?"

"Sherman. He got it from Janet last night."

"So?" Lyons sat thoughtfully for a moment. Then he resumed his goading smile. "Lynch or Marland, what's a name? Miss Janet saw through him. Sherman suspected it. I knew it the day he showed up. What was the matter with you?"

Blood swelled Brock's aching temples as the meaning of Lyons' words sank in. "You knew—and you didn't tell me?"

"Why should I? His coming didn't do any new damage. It just warned me that the damage was already done, and gave me a chance to hurry up a little matter that was hanging fire. If you had known who he was, you'd have done something to mess that up too."

The helpless rage in Brock burst its bounds. "Maybe I can still mess it up!" he shouted. "I know what your little matter is. I've known ever since you told me to make Sherman believe the lower site was no good. You needed that piece of dirty work from me to sucker Sherman into selling something to you. That's your little matter, and one word from me can still blow it out the window."

Lyons came upright in his chair. "Sit down," he said. His eyes bored into Brock, commanding obedience. Brock hesitated, then slumped to a chair.

Lyons spoke dispassionately. "You don't know anything. You're guessing, and you'll stop that. But I knew something. I knew you'd turn on me and I

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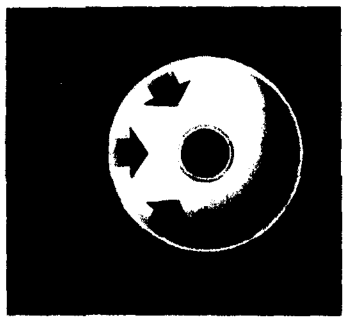
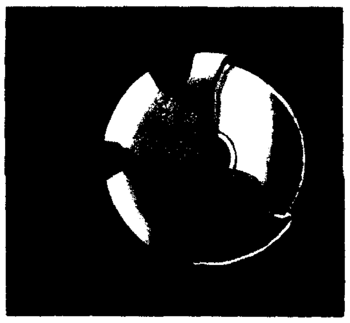
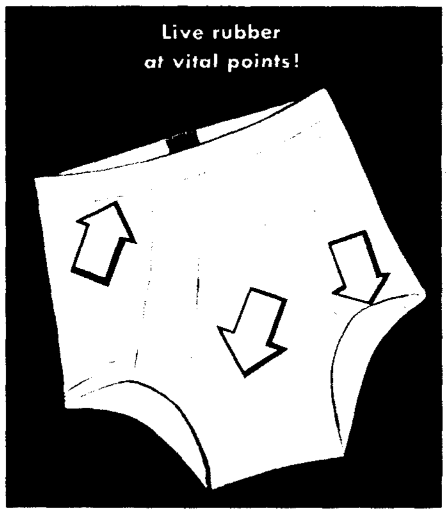


3. Diagram shows how histamine attacks the cells in nose and throat, producing cold symptoms. But, when ANAHIST is taken promptly...



4. . . . it seems to act like a protective wall, blocking the destructive attack of histamine. Thus, ANAHIST eliminates cold symptoms . . .

5. . . . it also prevents "secondary" complications: no coughing, fever, aches, pains due to colds, no bronchitis or other serious ills.



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wondered how far I'd have to push you to make you show it. The answer is: Not very far. Isn't it, fellow?"

Brock started to reply. Lyons stopped him with a curt motion of his hand and went on: "When I buy a man, he belongs to me for so long as I want him. That means I owe him certain obligations the same as he owes 'em to me. If you had played it clean I'd have sent you on your way and even set you up somewhere—"

"I'm not leaving!" Brock's words were rapid and thick with passion. "I'm staying till I teach Marland—"

"Shut up!"

Lyons waited through a long silence, every attitude of his body speaking of his contempt. Brock's glance wavered, his mouth closed.

"You're going to keep away from Marland," Lyons said, measuring his words. "And from Sherman. And from that yellow-headed girl. All of 'em. You're going to go up to my timber camp above Springer and stay there. You're going to report in up there tonight."

Once more defiance swelled in Brock. But then it died; a little spark leaped in his eyes and was quickly masked. He mumbled, "I don't know anything about timbering."

"You'll learn. Maybe that engineer's training of yours can shave my costs by a few dollars. You owe 'em to me for value unreceived. Now get out!"

WITH a week's hard work behind, Marland jeeped up the ridge and parked in the Armsby driveway. He was headed toward the door when he saw Virginia Kane wave from the garden. She was clipping flowers. One arm was full of red-rayed blooms, and Marland thought that she made an unexpectedly fetching picture.

He smiled down at her and she said, "You're early." She looked up at him, her full lips parted, her eyes friendly. "Let me clip a few more and we'll go in."

Marland sat down on a stone bench. It was the first time he had seen this girl relaxed; it did a great deal for her, and added flavor to his curiosity. She found enough flowers to satisfy her and came to him. Her walk, graceful though it was, had a deliberate quality that somehow was not natural; and yet the girl had no affectations. She sat beside him, bringing her knees together like a man.

Marland looked at her quizzically, not sure whether she wanted to tell him something. He said, "Were you waiting here to catch me before I got in the house?"

"No." She laughed at him, making him see the conceit that his question could imply, and then giving him a woman's thoughtful regard. "But I might have been." Her voice was bitter, and the shadow returned to her eyes. She stood up abruptly, for Janet had emerged from the house and was crossing to them.

Janet gave Marland her hand. "I didn't hear your car come up," she said. She turned to Virginia, and her voice took on a faint edge. "I found the green Italian bowl for the flowers. It's in the kitchen."

The two women looked at each other, a momentary hostility between them. Virginia made a little gesture and moved slowly toward the house.

Marland said with sudden insight, "You know something? There's a capacity for fun in her. Given the right kind of help, she would turn into a different woman."

Janet said tartly, "And you'll go right on thinking your kind of help is the answer for every woman, won't you?"

He grinned at her. "I gave up that notion a week ago tonight. You pounded it out my left ear. Remember?"

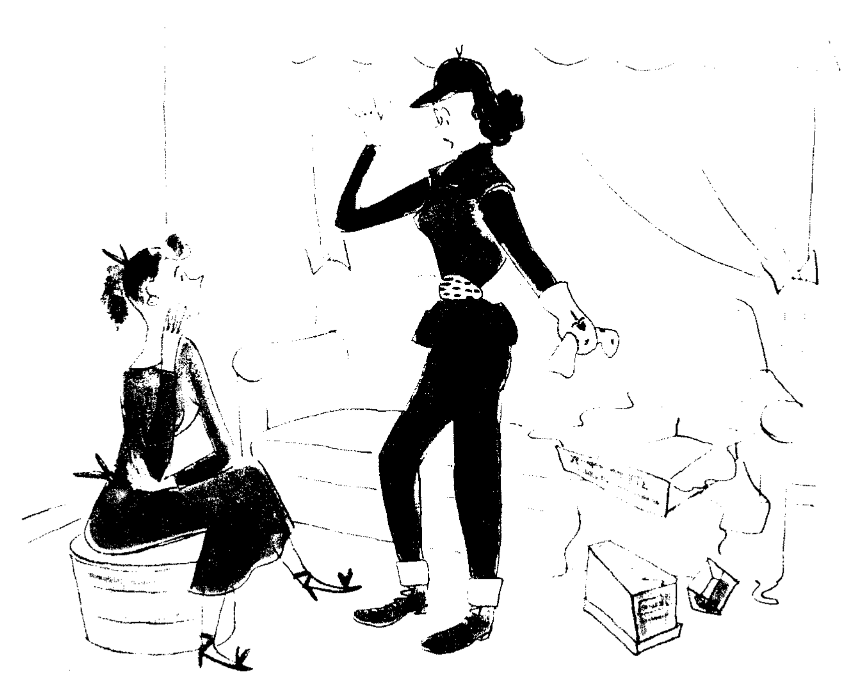
After a moment she smiled. It was a small smile, oddly distraught. "I'm sorry," she said. "I must tell Virginia too that I'm sorry. Do you want to see the palace of the Armsbys before dinner?"

He followed along, only mildly interested in the house, wondering at the invitation that had brought him here. Only once during the week had there been any communication between the camp and this house. That came on Monday, when he telephoned and young Armsby answered. Marland had given him the curt information that Brock was gone and that Marland was now the engineer in charge. Then, this morning, had come Janet's call inviting him to dinner. She had sounded friendly but formal.

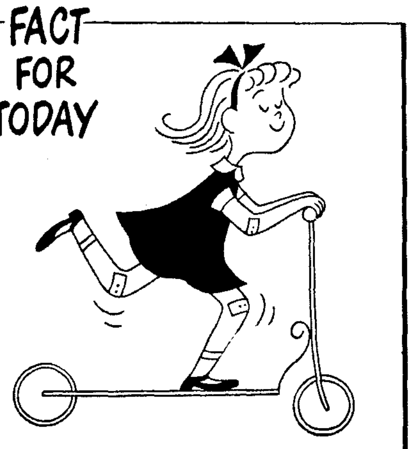
She led him first into a great living room, darkly furnished, musty and gloomy. "We keep it closed off," she said, and started to lead him out. His attention was drawn to a portrait in the commanding position above the fireplace; he guessed even before she told him that this was Nathaniel Armsby, the first of his line. Above a black beard and hooked nose were dark, fierce eyes, alive with challenge and gusto.

"Notice the rapacious look," Janet said. "Rather like your own."

Marland followed her up a broad staircase and into the south wing of the house, where they entered her father's study. The senior Armsby was dressed



COLLIER'S "Do you think I ought to get a pair of skis to go with it?" KATE OSANN



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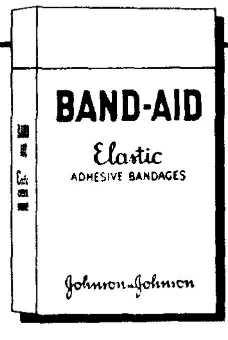

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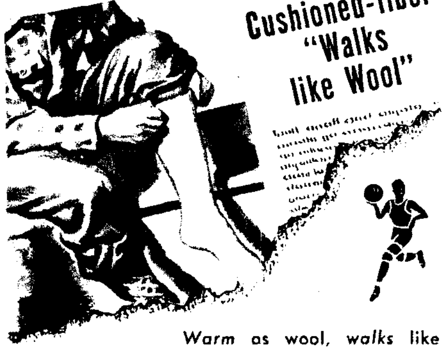

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in the same ancient, velvet coat he wore when Marland first saw him gazing across the valley a week ago. He sat at a table writing. Books were piled around him. At his left hand was a stack of foolscap. Janet went to him and put an affectionate arm across his shoulders.

"Father, this is John Marland."

"What? Good evening, my dear. . . . John Marland, you say?"

His voice was deep and pleasant. But Marland could not help thinking, as he shook hands and looked into the absent, faded eyes, of the piercing eyes in the portrait downstairs.

The old man stuck out his scholar's beard at Marland and flourished a book. "Do you know anything about ecology, sir? This idiot claims here that the earth can support two billion more people. Two billion, mind you! He must be set right at once."

Marland nodded gravely. "It's not my field, sir. But I don't think we have the fresh water in sight for that much population."

The old gentleman's eyes lighted. Janet broke in. "Dinner will be ready soon, Dad. You and John can talk about it then." She sat him at his table with firm gentleness and kissed his cheek, and they went out.

"You must have heard things about my father," she told Marland quietly. "You might as well have it straight. It is true that he lost the Armsby money, but not as a fool loses money. He just didn't care about it. All his life he has wanted to be a scholar, but he has too much mystic in him to be a true scholar."

This time she led him to the unused third floor and into the north wing of the house. They came to a door which, when opened, revealed a spiral stair leading upward. Marland recognized this as the tower rising above the roof line on the north side. They climbed and came out into an octagonal room of many windows.

One sweep of the view was enough to explain why Nathaniel Armsby built his mansion on this ridge and then added the tower. Southwestward, the foothills dropped away rapidly; on a clear day vision must extend nearly fifty miles across the San Joaquin Valley. To the northeast, Marland looked first down upon the valley of the Tom, with the sparkling river flowing fast and clean through the pines. Lifting his gaze to the V of the upper damsite, he saw through it the full crown of the distant butte and the Magyar atop it. Nathaniel Armsby, standing here, would have been a monarch surveying the source of his wealth and the beauty of the river and a vast expanse of his state besides.

PRESENTLY, Janet came to Marland's side to look down at the Tom. She said, "Sometimes I climb here and stand and think about how it must have been in his day, when thousands of strong men roamed these hills and he was the strongest."

"Or at least the most ruthless," said Marland. "And that's not the same thing. It was wonderful if you were a Nathaniel Armsby, but not if you were one of the people who got in his way."

She slanted a glance up at him, a little surprised at this side of him. "Yes," she said. "I have always just accepted the stories about him as family lore, and never judged him. But that is true. Once right down there on the river he killed a man."

"Tell me about it."

"It was right after he finished the house. The miners had worked all these stretches of the river, of course, and there wasn't anything good left. But a few were still down there, grubbing a living with sluice boxes, and he ordered them off. When some of them didn't go, he sent men down to burn their shacks. One man didn't get out and was burned to death."

" 'A man can burn his own, eh?' "

"What?"

"Nothing. I was quoting another freebooter. I suppose you know that we'll have to cut and burn off the pines down there before we build the dam. We start next week. It will spoil your view for a while but we'll give you a lake in its place."

He glanced down to find that she was searching his face intently. Her shoulder was touching his; her nearness worked on him as it always did. He wanted to take her in his arms and kiss her troubled mouth. She must have known this, for her eyes widened and she did not draw away. But he did not, and for that moment he could not understand himself at all.

She said slowly, "You love the kind of work you do, don't you, John?"

"For me nothing else could be so satisfying."

"Are dams so important then?"

"They are. They mean much more than just drinking water for cities. Every new dam in the mountains stores water for thousands of acres of dead land, and creates power for new industries. Without them the West couldn't absorb the millions of Easterners who are moving out here. Dams are remaking the face of the West." He grinned at her.

SHE looked up at him and then past him, and resolve slowly shaped itself upon her mouth. "Does it really matter so much," she asked, "that your dam be in one place and not another?"

He stood very still, rooted there as a wave of suspicion washed over him, never knowing that his eyes darkened for her to see. "Are you trying to say," he replied carefully, "that you want the dam up where Brock tried to put it?"

"Yes." She lost all expression; her voice went flat. "Yes. I suppose that is what I am trying to say."

"Why?"

"I—I can't tell you."

"Let me understand this. One week ago you told me it didn't matter to you or your family where the dam went. Were you lying then?"

Her face flamed. "What right have you to put it that way? I asked a reasonable question. You will please remember that this is Armsby land you want to build your precious dam on. We're entitled to say whether we want a lake in our front yard!"

He stared down at her hot face, a sick emptiness growing in him. So this was why he was invited to dinner. This was the reason for the invitation in her eyes, the sly hand seeking and nestling in his.

"You're going to get a lake," he said harshly. "Right up to your doors. And you and Warner Lyons can go boating on it every Sunday."

"You think—?" she stopped, and he could have seen her own hurt if he had not been blind.

"Brock was the kind that sold out cheaply," he said contemptuously. "I hope you at least held out for a good price from Lyons."

"The highest," she said coldly. "I shall be his wife." She swung away from him and walked quickly to the stair. There she paused, and as he advanced to her she flung at him, "There was something in my great-grandfather and there is something in Warner Lyons that men like you will never understand. They're ruthless with other men, not with women. They give a woman wealth and the protection she needs and a strength she can turn to!"

She ran down the spiral stairs and he followed. In stormy silence they strode down the empty, echoing hall and down the main staircase. Virginia, hurrying up, met them on the landing.

She said to Marland, "San Francisco is calling you," and looked questioningly at their faces.

The three of them descended to the

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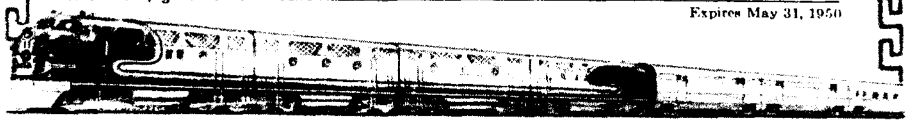

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main-floor hall. Janet turned away toward the kitchen, walking fast. Virginia led Marland to the telephone in the hall. He was reaching for the instrument when Sherman Armsby, Jr., came in the front door. Sherman's eyes were sunken; his handsome face was almost haggard. He passed Marland with the barest of nods, spoke shortly to Virginia and went up the staircase. Virginia held a steady, thoughtful regard on Marland, then moved away in the direction Janet had gone.

HEATH'S voice came through on the line: "I thought I might find you there. Relaxing in the camp of the enemy, eh?"

"You could call it that."

"Our man has moved, and not in the direction I expected. Ever hear of the State Natural Resources Commission?"

"No."

"Neither has anybody else. It's an obscure state agency that issues pretty booklets and annual reports on resources and keeps three politicians eating as its commissioners. It issues permits for operations like mines and gold dredges and oil wells. And dams. But the permits have always been just a matter of course."

Marland guessed what was coming. "I get it."

"Yeah. Our permit has been revoked and a hearing ordered."

"On what grounds?"

"Something about killing the river and damaging farms lower down. That's nonsense. We restore the irrigation water after it passes through our powerhouse."

"So what do we do?"

"We go right on as though nothing had happened. I suspect this is just a delaying operation. The big fellow must know that we can force it out of the commission and into the courts and get our permit back."

Marland remembered the man who had stood behind Lyons the night of the game of showdown at Foothill House. "Is one of these commissioners a white-haired man with a baby's pink cheeks?"

"I don't know but I'll find out. Have you seen him with the big fellow?" Marland noticed Heath was carefully refraining from mention of Warner Lyons by name.

"Yes. I don't follow this. How will delay help the man we're talking about?"

"I can't figure it unless he needs time to get some other scheme working against us. We mustn't give him time. I've found a new levelman for you. Name's Steve Catron. He'll get there tomorrow."

Marland hung up and moved to the middle of the hall, thinking that he must find his hat and go. Janet appeared at the door across from him. "It's a five-rib roast and it's done," she said in a small voice. "Too much for just four people. You might as well stay and help with it."

They faced each other with the politeness of strangers, neither yielding. At length he nodded, and she stood aside for him to pass. He entered what had once been the great dining room, but was now the living room-dining room; subtle touches with odds and ends had defeated its size and given it warmth.

Dinner was served immediately; the strain that overlay the table made their small talk hollow, and Marland regretted staying. Janet and Virginia did the serving. When they were away from the table, talk died completely. The elder Armsby, his promised discussion with Marland forgotten, sat with drooping head and chewed meditatively. Young Sherman teetered on the edge of rudeness, sending at Marland little gleams of triumphant dislike.

Plainly he had news that satisfied him in some obscure way, and was holding it for the proper time. It came when Virginia, striving quietly against the long silences, asked Marland if he was born in San Francisco.

"I was." Marland smiled at her. "And I'm the only native I know who doesn't object if you call it Frisco."

Sherman broke in, "Did you come here from San Francisco?"

"No. Chicago."

"Where were you before that?"

A dismal certainty of what was to come shot through Marland. "Working on a dam in the Northwest."

"Why did you leave?"

Janet's attention went to her brother, caught by his tone. "Sherman!" she said sharply.

"Don't interrupt," snapped Sherman. "Tell us why you left, Marland."

Marland could not look at Janet. It no longer mattered, of course. There was no reason at all to care what she thought. Yet he could not look at her. He kept his eyes on Sherman. "Obviously you know," he said bleakly. "And just as obviously Lon Brock is still around. You've seen him."

"Never mind who I've seen. You were fired off the job when you were caught with another man's wife. The boss's wife. Let's hear you deny it!"

"I don't deny it." Marland found he was looking at Janet now, meeting her eyes. "It's true."

The silence that followed was broken by a deep voice intoning, "For it is a day of trouble, and of treading down, and of perplexity." The elder Armsby rose from his chair, his mouth trembling, his eyes wild and vacant. The Biblical words were followed by a torrent in the same booming voice: "I tell you the bowels of the earth have grown sterile and emptied of their treasure. It has come to pass in my day and you do not see it. No one sees it—"

Janet reached him and put her arms about him. "Yes, Father," she said soothingly. The wildness went out of his eyes; his voice faded to a mutter, and he moved obediently toward the door with her. There she paused; sending a withering glance at her brother before she said to Marland, "Please don't leave."

Young Sherman stalked out behind them; a moment later the front door slammed.

Virginia walked with Marland to a couch. She said, "I think it would be a mistake if you went now without talking to her." For a brief time more she gazed at him, her eyes perfectly candid with her loneliness and her growing interest in him and some new quality of expression that might have been irony. Then she too went out.

SHERMAN took the road down the ridge toward the camp, walking fast. Heavy dusk had come, and now and then he paused to peer into the murk beneath the pines.

Just as he reached the valley floor a voice called to him from somewhere at his left, "Here, Sherm."

Lon Brock's car was backed in beneath the pines, facing the road, and Brock was a dim shape lounging against a front fender. Sherman stopped uneasily beside him.

"He knows you're still around," Sherman said. "He guessed it when I accused him."

"He'll know it to remember before the night's out." Brock's tone was thick and startling with savagery. "When'll he be coming?"

"Maybe right away now that Janet knows the truth about him. I think they quarreled even before that."

Brock dug in the car with a flashlight's soft beam and handed an object out to Sherman. "Here, hold this."

Sherman took it, found it heavy, and ran an exploring hand along it. He knew even before his palm scratched across the back sight that it was a rifle; a fretful fear worked through him and he shoved it violently at Brock. "No! This wasn't what you said. I won't have anything to do with this, Lon. Are you crazy?"

"I'm not going to shoot him, you fool. He'll try to run because he hasn't got the guts for a fair fight before a witness. I tell you he cold-cocked me from behind. The gun's to make him stand."

"Something might happen," Sherman objected. "I'm not going to have anything to do with this."

"Oh yes you are!" Brock's voice was a contemptuous growl. "You tried to unload that girl on me to get rid of her and you damn' near did it. I was so long gone I'd have married her and been hooked if I hadn't got the eagers that night. Don't tell me you won't help. You owe me plenty."

Sherman managed a belligerence of his own. "Who owes who? You gave me a wrong steer on the damsite and now everything is ruined. Maybe Janet is right. Maybe you lied about the dam and got caught."

"You'll see," said Brock. "The site's no good. I was thrown out because some politician wanted the job for Marland, I tell you. The site was an excuse. Marland will tell us the truth when I get through working him over. Yeah. He'll be glad to tell us anything. Bring that rifle and come on."

Brock carried the flashlight and an ax. He chose a pine by the roadside and went to work with the ax, now and again checking his strokes with a quick beam of the light. Presently there was a groan of tearing wood, and he stepped back and watched with satisfaction as the tree fell across the road.

He dropped the ax, took the rifle from Sherman and leaned against a tree trunk, facing up the ridge. He stretched and relaxed his heavy shoulder muscles, loosening them. "Now, Mr. Marland," he said, "we'll see who gets in the first lick this time."

MARLAND rose as Janet came downstairs alone. She motioned him down and sat at the other end of the couch, bringing her knees up under her. The earlier temper was drained out of her, as it was from him, but the strangeness remained between them.

Janet said, "Was she pretty?"

He nodded, remembering that when Heath had asked that same question he had replied, "Beautiful as hell—on the outside." Maybe that was the description that fits all pretty women everywhere.

"Did you think you were in love with her?"

He countered shortly, "Do you think you're in love with Warner Lyons?"

"No," she said, and he saw the pain come into her eyes, and could not understand the misery within himself. Her lips trembled. All at once her eyes filled with tears, and she dropped her head on her knees.

For a time he sat quite still, watching her and feeding his bitterness. She sobbed quietly, with the desperate wretchedness of one who has fought too long against giving way. He never really knew at what point he moved to her, but presently his arm was about her shoulders. They shook the more violently at his touch, then little by little grew still. She reached blindly and found her handkerchief and used it, only afterward showing him her face.

"I'm sorry," she said. "At least that was a whole year building up."

"I think," he said, "you had better tell me what has happened." His voice was gentle in spite of himself.

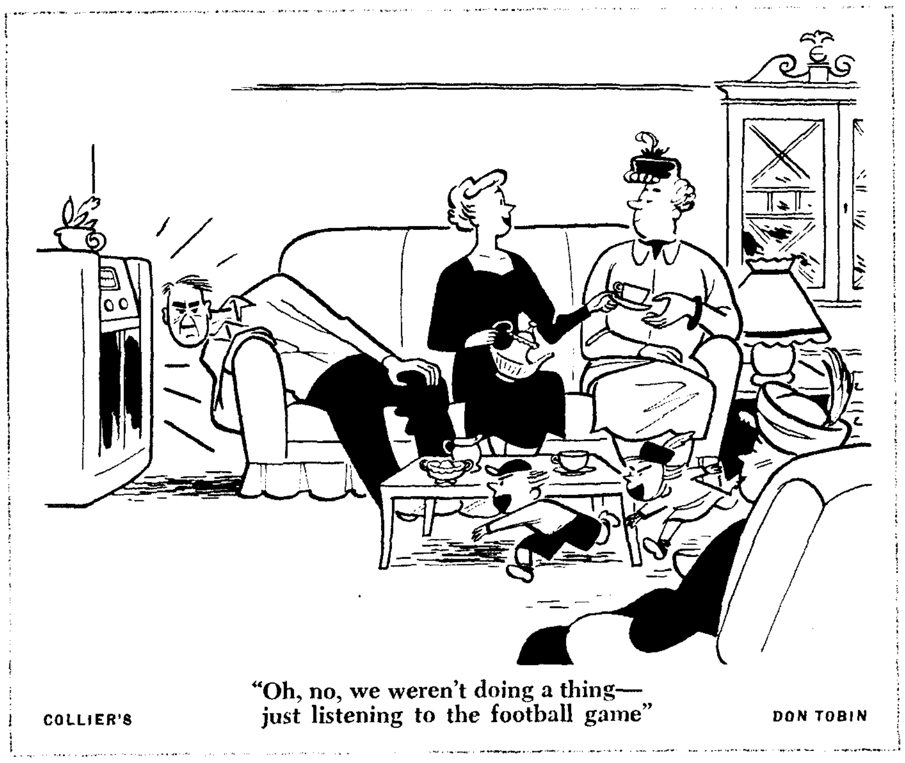
SHE drew a little apart from him. "Yes," she said lifelessly. "You might as well know. Father has been this way for years. It is a tradition of our family that the man is the full head of the house, and it's a good tradition. But Sherman always refused responsibility and so I—I ran things. Then when we had to move up here, Sherman changed—or seemed to. He wanted to reopen the Magyar. I was glad and I have tried not to interfere, even though mining engineers say it is worthless. But now—"

Her voice broke a little, but she steadied herself and went on. "Sherman needed money to reopen the Magyar. The money was to come from the sale of the upper and lower basins to San Francisco for its reservoir. Then, before you ever appeared, Brock swore Sherman to secrecy and told him the damsite was no good. Brock said the dam would have to be moved upstream four miles, and San Francisco would buy only the upper basin from us. The sum the city would pay us would be cut in half. There wouldn't be enough to reopen the Magyar."

Janet paused. "Please go on," Marland urged.

"Sherman believed him. The city still had its option on the lower basin, but Sherman naturally thought that option would be dropped if the damsite was no good. So last Saturday night after the dinner he sold the lower basin and this house to Warner Lyons for a hundred thousand dollars. Now if you hold us to the option, he can't deliver, and has committed a crime."

Marland's memory went back over the events of that dinner at Foothill House, and suddenly a great deal was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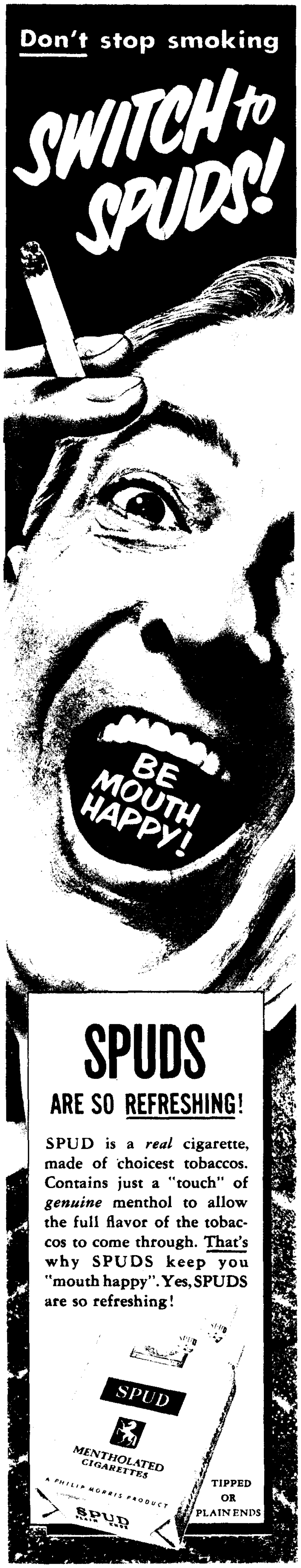

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TIPPED OR PLAIN ENDS

Beginning Next Week

Cinderella Rides Again

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

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clear to him. "So that was it," he said. "You suspected your brother was up to something. That was why you didn't want to go for the walk with me and leave him alone with Lyons. That was why Sherman was so elated when they came downstairs and met us by the dice table. They had just completed the deal."

"Yes. At first, that night, I thought Lyons had invited us to dinner because of—of me. But then when I saw Sherman was so excited inside—"

Marland interrupted her. "Sherman was trapped into that sale. Lyons bribed Brock to veto the damsite. I can't prove it—yet. But I know it. As part of the bribery deal Brock made Sherman believe the city would abandon the lower basin. Lyons knew that Sherman then would look around for another buyer. And there would be Mr. Lyons waiting, bank roll in hand." His mind raced ahead. This must be the essential fact he needed to know; but what to make of it? This place was not worth a hundred thousand dollars, nor any figure near that. "Has Sherman tried to give the money back?"

"Yes. Lyons won't take it."

"So he really wants the basin and house, and badly. Now why? Is it that collector's streak of his? Or"—a thought exploded full-grown into his mind—"or you. Of course! That's why you're going to marry him."

COLOR came into Janet's cheeks. "I said that when I was furious at you," she explained.

"Has he asked you?"

"No."

"Of course not. That was a foolish question. He is neither an obvious man nor a crude one. What did he say to Sherman?"

"He was very nice about it. He told Sherman not to worry, that everything would turn out all right. Then he invited us to dinner again. We went last night."

Marland felt a sharp twinge of jealousy. "And he made love to you."

She replied evasively, "He was—attentive."

"We'll hold you to the option. You know that? It's not a matter for me to decide, but if it were I wouldn't decide any differently. The dam goes where it was first intended."

"Yes." Her gaze was steady. "I know that."

"Since we have the option, we get the basin and Lyons is out that much of his hundred thousand unless he decides to take the money back. Sherman won't have committed any crime until we take up the option. That is, until he has actually sold the basin to two buyers. Then Lyons can prosecute if that's his game."

Her voice was low and faint. "He'll never prosecute."

He understood her fully, and helpless anger made him cruel. "Is Sherman worth that?"

"Perhaps not. Family pride is."

"How will it save family pride to marry such a man? A briber, a corrupter, a—a brute who thinks he can squat on these dead hills and rule like a despot. Why, the man is—"

She cut him short, "Is that worse than being a wife stealer?"

Marland jumped to his feet. She came up instantly, crying out to him, "Forgive me. Please forgive me!" She stood before him, anxious and almost humble, until the blackness went out of his eyes. Then she said quietly, "Whatever he is, he is no worse than Nathaniel Armsby was."

"Janet—" He did not finish what was on his tongue, for all at once his bafflement over the strange nature of Warner Lyons was swept entirely away, and he knew with sureness the goal on which those brilliant green eyes were fixed. "That is why he wants you!" he exclaimed. "He's competing against Nathaniel Armsby. I saw that, but I didn't see far enough. He's going to *be* Nathaniel Armsby. The modern king of the Mother Lode. And he wants legitimacy like every king. He gets it when he marries an Armsby—and lives in the Armsby mansion."

She thought about that, her face turned a little away from him, the imperious slant of her eyes softened by the recent tears. "The competitive blood seems to have seeped out of the male Armsbys," she said. Her manner was almost absent. "Perhaps he is what we need."

Marland shook his head at her, trying to make her see the evil of the man, but knowing all the time that she did understand Lyons, that she had thought these things out endlessly.

He needed to think, and he must get away from her to do that. There was still something that he was missing, some aspect of Lyons that he had come close to and not seen. Lyons was capable of doing all he had done to get the woman he wanted. But it was not enough; there was more complexity to the man.

"I want to see you tomorrow," he said. She nodded and followed him in

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silence to the jeep. They stood beside it, looking down into the darkness of the basin, the strangeness ebbing and flowing between them. She lifted her attention to him, and he knew what she was thinking when she said, "She must have been very pretty. What color were her eyes?"

"They were—" he said, and then he stopped, for he could not remember. He could remember that her name was Loretta Clyde, that it was unbearably hot that night even in the hilltop camp above the half-finished dam, that her lips were full and hungry and insatiable. But he could no longer remember with certainty the color of her eyes. "—gray, I think," he said.

"The same kind of gray as mine?"

HE TRIED to summon her face up before his memory, but it would not come. He could remember her beauty only vaguely. She had been a woman eager for love, tied to a husband dry and busy. Between Marland and her there had never passed anything more than a look, a turning of the head, a smile. And then, that night, there had been the usual Saturday party at the home of one of the engineers. The men and their wives and Marland, the one bachelor. He had left early and gone to his one-room shack and to bed. He lay there in the heat with his pajama top off, now and again wiping at the sweat that wet his chest and waiting for the night wind to come. Then there was a soft knock at his door and she called his name and was inside. Most vividly, he could remember the instant a little later, when the light came on and Arthur Clyde stood in the room. Marland remembered Loretta's cool smile at her husband; he remembered his own shame and his sudden blind fury as he struck out . . .

These were the memories that followed him to Chicago, and to the Mother Lode, and through many a long night. But looking down at Janet Armsby he could no longer bring up Loretta Clyde's face.

"I don't know," he said.

"You weren't in love with her, then?"

"No." He climbed into the jeep, feeling a relief and a deep sense of well-being he had not known for a long time. Then a new thought came to him and he said, "You haven't told me about Virginia."

"Nor will I. It is her secret, and if she wants you to know she will tell you. Good night, John."

She turned back to the house. He started the jeep and swung out of the driveway and down the ridge. He would not wait until tomorrow to call Roger Heath back. He must do it now. Heath's clear, incisive mind might find in this new development the vital fact that he had missed.

A low, black mass loomed in his headlights. He was braking and was almost stopped when he recognized it as a tree across the road. Completely stopped, he began to climb out on his side of the car. That was when instinct told him something was wrong. There had been no storm, no high wind. This was no dead tree. Why should it fall across the road?

He swung his leg back into the jeep just as Brock lunged out of the darkness. Brock yelled, "Stay put, Marland!" and reached for him. As Marland dived headlong and tumbled out the right-hand door and struck the ground, he saw the rifle and Brock's contorted face.

Brock shouted, "Cut him off, Sherm! Go around the back of the jeep!" Brock started around the front. Marland, coming to his feet, saw Brock's bulk run in front of the headlights and suddenly go down as Brock entangled his feet in a limb of the tree.

Marland stumbled into the protective blackness of the pines. He heard Brock's curses and, somewhere at his right rear, Sherman's pounding feet. The blackness was total. Marland ran straight into a tree trunk, hitting it full with his shoulder. His own momentum spun him backward. He went down hard and lay on the ground half senseless.

(To be concluded next week)

The Man Who Had Influence

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

which involved no decisions, no skill, no choices; it was simply a mechanical turning over of cards to discover what the result would be. He found his mind wandering away from the game, leaving his fingers to flip cards in accord with the protocol of the game, while his brain wandered through the previous night. Jane kept getting between him and the cards. He wondered what time it was and stood up, letting a few of the cards slide from the cot to the floor.

David walked over to the grilled wall, faced as nearly as possible in the direction in which Harry had disappeared, and said, loudly but without shouting, "Hello." Footsteps sounded in the hall, and then O'Rourke appeared.

"Hello," said O'Rourke. He was even bigger than David had at first thought. "Anything I can do for you?"

The question caught David by surprise. It suddenly occurred to him that he didn't know why he'd called or who he'd expected to answer.

"I don't know," said David. "It's kind of boring in here. What time is it?"

"I suppose it is." There wasn't a trace of sarcasm in the policeman's voice. "It's nine thirty."

"Got any magazines?"

"As a matter of fact, we haven't. How about a little gin rummy?"

Careful, careful, thought David. This man is my enemy. Part of David's will wanted to decline this offer, decline it quickly before things got dangerous. On the other hand, gin rummy might be the best way to kill time without thought.

"For kicks," David said. "I've got no money. Not with me."

"For kicks if you want," replied O'Rourke. "You could pay me when you leave. Your money's in my safe."

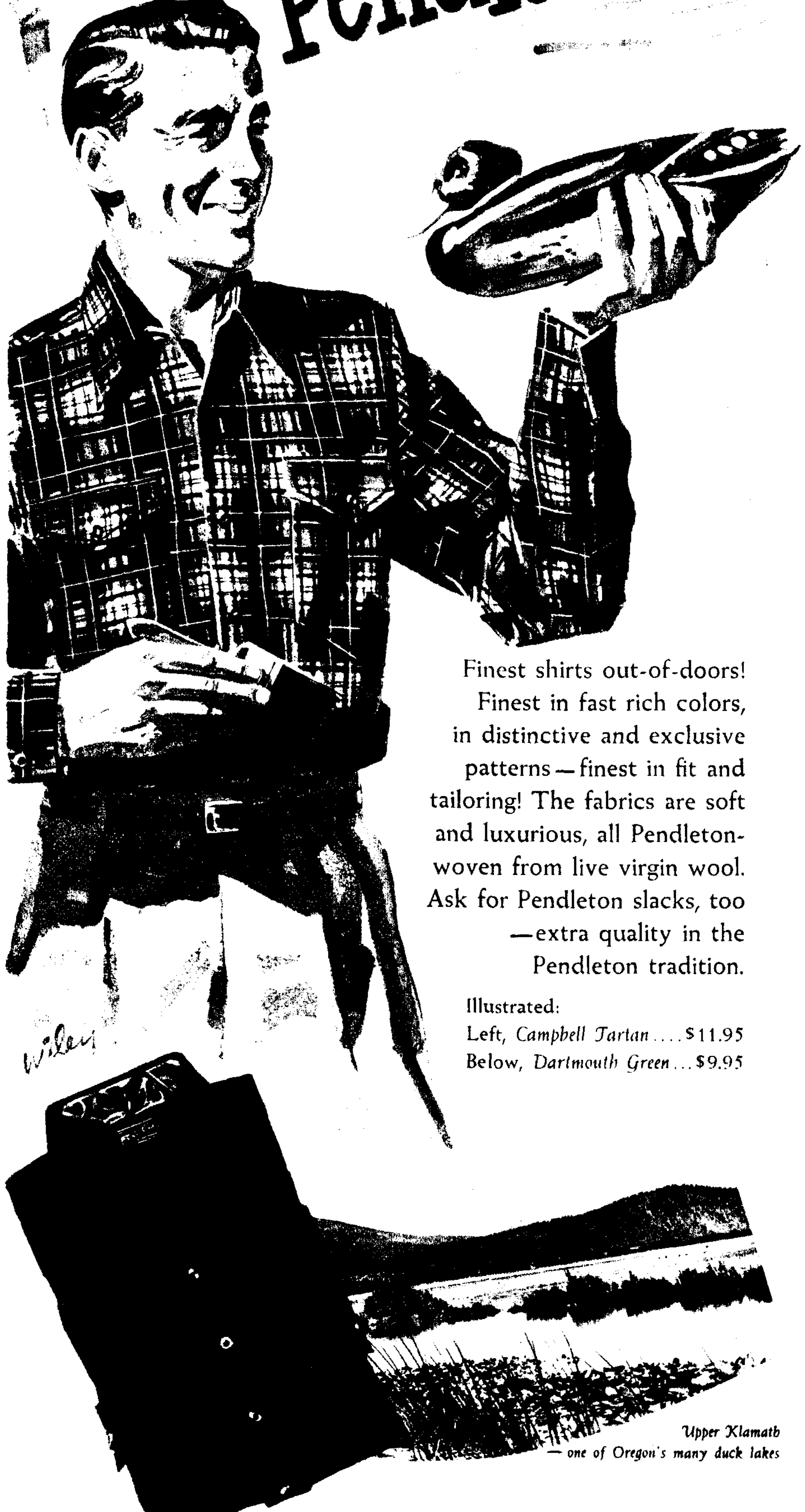
"Penny a point, three across?" David proposed, while O'Rourke unlocked the door. O'Rourke came inside, relocked the door, produced a pencil and sat down on the bed. He said he wasn't supposed to be inside the cell.

DAVID played quickly and carelessly, relying on his innate card sense to carry him along. At the end of the first game, which was played so rapidly there could have been no conversation even had David desired any, he had been blitzed twice and was behind exactly 1,530 points, or $15.30.

What mattered wasn't the money, but losing to this man who whistled as he played and seemed to pay no attention to his cards. David slowed the second game down, pausing before his discards, and rearranging his hand arbitrarily from time to time to guard against the possibility that O'Rourke, for all his seeming indifference, was learning something from the way David held his cards.

As the game became slower, conversation sprang up. Although David was beginning to like his opponent, inherent caution kept reminding him that they were opponents in more ways than one. He made O'Rourke carry the conversation by asking him questions. O'Rourke, it seemed, would discuss anything.

O'Rourke, David learned, had been in



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California only three years. He'd been a plain-clothes man in Chicago during the Capone era and, by his own account at least, an honest one. This had made his career exciting, if unrewarding. He liked horse racing and boxing and talked endlessly but sensibly about names David had read in record books, horses like Myrtlewood and Clang, jockeys like Kurtsinger and Loftus, fighters like Fiducia and Greb.

David won the second set by less than a hundred points. He was subtracting his winnings from O'Rourke's when Harry Cohalan returned. O'Rourke let Cohalan in and left, taking the score sheet with him. David realized he'd have to come back to tell him the final score. Somehow he was glad this was so.

David half expected that Cohalan would berate him for playing cards with a cop, but all Harry said was: "You all set, David? Your father wants to talk to you for a minute before we go in."

Cohalan handed David his belt and tie. David went to the washbasin and threw some water on his face, then slicked his hair back with Cohalan's comb.

At the end of the corridor was an iron grill like the one in David's cell. Behind it, seated at a table, was David's father. David sat down across the table from him.

David's father had obviously not slept. Most likely he hasn't even been to bed, David thought, feeling sorry for the old man. I've been a bad son to him, David said to himself. He put the thought from his mind, knowing, in fact, that he hadn't been a bad son, because he had never willingly done anything wrong in his life except get drunk. I'm what he made me, David decided firmly.

"David," the old man began. Then he paused and ran his fingers across his brow in a gesture that David knew was genuine but that seemed, for the moment, overdramatic. "You know what to do, David?" his father asked, and David knew this was not what he had started to say.

This was just another bewildering moment to Sam Kraft. Sometimes the old man felt—he wasn't sixty, but he was the "old man" to his associates, to his son, and lately even to himself—that the world had gone mad and that he was the only sane person in it.

SAM KRAFT had come out of the first war a successful clothier. Like many of his comrades, he had money to invest at the war's end. He faced the same choices they did: the electric shoeshine machine, plant expansion, the stock market, the horses, real estate and the rest. But his few thousands—for a reason he had long since forgotten—had gone into one of the early movie theaters. From the owner of one theater to the owner of several was not a great step for a real businessman, which Sam Kraft undeniably was; and by the middle twenties, if anyone at all in the United States went to the movies, there was almost exactly one chance in nine that it was to a Kraft-owned theater.

In 1925, in the midst of this expansion, Anna, Sam's wife, a warm and friendly woman who was bewildered by everything her husband had done since the fall of 1918, died in giving birth to David. It was also in 1925 that a large motion picture company went into bankruptcy and was absorbed by its only solvent customer, the Kraft chain.

That was the last of Sam Kraft's really big physical acquisitions. The years since 1925 had seen him prosper, and had seen a very considerable degree of power come his way. In the late thirties, a muckraking newspaper reporter had written that the three most powerful people in California were the Governor, the Banker, and Kraft, "and not necessarily in that order, either."

It was to that power that David owed not only his creature comforts and his happiness, but his freedom as well. David, we have recorded, had been in trouble with the law before. The cases had been such that, in an atmosphere created by a sympathetic press, Harry Cohalan had brought David through with one acquittal, one suspended sentence, and one suspension of his driver's license. One witness, it is true, disappeared—but her disappearance was entirely voluntary. Another was unable to remember in superior court in September what he had told a grand jury in August and was accordingly prosecuted for perjury, but acquitted.

None of these things was in David's mind as he looked at his father. He saw that the old man was unhappy, bitterly distressed, but he saw—as he had always known—that the old man would not desert him.

Harry Cohalan said, "Come on, then," and led the way out of the little room and into a courtroom.

The tense feeling, the on-guard feeling, left David, although it was his own case that was being batted back and forth by Harry Cohalan and the young man from the district attorney's office. From time to time, Jane's name would be mentioned ("the unfortunate," "the deceased") and each time this happened a twinge would go through David; the idea of Jane's death took on a solidity, a permanence it had not had when Harry told him of it in a single word.

COLLIER'S
HANK KETCHAM

"Why, no, this isn't Bear Creek Ranch. This is the Baxter residence. Who? Two-Gun who?"

David didn't hear his name called, but suddenly Cohalan was helping him to the witness box. The young man from the district attorney's office came over as the clerk administered the oath.

"Your lawyer tells us you don't remember anything that happened last night," the young man said, not challengingly. "Is that true?"

"Yes, sir. That's true." David's reply was clear and calm, but not insolent.

"Nothing at all?"

"No, sir."

"How about yesterday afternoon?"

Harry Cohalan got to his feet behind the long table, not like a lawyer making a dramatic move, but like a businessman suggesting a new sales campaign. "Your Honor," Harry asked, "is this line of questioning entirely necessary? This boy has been under the care of a psychiatrist. This is only a preliminary hearing, and I'm informed irreparable damage may be—"

"I agree with you," the judge said.

David went back to the table and sat beside his lawyer. Harry and his father were holding a whispered conversation. They sounded worried, although none of their words reached David's ears.

David sat back and counted the dots in the soundproofing in the square of ceiling over his head. It took him ten minutes to count them—there were 144—and when he brought his head back down, Harry and the prosecutor were standing close to the judge's bench.

When they came back, Harry was angry. This was the first time David had ever seen him really angry, and it was not a pleasant sight. Now the prosecutor was speaking, and when he had finished, Harry got up.

"Your Honor," he said, and his anger was such that he was talking too loud, "I ask that bail be set for this defendant."

"We've discussed that, Counselor. I've explained the court's position on—"

"I want the record to show, Your Honor, that I asked for bail and that you refused to set it."

"It's a bad policy to interrupt the court," the flat voice retorted. "When you make a motion and I rule on it, you may be sure that both your motion and my ruling will show in the record." The judge looked around, as if to see if anyone else had anything to contribute. "Court's adjourned."

A thin-faced plain-clothes man with glasses took David's arm, led him back to his cell, and took his belt and tie away from him. David sat down on the edge of his cot, propped his elbows on his knees, and rested his head on the back of his locked hands. This, David decided, was going to be tough.

His opinion was partly confirmed five minutes later when his father and Harry Cohalan arrived. Harry still looked as furious as when he'd come close to losing his temper in court. David's father looked—to use the simile that occurred to David—as if he'd lost his last nickel.

"David, how could you do such—" his father began, almost shouting.

"No, Sam," said Harry, laying his hand on Sam Kraft's shoulder. "That won't do any good." He turned to David.

"How bad is it, Harry?" David asked.

"About as bad as it could be, David. Judge Wistert threw a terrible crimp into us, not admitting you to bail."

"But why? Why? How?" David's father asked.

"Sometimes they get a step ahead of you," Harry Cohalan replied.

"How long do I have to stay in here then, Harry?" David asked.

"That's what the trial will decide," the lawyer said. "You'll be here about a week before the trial. They set an early trial date; they don't like to delay the trial when they're holding a man without bail. You listen to me, now, David." Harry Cohalan stood directly in front of David and talked perhaps a little more loudly than was necessary. "Keep your mouth shut from now until we go to trial. The press won't bother you; I'll take care of that. When you get into court, just tell the truth. I'll do my best for you, and if I get you off"—Harry's voice slowed down the way it did when he reached the climax of an address to a jury—"if I get you off, I never want to see you again. You understand?"

David said he understood and decided that this was the strongest reading of the riot act Harry had ever given him.

A FEW minutes after Harry and David's father had left, Officer O'Rourke showed up outside the bars.

"Hi," said the cop. "Feeling low?"

"A little," said David. "They wouldn't give me bail."

"I know." O'Rourke turned the key in the lock and let himself in as he spoke. "It's a good thing for you they didn't. Want to go on with the game?"

"Sure thing," said David, picking the cards off the table.

This time David played slowly right from the beginning. O'Rourke whistled and sang and made jokes and reminisced about the old days in Chicago. And won. He won so regularly and so easily that David found himself giving up on the hands as they were dealt, playing half-heartedly, letting his mind wander, which was just what he had to avoid.

"What did you mean," David asked, while O'Rourke was adding up his winnings, "about it being a good thing I didn't get bail?"

"Oh, that? I shouldn't have said that. What I meant, David"—the name came easily; David didn't notice that it was the first time O'Rourke had used it—"was that I don't think you make a very good fugitive."

David looked at him.

"Oh, come now, David," O'Rourke went on. "Don't say you didn't know. If bail had been allowed, you'd have skipped into Mexico. I guess your father would have skipped with you. He might as well. He'd have been ruined."

"You're lying to me." This must be a trick. O'Rourke was a cop. This was the kind of thing Cohalan had warned him against. He shouldn't have played, shouldn't have let O'Rourke into his cell. "Why should I skip bail? That's crazy."

"Crazy, eh? You go to trial, and you'll wind up making little ones out of big ones. Come on and deal. You'll never make any money jawing like this."

David dealt the cards and looked at O'Rourke. O'Rourke looked like a man who was telling the truth. . . .

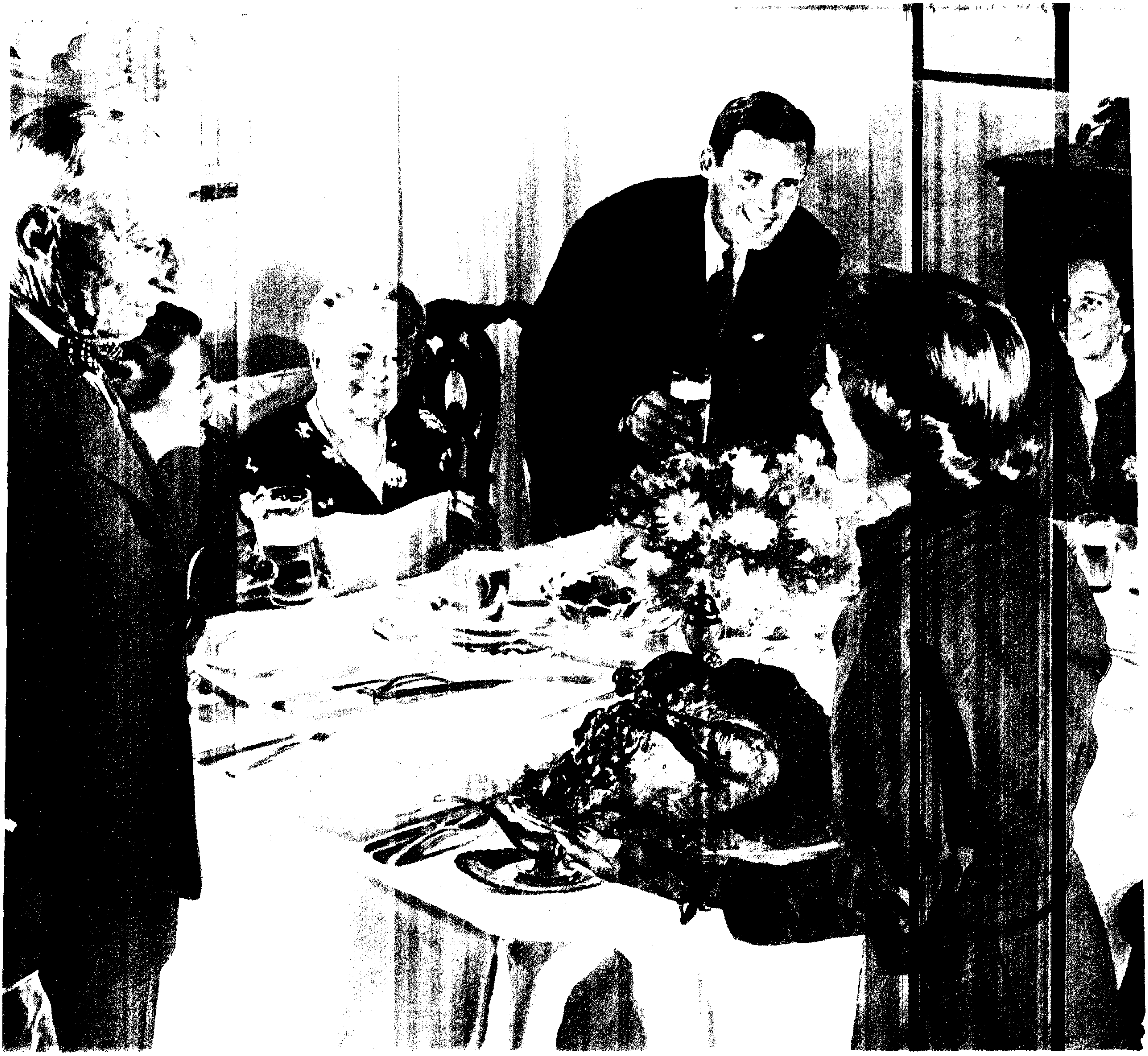
Throughout the week before the trial, Sam Kraft and Harry Cohalan called on David every day. His father gave him candy, and brought his favorite pipe and a big tin of tobacco, and once even an ice-cream soda in a cardboard container. Harry gave him stern advice.

Afternoons David played gin rummy with Officer O'Rourke. They talked freely as they played, and their talk concerned what it had that first morning, horse racing and boxing.

"The fight I remember clearest," O'Rourke remarked on Sunday afternoon, which was two days before the date set for the trial, "is the Dempsey-Willard fight."

"Yes," said David, drawing a card. "I've read about it. The massacre at Toledo."

"It's not Dempsey I remember so well. It's Jess Willard. He was down seven



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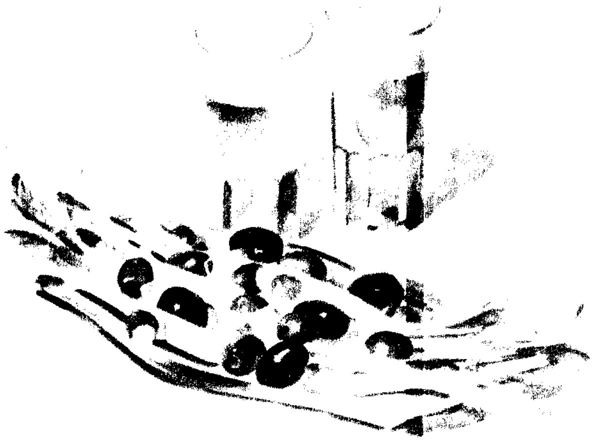

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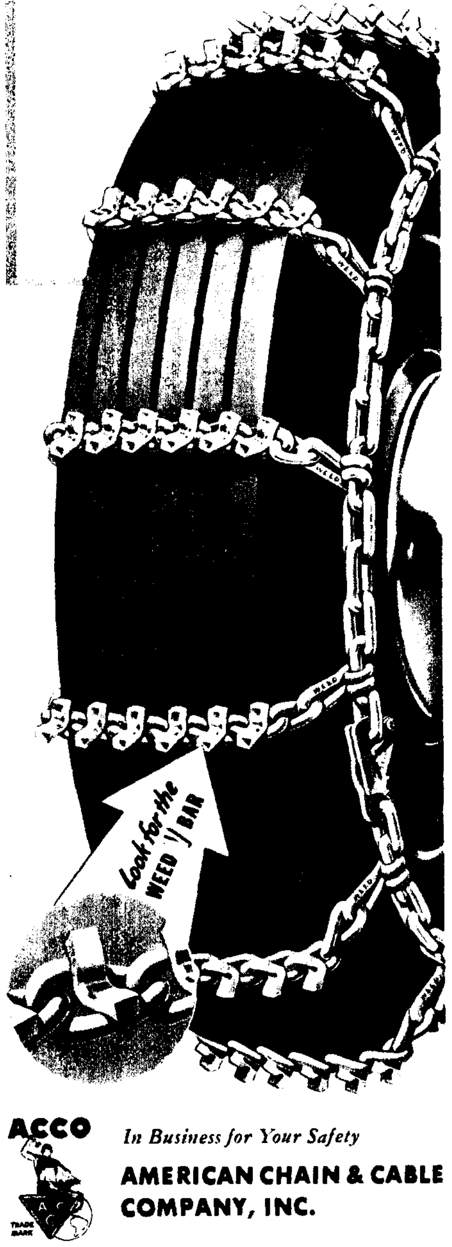

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times in the first round. When they rang the bell, he collapsed on his stool."

"And that was the end," said David.

"Not quite," the officer replied. "While he was sitting there, a great big hulk of a man, beaten, disgraced, hurt more than it's right for a man to be hurt, someone from his corner threw a towel in the ring."

David discarded and O'Rourke picked up the card David threw down.

"My assignment was to get into the ring as soon as the fight ended," O'Rourke went on. "And when I saw that towel sail past me, I figured the time had come. I jumped in the ring. and so did about a million other people. Dempsey and his handlers left and headed for his dressing room." O'Rourke threw a card down, face down, and spread his hand. "Willard," he continued, "was about out on his feet. But he could reach that towel with his foot, and he kicked it right the hell out of the ring. They had to get Dempsey back from his dressing room to fight the second round."

"That Willard must have been a little off his head. Maybe the beating—"

"No, David. He knew what he was doing. There are things in a man's life that he alone can handle. Himself. Alone. And in his own way."

"I don't get it." David studied the upturned cards as he spoke.

"I didn't really think you would." O'Rourke said it gently, not as a reproach, but as a simple statement of fact.

David wanted suddenly to know what the officer was driving at, wanted to know very badly. "Willard *did* lose the fight, didn't he?"

"Certainly he lost," O'Rourke replied. "This isn't one of those keep-trying-you'll-win stories. That's all right for kids' books, but there are a lot of people that keep trying and get beat. No, Willard was out on his stool at the end of the second. Only nobody threw any towel in that time. The fight ended because he couldn't get himself off that stool."

David was adding up his gin rummy losses. "How about that?" he said absently. He looked up to see O'Rourke staring at him thoughtfully.

MONDAY they resumed the game. It was late in the afternoon, the last afternoon before the trial, and O'Rourke was still winning heavily. "You worried, David?" the officer asked, as casually as if he were asking what card David had drawn from the open stack.

"Harry Cohalan worries for me," David said. "He gets paid for it."

"What do you think he's going to do, David? Fix the jury?"

David looked at O'Rourke steadily, trying to determine whether this was a real question, a joke, or a piece of sarcasm. "No," he said. "No. I don't think Harry would fix the jury."

"Then you'll be convicted, David."

"Yes," said David. "I'll be convicted."

O'Rourke went on evenly as though ignoring David. "And once you're convicted," he said, "you can draw ten years. Or you can draw a suspended sentence. Or something in between."

"So I'll be fined. So they'll take my license away. So I'll go on probation."

"Why?"

David stared at him. No one had ever asked him a question like that, and now that he had come face to face with it, he was genuinely surprised that he could think of no answer.

"You're not a child any more, David," O'Rourke told him when it was obvious that David was not going to answer his question. "You don't draw a light sentence for manslaughter. You haven't a chance, David, unless—"

"Unless what?" It was an effort for David to keep his tone casual.

"I understand you'll draw Judge Dingell tomorrow. He's a sour old man, and they say he's dead honest. But his term's about up. If he serves another term, he's eligible for a pension. If not, he's just another old, old man looking for a job."

"Yeah?" David said absently. "What's the point?" He was beginning to dislike this conversation.

"The point? Well, David, how do you think Judge Dingell feels? Could pressure be brought on him? Would he respond? There's the governor, for instance. He'd like to be re-elected. Suppose someone—a big campaign contributor, for instance—"

David cut in. "Are you talking about my father?" he asked.

"I'm not sure," O'Rourke replied. "I'm just talking if. If this, and if that. And, David, what happens *if* you do get off. That's what I'd be worried about, if I were in your place."

"What do you mean?" David asked, but the conversation was over. O'Rourke was letting himself out of the cell.

THE trial lasted only two days. David kept watching Judge Dingell for some telltale gesture, a change in tone, anything that would tell him whether O'Rourke had been talking sense or nonsense.

The sign never came. The last hour of the second day was all it took for the jury to find David guilty of manslaughter. Judge Dingell set the following morning for sentencing.

David had no visitors that evening. Harry Cohalan had told him he wouldn't be able to see him; "too much to be done," Harry had explained, and David did not want to speculate as to what that might mean. He had put on his flowered pajamas and turned his sheets down and was sitting on his cot when he heard footsteps in the corridor. He looked up. O'Rourke was standing outside the bars.

"Take what I owe you out of my wallet in your safe," David said.

"Can I talk to you a little while?" O'Rourke made it sound important.

"I guess so. Come on in."

O'Rourke let himself in and slid the grill shut behind him. "What about this thing, David?" he asked suddenly.

"What thing?"

"What about yourself, David? What do you think of yourself?"

"Me?" David chose his words carefully. It was just a game, but David always played games as well as he could. "You mean here I am, I killed a girl, and it doesn't seem to bother me." It was a half question, but O'Rourke said nothing. "Fred," David went on, "this may sound silly to you, but I never deliberately hurt anybody, not even Jane."

"Until now," O'Rourke said quietly.

"What do you mean?"

"All right." O'Rourke spun the wooden chair around, dropping into it so that he straddled it and faced David across the chair back. "You were drunk when you killed Jane, David; as you say, it wasn't deliberate. But you don't have to go on and on. You're sober now. You don't have to destroy Dingell, make him do a thing he'll despise himself for all the rest of his life. And Harry Cohalan. How do you think he'll feel? He's pulled some raw ones for you all right, but nothing like this."

"Harry does what he thinks is best," David said angrily. "He gets paid for it. *I* don't have any decision to make."

"Stop it, David." O'Rourke lowered his voice now, and there was an anger in everything he said. "What happens if Dingell knuckles under and gives you a suspended sentence?"

"I'll go home. That's all."

"That's not all. You'll have to live with yourself. If they let you off, you'll have to live with the knowledge of what you've done to Dingell and to Cohalan and to your father, and to every decent person. And you can't plead drunkenness, or any other excuse. This one's all yours."

The overhead light went out with a click as O'Rourke paused, and the two

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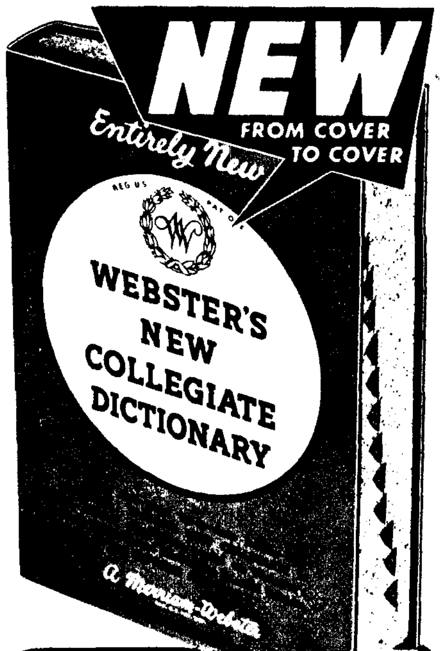

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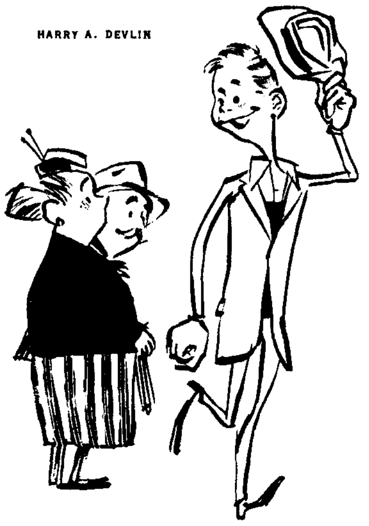
were left in the dark. David felt suddenly afraid.

"I'll see you in court tomorrow," O'Rourke said, pushing the chair back, the light from the corridor silhouetting him against the cell wall.

When O'Rourke had gone, David continued to sit on the edge of the cot, silent, for there was no one to talk to, and David was a well-composed lad who never talked to himself. His eyes were open; he stared at the spot where the officer had sat. Then he swung his feet off the floor, crawled between the sheets, and dropped into a deep, dreamless sleep. . . .

Officer O'Rourke escorted David from his cell into the crowded courtroom. He said nothing as they walked through the corridor. His face was impassive.

HARRY A. DEVLIN



On the Up and Up

What happened to our little boy?
The one to whom you gave a toy,
You say, "a little while ago"?
You mean you really do not know?
Well, Junior grew and grew and grew
Until—well, now he's six feet two!

—ROD MAC LEAN

The bailiff made his singsong little speech, and Judge Dingell came out of the little door behind the bench.

"People-versus-Kraft," the bailiff said. "Defendant-rise-and-face-the-court." David stood up.

"David Kraft," the old judge said, his voice a little unsteady, "you have been convicted of manslaughter in having caused the death of Jane Adams. Have you anything to say before I pass sentence on you?"

David stared at Judge Dingell. He had never noticed the judge's face before, never even realized the judge had a face. Now he saw that it was, indeed, an old face, and a tired one; the judge's eyes were red and they looked on David with resignation and disgust, mingled together as in the eyes of a child who contemplates a bitter dose of medicine he must swallow. It is true, David decided, it's just the way O'Rourke said it would be; this old man has been reached somehow, and his mind and his voice are no longer his own. Once David could never have grasped this fact; more recently he would have dismissed it as of no importance. But now it stayed with him.

David turned from his contemplation of the judge and glanced at Harry Cohalan who stood a few feet to his right. Harry looked a little frightened, a little disgusted. He's ashamed, David realized, ashamed of what he's doing. David's father sat beside Harry Cohalan, tense, expectant, leaning forward on the counsel table. For a moment David hated him.

"Have you anything to say, David Kraft?" Judge Dingell asked the question again, and David suddenly realized that everyone was waiting for him to speak or to declare his intention not to speak. He looked for O'Rourke and spotted him in a corner of the room staring at the floor. It's too late, David thought; that's why O'Rourke won't look up. There's nothing left for him to see. I should have stopped Harry last night, should have made them let me phone him . . .

"If you have nothing to say—" the judge began, and then David knew there was still time, there had to be.

"I've got something to say," David said. For David understood now what Willard learned in the crippling heat of Toledo with the towel at his feet. And he knew, too, that the time had come to speak out, and, because he had waited this long, there was only one way to speak.

David's voice was uncertain as he began, but, as he went on, a new strength seemed to flow into his vocal chords, although the rest of his body seemed suddenly overcome with a betraying weakness. His knees rocked, but his voice was the voice of a man.

David Kraft's words to the court were neither brief nor pretty. "Incredible arrogance," one reporter called it, and another termed it "senseless bravado," "depraved" and "a dare flung in the teeth of justice." It was all of that, and more. Without mincing his words David dared Judge Dingell to sentence him or to admit his own corruption.

At one point a bailiff started forward to restrain David, but Judge Dingell waved him back. "It is the custom," the judge said, in icy and precise tones, "to permit considerable latitude to a defendant awaiting sentence. The court is disposed to hear this man out."

"The court?" David laughed, and his laugh was no prettier than his words. "Since when are courts bought and sold? Courts don't jump when the phone rings in the middle of the night! Don't make me laugh."

When David had finished, Judge Dingell had no choice. Anything less than the maximum sentence would have been an admission that David's vile charge was true, that David was, to use his own phrase, "bigger than you, bigger than the state, bigger than anything or anybody!"

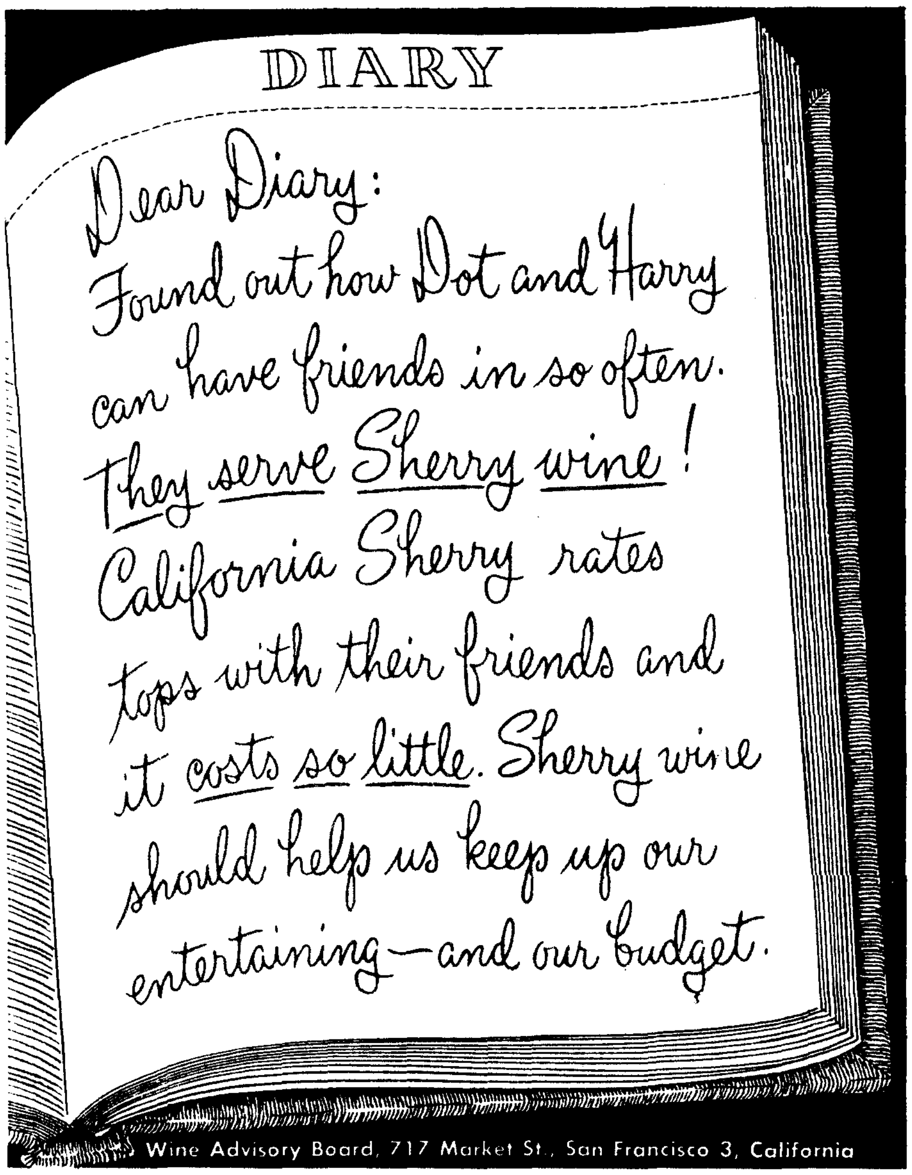
FOUR minutes later David walked unguarded to the passage that led to his cell. A policeman he had never seen before met him there and led him out of court on the first leg of a long trip.

A reporter noticed that David walked with a new firmness, a determination in his step, like a man who had, at last, recovered from a long illness; but he didn't write anything about it. At the time, it didn't seem to make sense.

Sam Kraft put his head down on the table and cried like a baby, and nothing Harry Cohalan could do could make him look up. Finally Cohalan felt a touch on his sleeve and glanced up. The lawyer recognized Officer O'Rourke.

"I'd like to talk to Mr. Kraft," the policeman said. "I think I can make him feel better about this." There was something in the way he spoke that made Harry believe him. Sam Kraft looked up as Cohalan walked out of the courtroom and Officer O'Rourke sat down in the chair he had vacated.

THE END



DIARY

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

Are Football Coaches Worms?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

leader in his profession. What results depends on the natural talents he himself may have—often they are considerable—and how grimly determined he is to convert himself into an effective fabrication of the many things he natively is not.

This self-imposed alteration job, undertaken with the best intentions, sometimes results in a major character modification which gradually produces a man his old friends do not remember, and one he himself doesn't recognize.

As his real self congeals under layers of artifice, he finds himself doing things contrary to his nature and justifying them by the pressures of his job. Himself devious, he comes to suspect everybody else. Routine strains develop into enormous jitters. Shocked and hurt if he finds himself described variously as a cutie, phony or something stronger, he may bluster angrily or brood resentfully.

The result is an old story to psychiatrists—the mental disturbances and emotional scars which result from constant repressions and personality alterations.

Take speechmaking. It's not enough that a man be competent as a gridiron mentor. Among many additional talents, he must also be a polished orator, capable of talking fluently to all types of audiences. So the ambitious fledgling goes to work as he would on a big tackle. The more awkward he is, the harder he charges. He enrolls in a public-speaking course; practices before his mirror, his wife or his dog; tries out his funny stories on the kids in the bathtub; goes into the woods and harangues the trees.

Pitfalls of Public Speaking

He knows he must be careful of his grammar and diction, and watch his gestures and facial expressions lest the microphone or camera set him up as a clown for smart alecks, whose racket is words, to make sport of. His early style may be wooden, his jokes creaky. The character-building maxims may sound corny to sharp prep-school kids. But he stays in there banging away. Sometimes he is a Rockne, one of the best natural orators of his era; or a Crisler, able to hold his own with anybody in facile ad-libbing. But the average coach becomes a capable speaker only after a long and often torturous apprenticeship.

After a speech he is supposed to shake hands with people, sign autographs, be comfortable as an old shoe, give with the wisecracks. At higher-level cocktail parties, where he is sent to butter up a governor, a legislator, or a moneyed chap who might someday be inclined to give a building to the school, he is expected to be adroit, charming, to flash sparks of wit, culture and sophistication.

As for women! Never Clark Gable—always Gary Cooper!

Any celebrity is a pigeon for gossip but, as a model for youth, a coach must be particularly careful never to give the wrong impression, lest it get around to prexy. Undoubtedly that's what was in the mind of my chilled friend when he postponed the warming nip until he was sure he was safe. Probably he had good reason for such caution.

Let's not give any false impression here. The run-of-mine coach is, by occupational necessity, a physically vital, frequently gusty and normally lusty human being. But he bends himself rigorously into the moral portion of his mold, behaves well on all occasions, is a notable family man with many children. (How often have you heard of a coach being divorced?) He probably appreciates his home more than most men do because, as his patient wife would agree, he is so seldom in it.

One coach explained: "Heck—I don't know my wife well enough to quarrel with her."

And there is the story about one famed pessimist who worries that he will talk in his sleep during the football season. He's even afraid that his wife will hear him say his team *might* have a chance to win Saturday's game.

The coach is acting most of the time and one of the most rewarding roles is that of the Crying Coach. This role, like all of the others (unless he becomes so lost in the part that he cannot even give the time of day without an evasive quip) is beamed at a definite objective. If he can convince his alumni that he doesn't have a chance to win, they will be less apt to be on his neck if he loses. If he drops a game he was *supposed* to win, the hot breath of indignation curls the hair on his nape.

So, the most frightening coaching nightmare is the Upset. He knows, usually from his playing experience, that the squad which goes into battle cocky and cold is most apt to *be* upset; that the team which goes out there spiritually and emotionally aroused is most apt to *score* an upset. So his primary psychological effort always is aimed at his own squad.

GREETINGS
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His job is to send his team out there believing that they must fight for their lives. So he maps his dolorous campaign, issues his lachrymose lamentations, and climaxes it all with the inspirational dressing-room speech. This is a tricky technique which is notably effective when used by an artist, but it can explode in the face of a heavy-handed mechanic.

Take, for instance, this story of what happened in an Ivy League dressing room, as told by a player who was there. The coach, a famous name, reached his peroration thus:

"I want you to go out there and FIGHT! As you go out, I want every one of you to shake my hand and TELL ME you're going out there to FIGHT!"

By this time he may have convinced himself, for tears streamed down his face as he stood by the door with outstretched hand. And several of the boys were also crying as they took his hand and TOLD him they were going to FIGHT.

But there is always the cynic to consider. In this situation the cynic reached out his hand, patted his mentor on the shoulder and whispered with grinning solicitude: "Better get hold of yourself, Toots."

The traditional volcanic dressing-room speech gradually lost effectiveness as such tales got around, and became almost passé during the postwar era when rosters were studded with battle-hardened G.I.s. But it may be due for a comeback now that the more impressionable high-school lads again form the majority of squads.

The particular tactic has been criticized as "playing on the emotions of boys." The validity of such criticism depends on how the coach employs the technique—and also on who loses the game. But every coach is self-conscious about these performances and prefers to keep them within his own little theater. Greta Garbo never liked strangers on the set, either.

The coach is happiest when actually coaching; for here he is in his natural element, master of his scene, released from the effort of pretending to be the persons he is not, of trying to do the things he is not equipped to do. Football is a form of animated chess, of peaceful war with comparable problems of offense and defense, executed by moving bodies of young men. It is also outdoor drama in which every play is a potential touchdown if the actors follow script, which they seldom do, because they are very young and 11 opponents are constantly interfering with them.

It is this combination of military science, chess and the theater, of plays and players, that has the greatest appeal for a coach. He becomes absorbed in it. He is a scientist at work, seeing and feeling nothing but victory as the result of his planned experiments. He drives himself and his assistants late into the night, outlining strategy, studying scouting reports and motion pictures of his own team. Now there is television, too, which occasionally gives the coach directly the entire story of future opponents, information that he usually must get from newsreel flashes or 16-millimeter films.

Ways of Letting Off Steam

It is with his boys, in the classroom "skull talks" and on the field, that he finds a healthy safety valve for his emotional steam. If he's young enough, he can put on a suit and get in some body contact work. This, incidentally, is one of the ways the younger mentor keeps the contact with youth so important to his work. It is also a phase which the aging coach gives up with regret.

But even with his boys the coach is still on parade—cracking vocal whips, juggling moods, feeling pulses, practicing his little psychological tricks, enforcing discipline, soothing one temperament and purposely ruffling another.

When he has nothing else to do, or between the hours on field, he talks to newspapermen or works with his own press corps (the propaganda department) pouring out the old oil for influential alumni, evading the accusing eyes of the father whose boy has not made the first team though, in Pop's estimation, he's an All-American.

And—oh, yes—there are, too, the games to be played.

If you, as an ordinary partisan or even as a neutral spectator, grow tense in the stands during a football game, consider the coach on the side lines. His bread and butter rides on every play and on unpredictable situations—missed passes, tackles, signals or blocks; fumbles and funny bounces; player temperaments; weather conditions, and the like. The coach must keep himself congealed while you ignite, must think his best while thousands roar, must—for example—balance the interests of the team, the school and himself against the welfare of an injured but not incapacitated key player.

Calm in the Fury of Battle

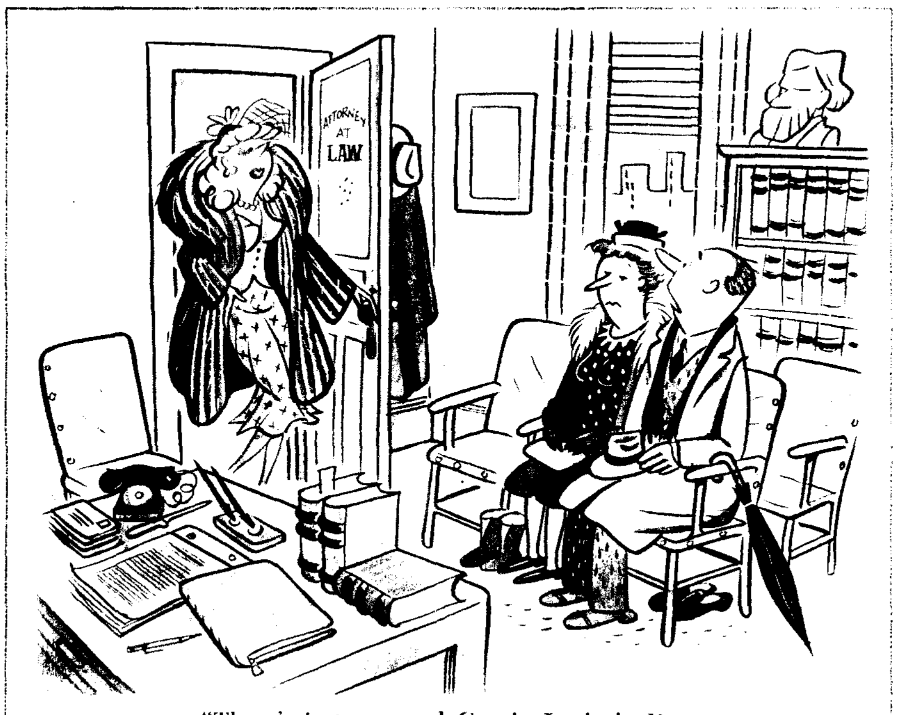
During every minute of a close battle the coach must prompt the jittery actors on the field; must counter every move of the other general across the way, beat him to the move; and if he loses, take that long stroll across the field to shake the hand of the victor, a custom of the craft which can sometimes be as welcome as a walk to the electric chair.

Coaches have their feuds. Some develop from the intricacies of schedule making. The school always has an eye out for the big gate. So does the coach; but he is also very careful to protect his prestige when possible by avoiding overmatches, as well as ambitious rivals who might want to use him for a steppingstone. There are about as many angles in this department of football as in boxing matchmaking; and much more straining of old friendships, because the football coach generally is a more sensitive man than the fight manager.

The duplicities employed in the piratical pursuit of prep-school stars—the raw material of the football business—are many. But most of the bitter feeling between coaches comes when one mentor—to insure a bowl bid, a championship rating for his team, an All-America selection for his star, or even his own job—deliberately "shuts the gates of mercy" and "pours it on."

Many a hapless football mentor, who is barely hanging on to his job, has received this *coup de grâce* from a ruthless colleague.

Up to now I've enumerated the nor-



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mal pressures of this highly competitive business, about which nothing much can be done. But there is another over-all strain which the coaches accept under protest and about which something should be done. It can be relieved only by the colleges themselves and would require a radical change in their conception of the football business.

Colleges are notoriously hard up because they are nonprofit service institutions which sell their product, education, at about two thirds of its actual cost. The deficit is theoretically provided by private endowment or state appropriation, depending on the type of school. But there is never enough for all the good things a college would like to do.

Football Profits Wisely Used

That's where football comes in. Its annual profit usually takes care of the entire physical training program—which is invariably slighted by the over-all budget. Its publicity and prestige values also contribute to student morale, alumni enthusiasm, public and political support.

But there's a catch.

To insure these football benefits a college must have a *winning* team; to have a winning team the coach must have his share of superior players; to get them he has to go into the market and bid for them.

What's wrong with that? In pro ball—nothing; it's just good business. It's also good business in college ball. But there's the rub. College football is still supposed to be an *amateur sport;* and an amateur, by very definition, cannot profit financially from the sport in which he engages. So how can you *bid for amateurs?* Is it possible to make *money* from a truly *amateur* sport?

Collier's associate editor, Francis Wallace, author of this article, is one of the nation's outstanding football authorities. Writer of many sports stories, both fact and fiction, he has had 11 books published, including the recent The Notre Dame Story. But he is perhaps best known for his annual football preview which appears in Collier's. A Notre Dame graduate, Class of 1922, he now is president of the Alumni Association

The universities, caught in the switches of this paradox, hung on the horns of the dilemma, have reached an uneasy solution. They've decided it's a crime, punishable by expulsion, for a *player to get any financial return for his* athletic efforts, even though they use his labor and sell it for a handsome profit. And they tie up this package with a network of rules supposed to be enforced by police bodies called Conferences, each of which has a Commissioner as Chief of Police.

This is the evasive system which has produced the hypocrisy, chiseling and outright cheating you hear so much about in college football. It also applies terrific pressure on the coach, who is forced by the college law to break the college law—to conduct what, in relation to the college law, is essentially a *dishonest* business.

The coach, to win his share of games and hold his job, must bootleg his players but not get caught at it. And he will not get caught at it if he is reasonably discreet, because it is understood that everybody will be permitted to cheat a little through various chinks left in the college law and by using any number of back doors. One of these, always conveniently open, is the Job System—whereby a boy is put down on the books for a certain job (outside of football, of course) which he doesn't always get around to doing, usually because he is too busy with football, his real job.

And there are various alumni scholarships, also very correct on the books, which somehow manage to be channeled to athletes. There is a new type of scholarship, too, for "athletes of high scholastic standing." It is supposed to be issued on a cold percentage basis; but I hear from a reliable authority that in at least one major conference (and probably in most) "the quota can be exceeded, by gentleman's agreement, so long as it is not exceeded too much."

College authorities can be fairly accused of connivance in all these dodges, if only because they are lax in investigation and enforcement; and because they condone the activities of the alumni "bird dogs" who flush and deliver the prep-school quail to all the big-time football schools.

There's another device, also practiced in superior circles, which not even the most alert and conscientious college president can do much about. It is known as "covert aid," by which a boy receives secret financial help—a bonus, salary or other important emolument—from an independent "benefactor" who may be an alumnus or a friend of the school.

These are rough charges against the Keepers of the Ideals, but charges they make repeatedly against one another—and will make again, loudly, at the conclave in New York next January, when the National Collegiate Athletic Association meets.

It's a fantastic situation, typical of the fuzzy-minded intellectuals who, in this case, refuse to abandon an outmoded ideal and antiquated definition for a plain and modern fact.

All that the colleges really want, of course, is to have their cake (the amateur standard) and eat it too (football money), with as little straining of the academic conscience as possible. But in a business where everybody is permitted to cheat a little, there always will be found people who will cheat *more* than a little. In such a business there is bound to be suspicion and gossip, particularly since everybody has a pretty good idea of what everybody else is doing, and there is such a stern necessity to keep up with the Joneses.

Such constant skating over thin ice with a hot stove in his hands gets to be a tough strain on the conscience of an honest man, which the average coach is, or would prefer to be, if only his bosses would agree not to fire him for losing more than his quota.

There is nothing wrong with college football. Its virtues far exceed its faults. There is nothing wrong with football money. It could be honestly earned and used for the same admirable purposes.

Education Is Hard-Earned

There is certainly nothing wrong with the players. All they really ask is the poor return of an education for their time, labor and the chances of physical accident they so cheerfully take. (Poor return because their education costs about $1,500 a year against the $5,000 or better the professional player receives for similar services and with less actual calendar use of his time.)

There is nothing wrong with the great majority of coaches. They love their game and in that sense are amateurs. They would like to get out from under that hot stove, get off the skates and walk on the same firm ground as their professional colleagues. They would be able to do this if the colleges would do two things, each of which would go a far way toward making the normal coaching hazards not only endurable but enjoyable.

1. Coaches should be given some security—the same granted to other teachers. When a man takes a coaching post he should be assured that, once age begins to catch up with him, he can continue as a teacher or athletic administra-

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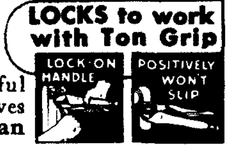

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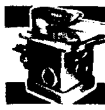

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tor. He could then prepare for a lifetime career, instead of a sudden-death occupation; and he would be partially relieved from the necessity of sharp practice to hold his job. (For this season, 23 of the nation's major colleges hired new coaches.) Some colleges already have this system in operation. There is no good reason why all should not. This would seem to be a task for the Coaches Association. Then, if the move is too long delayed, the colleges may one day find themselves facing an irate Coaches Union.

2. College football should be recognized by the colleges for what it is—an amateur sport conducted for profit. The coach, as general manager of this business, would be paid in accordance with his business success. Once this standard were established, it might remove another irritating pressure, one which comes from academic professors jealous of the coach's bigger salary.

3. The colleges should eliminate their present hypocritical attitude toward football by admitting that they themselves threw the amateur standard into the ash can years ago; that their football is semiprofessional in operation. They could legalize what they have been doing—and have every intention of continuing to do—by substituting for their outmoded definition, based on British practice, this definition of an American amateur: "One who, because of unique services which contribute to the general well-being of the college, is entitled to an athletic scholarship which would cancel his annual indebtedness to the college."

If these three things were done, almost all concerned, including the majority of college administrators, would be tremendously relieved. If all the schools were to agree on such a platform, the millennium would probably not yet be reached; but it would then be much easier, certainly, to isolate and punish the flagrant cheaters by using the schedule sanctions now so hard to enforce simply because everybody does cheat a little. Colleges already do have scholarships for *mental* and *musical* talents; but sports talents are something else again. They violate precious definitions.

Sounds reasonable and simple enough, doesn't it? But at the coming N.C.A.A. meetings you will hear the usual hollering from the higher echelons supporting classic amateurism.

The hair shirts will probably be tightened more than ever before; and the coaches will have to go on running and hiding, being treated like so many worms.

Knowing all these things, why do they ever go into this precarious profession, or stay in it? It has been proved that most of them could do much better financially, with less personal toll, if they devoted the same amount of energy to a business or profession. And they would still be reaching for their peak at fifty, instead of being washed up and wiped out.

Basically, it's for the same reason that they played the game themselves. They love the game. After eight years of high school and college, football develops for them an overwhelming fascination. And having served as pupils, they want to be masters—have their own teams, try out their own ideas. They genuinely like to work with young boys. They enjoy the wine of celebrity applause, the personal satisfactions, the feelings of power and importance. They are tough, gutty fellows, geared for excitement, bladed competition and buccaneer adventure.

What Price Gridiron Glory?

The money isn't bad, either. The salary range is from $5,000 to $12,000 for the moderately successful, with a dozen or so around $15,000, and a very few of the currently "hot" ones in the $20,000-or-over bracket, depending on their take from the by-products of lecturing, writing, radio, movies, television, endorsements and business side lines. And when the time comes, the forward-looking coach can always retire to that upstairs office, his private profession or some carefully prepared business spot.

The coaches tell a stock funny story on themselves during the banquet season. Wes Fesler of Ohio State has a version that goes like this:

A football team was returning by train from a major game played away from home. During the journey the coach, to get the kinks out of his legs, wandered through the train and stopped briefly in a car reserved for mental patients being transferred from one hospital to another. Before the coach could move on, the attendant came down the aisle counting noses.

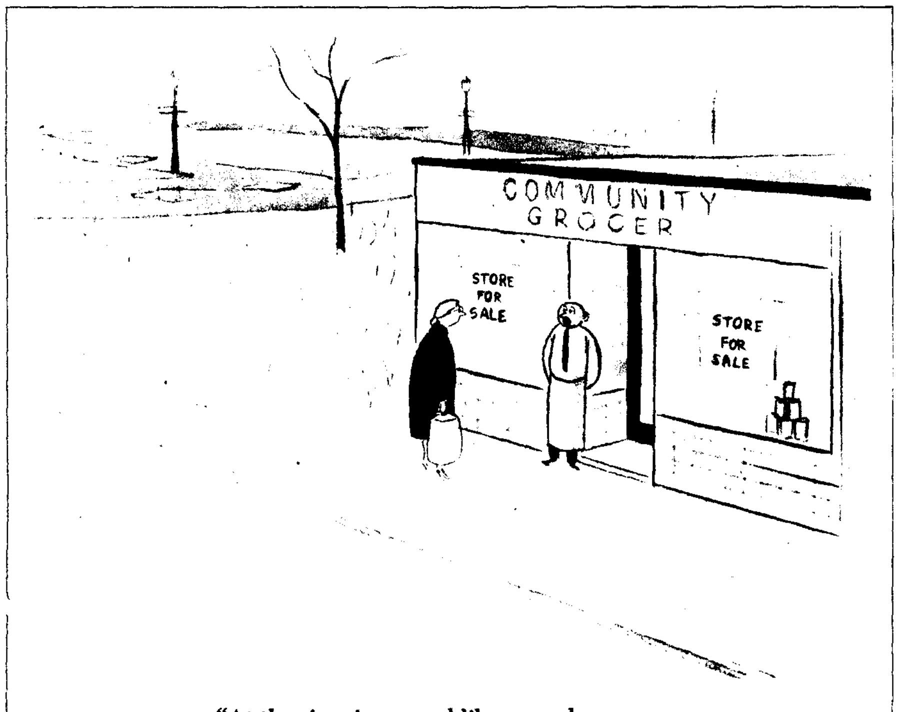
"One, two, three, four, five . . ." he counted. Then he spotted the coach's unfamiliar face.

"Who're you?" the male nurse asked.

The mentor blushed prettily. "I'm a football coach," he said. The asylum attendant nodded his head knowingly.

". . . six, seven, eight, nine . . ."

The story always gets a belly laugh from coaches. THE END



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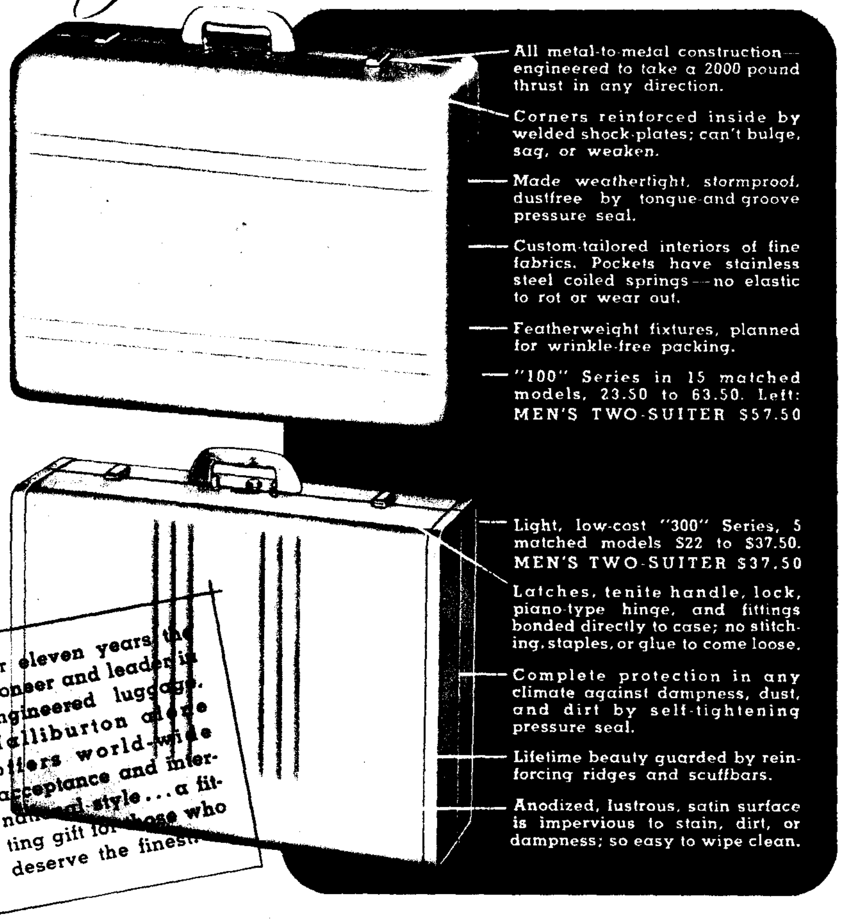

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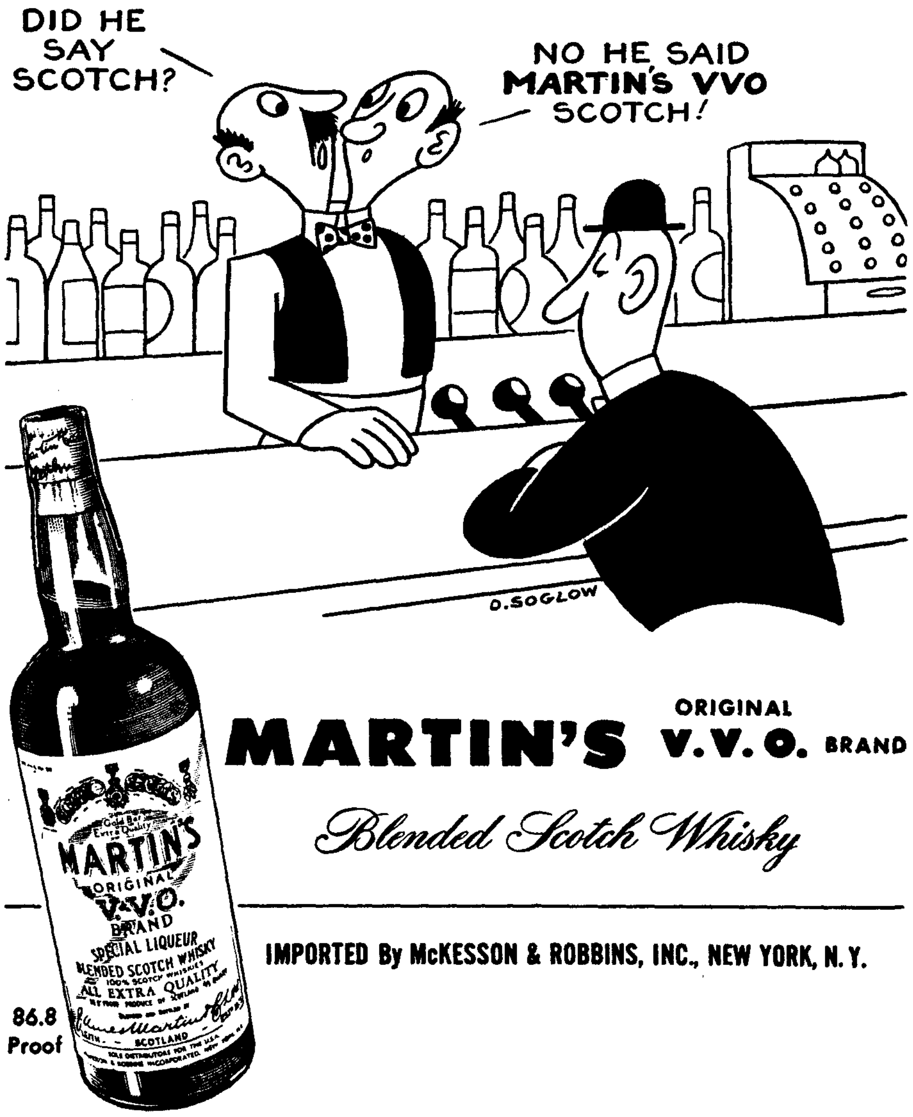

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Prohibition's Ghost Walks Again

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

shifting situation affecting local-option elections, liquor legislation and kindred matters evoke praise from his adversaries.

But no matter how hard the agencies of the brewers and the distillers try to keep things in line, a minority of roughneck retailers ignores their admonitions. Not many clear evidences exist today of a tie-up between the beverage alcohol traffic and fancy women, such as undoubtedly was widespread before the enactment of the Eighteenth Amendment, but throughout the country, there are many taverns at which ladies of easy virtue hang out.

In addition to the harm which such "caves of love" do to honest retailers, there is the damage done to the antiprohibitionist cause by political big shots who boast of their influence on behalf of the liquor or beer interests.

COLLIER'S

"I always drop the seat before I go in, just for laughs!"

FRITZ WILKINSON

The sincerity of millions of the Drys in their efforts to liquidate the liquor business is not open to question. For 24 hours before the recent Oklahoma referendum, for example, many churches were kept open, so that members could pray and fast through the night. The victory at the polls was hailed as an answer to these Christian exhortations.

But it is also true that in their great zeal some Dry leaders indulge in questionable tactics. Take North Carolina, for example. The prohibitionist forces are waging a veritable blitzkrieg there against beer and wine, and in the past couple of years have voted these beverages out in no fewer than 27 counties, with others in prospect.

Columbus County was one of those which banned beer and wine during 1948, but early this year the town of Whiteville, in the county, exercising its legal right to do so, held a special election with a view to bringing back these potables. The Columbus Baptist Association thereupon adopted a resolution threatening to boycott any town within reach that legalized beer and wine. Whiteville voted to legalize them, despite the threat. There was no actual boycott, but heavy and effective pressure was put on the city council to restrict sales to a minimum, pursuant to the "wishes of the county people"—who had had no part whatever in the election.

Similarly, the Allied Church League of Brunswick County, North Carolina, served notice that "we shall boycott all towns and villages that endorse or vote for the sale of alcoholic beverages." This species of highhanded procedure is not readily reconcilable with the principles of democracy, or those of Christianity.

Abuses in North Carolina were apparently widespread early this year, before the General Assembly put all beer licenses under the state ABC board. This legislation was strongly backed by the beer people, who were getting increasingly jittery as judge after judge declared from the bench that most of the crimes in the state originated in beer joints. There is a virtual certainty, as the Wets admit, that North Carolina will adopt state-wide prohibition as soon as the people are given an opportunity to vote on the issue. Only a committee of the legislature has prevented such a referendum in the past, and there is a question how long it will be able to bottle up these bills. The state's most powerful political leader, Governor Kerr Scott, is working closely with the Drys to get a vote. If and when one is had, the army of Tar Heel bootleggers is expected to fall in line for bigger and better moonshining, on the ground that, as one of these patriots put it recently "with a perfectly straight face" to a Raleigh News and Observer reporter, the importation of brand-name stuff into the state "is killing our business—a home industry." Under state-wide prohibition that industry, built firmly on native mountain dew, would blossom like the Biblical rose.

The nature of the crusading in North Carolina is seen in the action of the New South River Baptist Association in ousting the Rev. Kenneth M. Lindner from the presidency of that organization, simply because when asked for his opinion as to the relative merits of prohibition versus local option, he said he preferred the latter. Not long after, he was fired as pastor of Immanuel Baptist Church, Fayetteville, North Carolina, by the Christians who compose its board of deacons.

Near-by Kentucky is often regarded as the domicile of eye-filling *femmes*, high-stepping horses and old bourbon whisky. Most people in other parts of the United States probably regard it as about the last place on earth that might go prohibitionist. Yet 93 of Kentucky's 120 counties have gone Dry in local-option elections, and the W.C.T.U., the Methodist Board of Temperance and the Temperance League of America are slapping their thighs at the thought of capturing this citadel of the distillers. If that happens, something resembling a drought will descend upon the land, for approximately half of all the whisky produced in the United States is manufactured in Kentucky.

How have the prohibitionists managed to make such progress in the Bluegrass State? In 1942, when the Drys were getting up steam, the far from Dry Louisville Courier-Journal declared that the impetus behind their movement "comes from the lawlessness and impudence of the keepers of many a rural hot spot." Today there are abuses of various kinds, including tie-ups between taverns and bookmakers, and what the Louisville Times calls "politics in liquor control . . . a far stronger force for prohibition than the W.C.T.U." The liquor interests were guilty, too, at the legislative session of 1948, of ramming a bill through in "arrant steam-roller fashion," giving the cities the right to vote themselves Wet in Dry counties. Their action in refusing to give the prohibitionists an adequate chance to be heard in opposition was termed by the Courier-Journal "as crude and stupid a mistake as any lobby ever made at Frankfort."

War Planned on Distilleries

Today the prohibitionists "lie ominously in wait for the 1950 session." They may confine themselves at that time to an effort to restore county-unit local option, or the coming session may signal the approach of their inevitable all-out drive to shut down Kentucky's more than threescore distilleries and usher in "temperance," as defined by the late Wayne B. Wheeler.

Not all the mistakes in Kentucky's Wet-Dry campaigning are to be attributed to the makers of alcoholics. There is, for example, the case of the Rev. C. L. Niceley, pastor of the First Baptist Church at Sturgis, Kentucky. This crusading preacher stirred up a fine rhubarb by attacking the mayor of Sturgis over the radio as a "rat" and a "weasel," and threatening to "clean up" the town. He was instrumental in arranging a local-option election. On the eve of the voting, he invented a kidnaping, with himself as the victim. The Wets had perpetrated this dastardly trick, said the reverend, who told a harrowing tale of having been beaten up by his abductors and tied beside a railroad track. News of the "outrage" was spread about at the polls by tearful women and other emotionally charged emissaries. The Drys won. Later it was shown by the F.B.I. that Niceley had dreamed up the entire episode. He was forced to resign his pastorate in Sturgis. Nothing further has been heard from this laborer in the vineyard.

In Alabama we have the case of the Rev. W. Earl Hotalen, a former official of the Ku Klux Klan, and now director of the Louisiana Moral and Civic Foundation. He was a founder and first president of the National Temperance Movement, Inc., with offices in Chicago. As executive secretary of the Alabama

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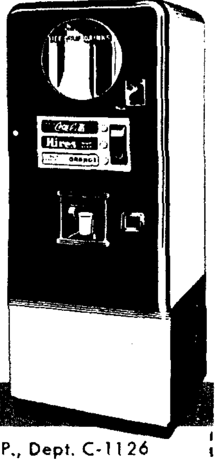

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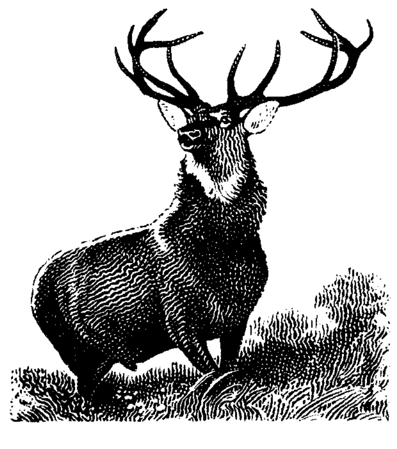

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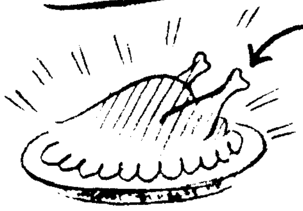

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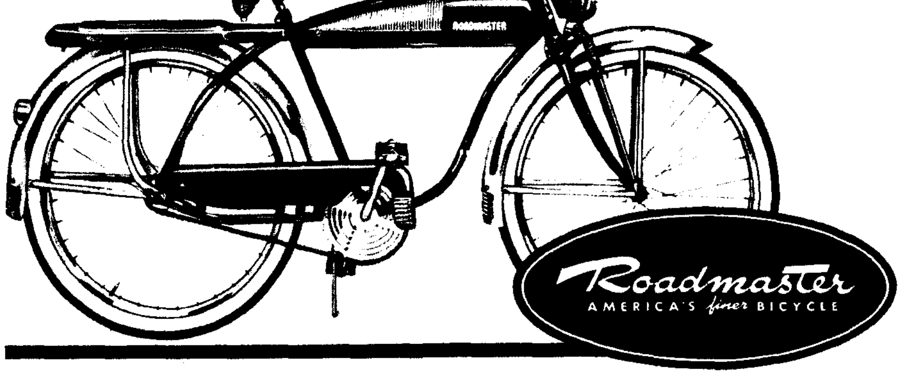


Roadmaster
AMERICA'S finer BICYCLE

Temperance Alliance for 10 years, Hotalen was in the thick of the fight to dry up that state. A sample of his technique is seen in the methods he pursued after Colbert County, Alabama, voted against the Drys in April, 1946. Hotalen wrote an article for the Alabama Christian Advocate charging that the opposition won by hauling in Negroes "by the truckload," and that about 1,000 of them voted, as compared with the normal total of 200 for the county. This charge brought prompt and devastating repercussions.

The Montgomery Advertiser denounced the Rev. Mr. Hotalen for having "in the name of innocent Christian leaders in Alabama sought to make white men hate black men in order to gain political advantage." It quoted Probate Judge John B. Sockwell, of Colbert County, as utterly denying the truth of Hotalen's charges. He said there were only 261 colored voters in the entire county, and that he was sure that not all of them voted in the election, whereas some who did vote were on the Dry side. Most stinging of all to Hotalen must have been the repudiation which came from one of his fellow pastors in the Methodist Church, Dr. W. Glenn Bartee, pastor of the First Church of Sheffield. Dr. Bartee wrote that he was unhappy over the Hotalen article. "I refer especially to the heading," he said, "which says 'Negro balance-of-power vote wins Wet majority in Colbert County,' and a subsequent statement that 'it is estimated by careful calculation that if these Negro veterans had not registered in the last hours and run in to vote at Sheffield . . . the Drys would have won by 450 votes or more.' " Dr. Bartee then presented figures to show that the result would have been the same if no Negroes had voted.

As evidence that this sort of sinister dragging of the race issue into liquor elections was no accident, there is the item from the Colbert County Temperance Bulletin issued prior to the same election by the Colbert County Temperance Alliance, a branch of the Alabama Temperance Alliance, headed by Hotalen. In this item the Bulletin quoted "a muscular, slow-speaking Colbert County veteran back from the Pacific" as saying "with unmistakable meaning to a group in the drugstore last week: 'There are two things I'll never consent to have enter *my* blood. One of them is Negro blood in a transfusion; and the other is alcohol from whisky, wine or beer. I'm a white man and I'm a citizen with good sense. I won't let anything degrade these things that I am."

Clergy Haul in Race Issue

The resurgence of the Ku Klux Klan in various Southern states may tie in with this type of prohibitionist campaigning. Various groups of Protestant pastors have openly denounced the preposterous antics of the bed-sheeted kludds, kleagles and kligrapps, but it is an ominous sign when members of the cloth are willing to haul the race issue gratuitously into local-option elections, and to make open threats of boycotts against those who refuse to jump at the crack of the ecclesiastical lash.

The decisive Dry triumph in Oklahoma has encouraged the prohibitionists everywhere, and a new militancy is taking possession at their headquarters.

The current, all-stops-out drive for prohibition's return is spearheaded by the same organizations which put it over more than a generation ago—the Temperance League of America (formerly the Anti-Saloon League), the Methodist Board of Temperance and the W.C.T.U. Each of these bodies possesses great influence.

Not even Mrs. D. Leigh Colvin, National president of the W.C.T.U., contends that this country wants national prohibition today. She said at the recent seventy-fifth anniversary convention of her organization that "more than one third of the adults" in the United States would vote for its return if given the opportunity.

This is in line with the series of Gallup Polls extending back into the 1930s, and indicating a fairly steady popular opposition to federal prohibition of about two to one. Dr. Deets Pickett, who supervises the vast Niagara of "dry" publications issued by the Methodist Board of Temperance, believes around 30 per cent of the people are for prohibition, 30 per cent against it, the remaining 40 per cent on the fence, and leaning toward the Dry side, because of "abuses and crimes growing out of alcohol."

A Pulpit Tornado from Texas

The Rev. Sam Morris, the forty-eight-year-old Baptist whirlwind from Texas, is easily the foremost catch-as-catch-can pulpit pounder on behalf of the Dry cause. A college graduate who affects a hillbilly manner, he opens his discourses with a broad grin and a "Howdy neighbors!" which usually goes over with a wallop. His radio audiences are reputedly colossal.

As a money raiser, Sam has all his competitors backed off the map. Take his appearance on the courthouse square at Tuscumbia, Alabama, in March, 1946, after his coming had been heralded by the Colbert County Temperance Bulletin in the following elegant language: "The big brewers and distillers, the lousy honky-tonk owners, the pot-bellied beer sellers and pasty-faced gangsters who run the saloons called night clubs are more afraid of Sam Morris than they are of machine-gun bullets . . ."

Sam spoke for nearly two hours before a large audience of shopkeepers, schoolteachers, laborers, farmers and other men, women and children who had come from many miles around, and even from neighboring Tennessee and Mississippi. He announced that there would be no collection and urged his hearers not to leave.

"I want to shake hands with every one of you good folks," Sam confided. He asked the crowd to line up and file past the speaker's stand. Just as they were about to begin, he explained that while he had announced that there would be no collection, if anybody wanted to contribute, that would be acceptable.

"And remember, only bills are taken, and I don't want any ones either," he added jocularly.

The thing worked perfectly. Those who would have left before the plate was passed found themselves fairly caught, and began digging into their jeans for folding money. Sam greeted each one as he or she came up, extending his left hand for the bill, which he deposited in a convenient receptacle, and his right for the handshake.

"The double motion was duplicated scores of times, and reminded me of a swimmer doing the Australian crawl," said an eyewitness. "I estimate that Sam got over $1,000 that afternoon without taking up any collection, and purely by means of 'voluntary contributions.' "

Whether the Drys will ever again achieve federal prohibition seems doubtful—so long as the voting public remembers its past experience with the hoodlumism and widespread lawlessness that were brought in with the Eighteenth Amendment. The younger generation, especially the war veterans, are inclined to be against national prohibition. The nation as a whole is growing increasingly urban, hence antiprohibitionist.

As one interested observer, a level-headed executive who is an active antiprohibitionist, said not long ago: "The ultimate outcome will depend largely on which side makes the most mistakes."

One thing seems certain: Prohibition's ghost is walking again. THE END

Knight from Orchard Street

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

working schedule during the war. You don't ask men to stay overtime if you don't do it yourself. I had nothing to do in my office after the ordinary quitting time, but I wouldn't have felt right if I'd gone home."

The war provided him with at least one pleasant experience. Since he first began to make big money, his principal hobby has been giving it away. For years he had been sending sums to American friends such as New York Judge Jonah J. Goldstein, who in turn would distribute it to worthy causes and organizations. In wartime the judge and some friends reversed the longtime procedure and raised an initial sum of $5,000, which they sent Sir Louis in a British Consulate pouch, along with a note reading:

"O.K., Louie, go ahead and use it."

Haven for Bombed Slum Folk

Sir Louis immediately located a big country house in Surrey, which he named the Grand Street Hostel. The house was for the exclusive use of mothers, children and elderly people who had been bombed out of the Whitechapel slum district in the East End of London.

For nearly six years a steady stream of blitz refugees enjoyed periods of rest and recuperation at the hostel. Judge Goldstein and his friends continued to send money, and Sir Louis made up the deficits. The slogan of the house was "East Siders for East Enders."

The hostel was only a minor incident, actually, in a career of giving that seldom has been paralleled.

One morning in 1929, according to Lady Sterling, Sir Louis awoke looking haggard. "What was the matter?" she said. "You rolled and tossed all night."

Sir Louis sighed. "I've suddenly realized that I'm worth £1,000,000."

Lady Sterling is a sweetly blunt person. "You're crazy," she said.

"I will be if I keep it," Sir Louis said. "Think what might happen. Before long I'll start mixing with a class of people altogether new to me. I won't understand their language and they won't understand mine. What will my old friends think? I don't want to lose them. Cissie, I'm not cut out to be a rich man."

"Very well," said Lady Sterling, "let's get rid of half of it."

In 30 days Sir Louis did just that—giving to his employees, to charities, and to his brothers and sisters in America.

He got restless again in May, 1939. This time he distributed £100,000 to his employees, in sums ranging from $75 to $5,000, depending upon length of service.

"Louie hates to think anybody should be uncomfortable," his brother David told me not long ago, thereby marking himself as a man of excessive restraint.

"He just isn't happy unless he's giving something to somebody," David continued. "Whenever he sees somebody in the family or some old friend, his first question is, 'How you fixed? What do you need?'

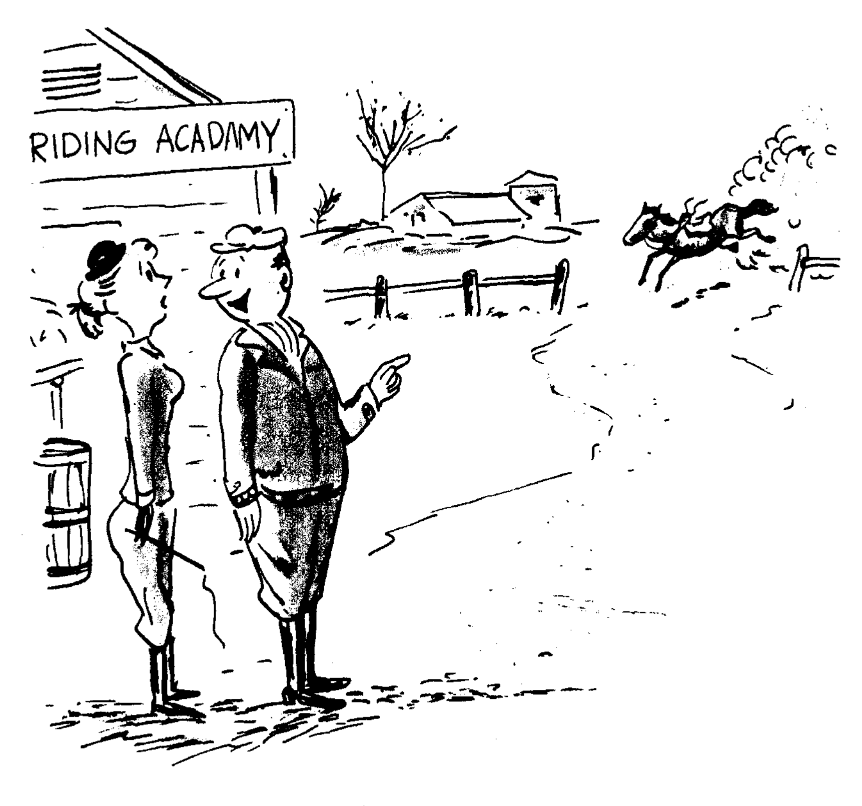
"Before the war, when there were no restrictions on taking money out of England, he and Cissie would come over here a couple of times a year with the damnedest collection of gifts you ever saw. They brought so much stuff to give away that we used to call up friends and tell them to come and share in the loot.

"One time he and I were walking along Fifth Avenue and he pushed me into an expensive men's-clothing store. 'Pick yourself out a couple of ties,' he said. I picked out two. 'No, no,' he said, 'pick out a *couple.*' I wound up with thirty-five."

Sir Louis is never ostentatious about his generosity. He will not talk, for instance, about the help he gave the late Jimmy Walker. They had been friends when the former mayor was at the peak of his popularity; Sir Louis loved him for his charm and wit, and liked to be with him. When Walker's personal stock took a nose dive and he was in "exile" in London, Sir Louis remained steadfast.

Walker later said to Judge Jonah Goldstein, "When I was over there, sick, I found more encouragement, more genuine advice, and more assistance from Louie than any other man I ever met."

Walker rose from a sickbed to make



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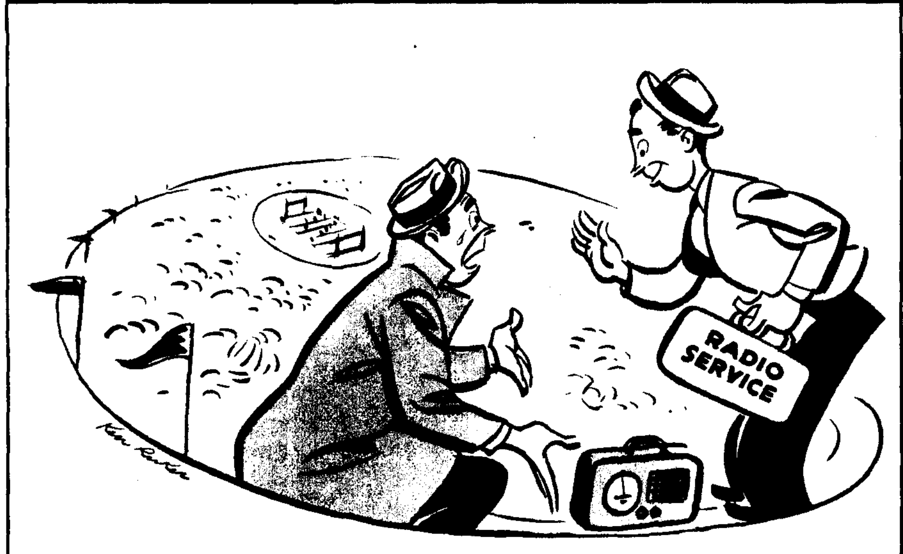

"I couldn't see the game, now I can't hear it!"

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If your radio gets its signals crossed or calls time out at a crucial moment in the Pulse Normal game... don't growl, "the 'helmet' it!" Call the man who works behind the Sylvania sign. There's no substitute for the expert service he gives. He'll tackle your failing set with Sylvania test equipment . . . scout for, repair, hidden faults. He will, if needed, replace tubes with high-quality Sylvania radio tubes to assure you of more enjoyable listening. Call the service man who displays the Sylvania sign!

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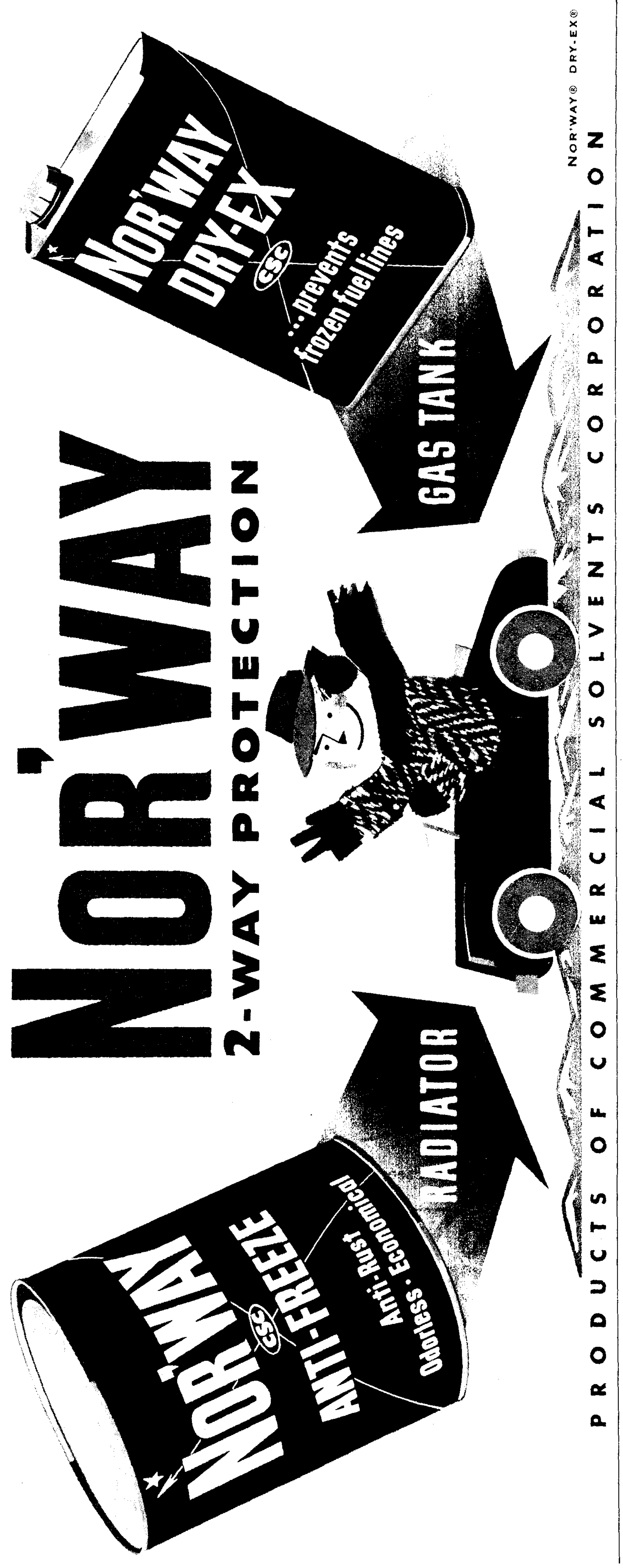


his last public appearance at a Grand Street Boys dinner in honor of Sir Louis Sterling. Walker's death occurred only a few days later.

One does not have to be an old friend or a relative to benefit by Sir Louis' kindness and generosity. I had not known him an hour before he was pressing upon me a pipe so beautifully grained that it seems a shame to smoke it. He was obviously pleased when I finally accepted it, and became bluff and curt when I thanked him.

The next day, when I mentioned that I was still taking the pipe out every half hour to admire the grain, Sir Louis said, "Pipe? What pipe?"

Strangers Given Warm Welcome

Total strangers get the same treatment. Whenever—and this means about once every week or so—an American friend of the Sterlings hears that another friend is going to London, he gives the latter the Sterling phone number. Upon their arrival, the newcomers call up hesitantly and announce that so-and-so sent them.

"He did, eh?" Sir Louis will roar. "How *is* the old goat? Where are you now? Get the hell out here! Wait—I'll send for you!"

A bit dazed, the strangers are rushed to the Regent's Park house. There they are introduced to the celebrities who are invariably on hand; they are wined, dined and—also invariably—given some extravagant present. Quite often they are urged to move in for the duration of their stay in town.

Literally hundreds of members of the U.S. armed forces had similar pleasant experiences with the Sterlings during the war. Sir Louis was then running what amounted to an unofficial, private USO. He would get a dozen or so girls from a Wren detachment and introduce them to an equal number of G.I.s at his regular Saturday lunch at the Savoy.

Characteristically, he insists, "I never did anything, really."

"That's true," an ex-G.I. told me, winking. "He never did anything, really—except to give us the best food you could get in London, the best wines, sometimes even whisky, which was tough to get. And then, at the end, he would sidle over and ask if there was anything we needed, meaning dough."

Next to giving, Sir Louis' principal pleasure is entertaining. For years before the war he and his wife never had less than 40 persons for Sunday dinner—and most of the 40 were famous.

Among those who turned up with some regularity were Arturo Toscanini, Sophie Tucker, Rosa Ponselle, Eddie Cantor, Bruno Walter, Jascha Heifetz, Babe Ruth, Jan Masaryk, Irving Berlin, John McCormack, Yehudi Menuhin, Edward G. Robinson and Sir Thomas Beecham.

The latter has been one of Sir Louis' closest friends for 30 years. The scion of a family of liver-pill manufacturers, Sir Thomas used to lavish much of his inheritance on his musical interests. Finally the famed conductor's affairs became so tangled that a court appointed two guardians to look after them. One was Sir Louis, who thereafter periodically received letters that went something like this:

My dear Guardian,
I must have £500 at once—it can't wait.
Your loving ward,
Tommy.

The ward, exactly the same age as the guardian, once invited the latter to lunch and stood him up. Unperturbed, Sir Louis signed Sir Thomas' name to the check. Months later, Sir Thomas asked him again.

"Tommy," said Sir Louis, "I'll be delighted to have lunch with you any time—whether you're present or not!"

Friends of the Sterlings have gone to fantastic lengths to repay their hospitality. For example, last year David Sarnoff lugged a mammoth, cart-wheel-size Brie cheese from Cannes all the way back to England, watching over it personally with tender vigilance on boat and train. And every week now, realizing that food is still very scarce in England, the Grand Street Boys send the Sterlings a parcel.

Because of the financial limitations imposed on British subjects, the Sterlings can no longer visit America as frequently as they once did nor spend as much here. Oddly enough, this latter fact delights their friends, who are now engaged in a cutthroat competition to see who can do the most for them. When Sir Louis and his wife made their last trip here in September—it was his 100th Atlantic crossing—he was allowed about $40 a day.

Midway across the ocean, he learned that Britain had devalued the pound. He came ashore realizing that he now had an allowance of only about $28 a day—scarcely a pittance, but barely enough to cover the tips of a man who stays at the best hotels and eats in New York's finest restaurants and clubs.

Backslapper

Tell your story, but hands off, please!
Let's not make with the playful squeeze,
The prod, the poke, the gesticulation
Which you seem to use for punctuation.
Maiming me won't make your story
Any funnier or less hoary.

—ETHEL JACOBSON

He had no cause for worry. Friends eagerly picked up the hotel check and happily entertained the Sterlings as royally as they themselves once had been entertained in London. On Sir Louis' very first day here, his suite was crammed with presents, including a mammoth television set sent by Sarnoff.

Being short of ready cash is not a new experience for the Sterlings. Between 1918 and 1921, after he already had become fairly successful, he suffered a flattening financial reverse. He and his wife simply moved into a one-room flat and she did all the cooking and cleaning until he was able to recoup. It didn't take him long. And again in 1929, soon after his spectacular giveaway, he was caught in the stock market crash.

"For a couple of years," he says, "there was nothing between me and the sheriff but a sheet of tissue paper."

More Time for His Fine Books

After 36 active years, Sir Louis finally retired from Electrical Musical Industries in 1939. But there were those wartime assignments, of course, and he still is a director or board chairman for approximately a dozen British corporations. The only thing he gained by retirement was more time to spend on his beloved books.

His collection is worth nearly £200,000. It includes many first folios of Shakespeare, the best known manuscript of Piers Plowman, manuscripts of Mozart, books made by Caxton, a Lord Byron manuscript itself worth £20,000, and hundreds of other rare items. But his itch to give things away has extended even to this hobby: he has notified the University of London that he plans to leave it to the institution's library.

Three years ago Sir Louis heard that a three-foot stack of private papers of John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough and Winston's ancestor, was up for sale. He bought it and sent it to Churchill, who replied with a warm note of thanks.

"I felt he should have some sort of present, after all he did for England," Sir Louis later explained. "I don't agree with his politics, but he's a great man."

Much to the disgust of many of his titled friends, Sir Louis has always been pro-Labor party. Today he numbers most of the high officials of the present British government—Attlee, Bevin, Cripps, Morrison—among his acquaintances.

His affinity for the Labor element is only natural. He has never been the sort of rich man who denies his background. Whenever he visits the U.S., he loves to return to the lower East Side to see how things are going. On his visit this fall, he and I went down there one day for lunch. We walked up Delancey Street and turned into Orchard, and finally stopped in front of No. 133, where he was born.

The sidewalks of Orchard Street are now crowded with open-air stands offering marked-down clothing and other merchandise. It is a loud, contentious, but friendly neighborhood.

An Argument About a Saloon

"It was quieter here in the old days," Sir Louis remarked. He pointed to the place now occupied by a sportswear company. "There was a grocery. And here was a saloon—a nice, quiet, respectable saloon."

"No," declared a man standing near by. "Was never here a saloon."

"The hell there wasn't!" said Sir Louis. "I was born here."

"Par me," said the man. "How long ago is this?"

"Sixty years ago, I lived here."

"Oi-oi-oi," said the man, deeply impressed.

Later we went looking for the old synagogue where Sir Louis' father worshiped. Sir Louis thought it had been on Allen Street, but no one remembered it. We were directed to a Mr. Steinberg, an importer, but he was no help.

"I am only here 40 years," Mr. Steinberg apologized.

Around noon we stopped into a small Delancey Street sandwich shop run by P. Teichberg. Sir Louis ordered pastrami and eggs, and immediately struck up a conversation with the proprietor, who took off his apron and came out from behind the counter to sit with us.

"The neighborhood has changed since my time," Sir Louis said.

Teichberg shrugged. "So, things changed. Always they change."

"There's not as much poverty here," said Sir Louis. "No half-starved kids running around."

"No," said Teichberg. "Is better. Prices are higher, but is better anyhow."

Restaurants in a Price War

"I remember those low prices," said Sir Louis. "There were two restaurants facing each other on one of the streets in this neighborhood, and they had a price war. One restaurant offered a four-course meal and a glass of soda water for a dime. The second one then offered all that plus a cigarette. So the first advertised the meal, the soda, the cigarette, *and* a free theater ticket."

"Pardon the expression," said Teichberg, "not a ticket, a *pass*. So why're you telling me these stories? I myself served the 10-cent meal, 30 years ago. But I tell you, high prices should only not get any higher, God forbid, things are still better now."

"Do you really think so?" Sir Louis asked.

"Much better. In this country, everything is good. Do me something—tell me why you are living now in London."

"I went there a long time ago," said Sir Louis, "and I grew to like it. Do you know why?"

"Possibly a reason," said Teichberg.

"Here," said Sir Louis, winking at me, "I couldn't join a country club. I couldn't play golf."

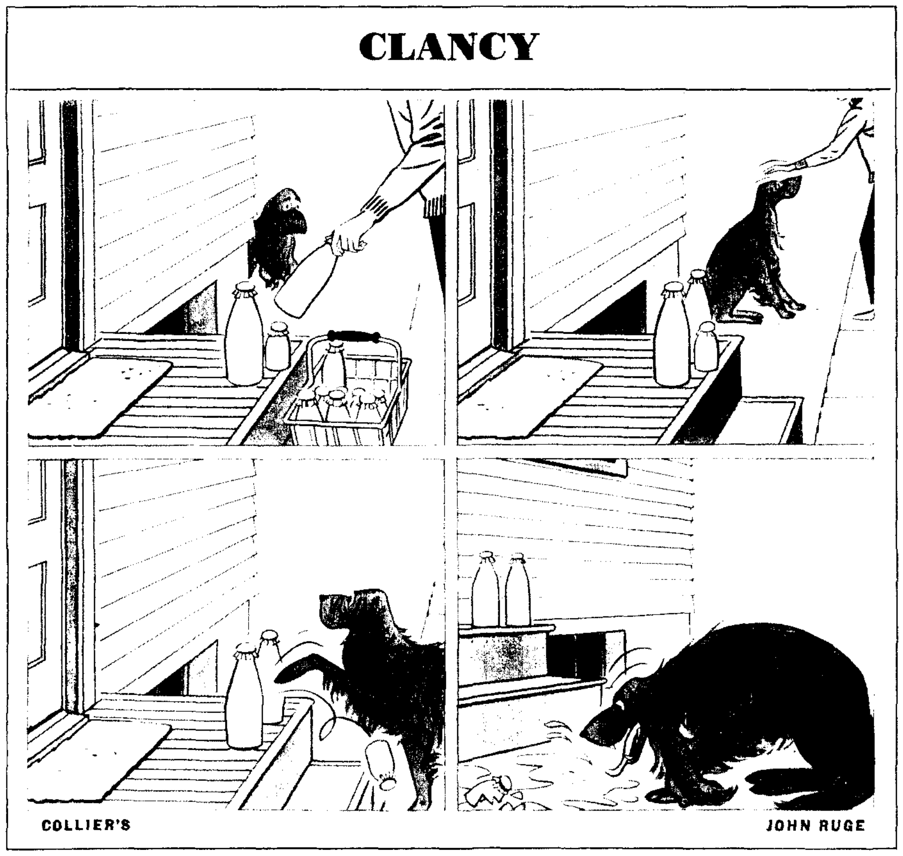
"So you're going to die if you don't play golf? So don't play it! Listen, do yourself a favor. Move back."

"I can't, at my age," said Sir Louis. "All my money is in England—my home, many of my friends."

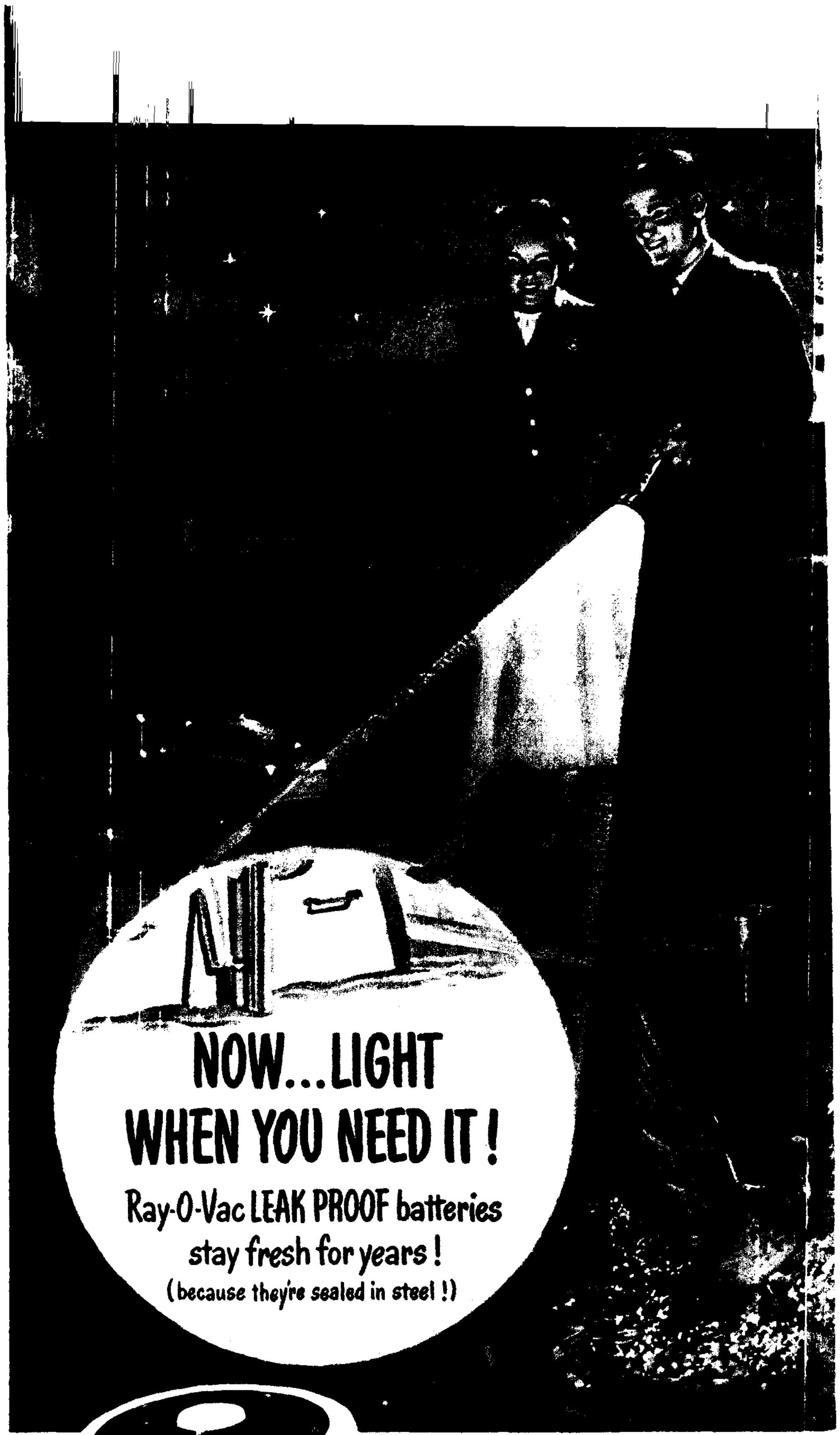
Teichberg nodded, seriously. "Is a good reason."

Later, as we were going back uptown, I asked Sir Louis what the main factor was in his decision to remain in England.

"I stayed in London because I love it," he said. "But you know, I always half expected to come back here. Every time I come over, I get excited." He paused. "You know, I suppose I'll always be an American at heart." THE END


CLANCY

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE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TEAM PRACTICE. Infantry tactics are flexible and fast-moving, depend on split-second timing, communications. Fussell leads men of his unit through weapons support problem with topographic map. Troops re-enact problem in field later.

EXECUTIVE AT WORK. Fussell is responsible for training of men under him; frequently checks on their advancement status. Under career plan, progress in Army depends on individual skill and performance, as well as seniority.

TASTES GOOD! Army chow is better than ever before and nutritionally correct. Lunch offers Fussell and others time to relax, talk Army shop. In such discussions, soldiers rank Army job security and free retirement plan as prime advantages.

LEADERSHIP. Fussell and company commander, Capt. J. H. Campbell, consult training schedule for changes. At weekly meeting of platoon officers and noncoms, administrative problems are solved, special duties assigned.

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MAY I CUT IN? Fussell and fellow-noncoms enjoy off-duty fun at NCO Clubs, post movies, dances. There's always something doing, many opportunities for companionship. Low-cost recreation, plus Army's free food, clothing, quarters, medical care, means a good life at savings in pay.

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Blake's Thanksgiving

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

couple of minutes to build up the tenion. I'm standing over on the far side f the square in the door of our dry-oods store, and much against my will I tart getting the fever too.

I'm pushing my way into a more straegic spot when a big roar goes up. The irst turkey has been launched. It's some ight. He can't make much headway vith those clipped wings so he just soars. Ie's got a good tail wind. He zooms beween the tops of the trees in the square ind heads right for the part of the crowd 'm in. Lucky us, we all think.

THEN we notice the ungodly speed at which the Spirit of Tolliver's Grocery is traveling. We try falling back but it's too late. There's a loud, nasty, whirring whoomp and poor Tom Stokes goes down like he's been torpedoed. The bird ricochets off Tom's head into another part of the crowd where a fight breaks out. Everybody is whooping but Tom. He's on all fours, spitting out feathers and mumbling through split lips: "To hell with this, let me out of here."

I start edging back myself, being very much impressed by the unhealthy note a human skull gives off when struck by twenty-five pounds of high-speed turkey. There's another roar and the second bird is on its way. It heads in our general direction too. Those who haven't seen Tom struck down stand their ground.

Then the expressions on their faces turn from delight to horror. They've seen the light. "Stop him! Stop that monster!" some woman screams. Nobody can or wants to. Everyone's backed up against Elrod's Five and Ten Cent Store. All they can do is duck. They do and there's one helluva crash followed by a long-drawn-out screaming oath.

It's Elrod himself. The bird has come through his plate-glass window. "You dirty cowards!" he bellows. "What'd you all duck for?"

While everybody is busy shaking the glass splinters out of their clothes and looking around for a way out of the crowd, I manage to fight my way into the store and then go up through the second-floor storeroom onto the roof. Just as I get set there's a lot of screaming from the middle of the square. They're getting their first taste of Henry Blake's feathered hell. This specimen barrels into the platform and catches Miss Nellie Shouse right in the small of the back.

She lays there gasping and shaking her fist at the clock tower while the mayor and his councilmen grunt and strain trying to remove her two hundred pounds from such an exposed position. They just got a good hold on her when some fool hollers, "Here comes another one!" *Flop* goes Nellie and over the side goes the mayor and the council. This turkey lands in a tree.

Our gallant mayor picks himself out from under one of his councilmen and begins waving and hollering at Marion's favorite son. "No more turkeys, Henry! They're wrecking the city!"

Henry is having the time of his life. He thinks the mad scrambling is *for* the turkeys, not *from* them. When he spots the mayor waving his arms he takes it for a signal to speed up the launching. The Spirit of Willis' Drugstore and the Spirit of Bob's Barbershop swoop down together. Just above the platform where poor Nellie is still trying to get her breath back, the birds angle off left and right. Everybody hits the ground.

The Spirit of Bob's Barbershop bears down on a bunch of refugees cringing on the fire escape of the Masons' Hall. The cowards jump and the brave ones make their peace with God. The bird is fighting for altitude but his clipped wings betray him and Mrs. Tom McQueen. He crashes right into her stomach—which she richly deserves because she is trampling all over her poor puny husband.

WHILE all this is happening the Spirit of Willis' Drugstore banks down South Main Street and seems to zero in on a lone frantic figure leading the fleeing mob down the middle of the street. It's Miss Sybil Bailey, patron saint of the turkeys. Her skirts are flying and when she spots her feathered friend, she picks up speed. She hasn't a chance.

She and the bird are trying to dodge one another, but they're both swerving in the same direction. It finally loses flying speed and clips her right behind the knees and they go down together. When a couple of lads from the Boys' Club pick her up, she is still screaming for somebody to kill all the filthy birds.

Everybody else wants to kill Henry Blake. The mayor has climbed up behind General McClintock and is again waving his arms and screaming. "Damn you, Henry Blake, stop it this instant, you hear me!" One of the fainthearted councilmen skulking under Pompey's stomach is pulling on the mayor's pant leg and bellowing, "You old fool, stop waving yer arms! You're just making him send 'em faster!"

He stops waving them all right. He loses his balance trying to dodge the Spirit of Rudolphs' Fish Market and topples down on a group of dis-United Daughters of the Confederacy. A committee of daredevil merchants try making their way up the courthouse steps to get at the madman in the tower. Halfway up they are nearly killed when three turkeys plummet onto the steps in front of them. In his enthusiasm Henry tossed these three out without untying them. That's the last effort made to reach him.

There are turkeys everywhere, soaring, running, walking, roosting in trees, on telephone wires and perched on Pompey and the General. The one that really puts the stampede in high gear is the Spirit of Pearce's Fruitery. It plows into Ab Brown's team of mules and they take off. This inspires every other steed in town to try the same. The human element is swinging on wagons, piling into automobiles and fleeing on foot.

Even when Henry finally runs out of turkeys the reign of terror still goes on for a while. Nobody is positive that his ammunition is really exhausted and they keep trying to fight their way into the stores. The bird that's been roosting on the General's head takes off, gets confused, and zooms over everybody's head into Bob Ridgeway's drugstore.

Bob screams that he'll shoot the first man that scares the bird. When he pulls a gun out of his safe to shoot the bird so he can't wreck the place, everybody thinks Bob is going to shoot at them and they ruin the cigar counter and a couple of showcases making their exit. The turkey is trampled to death in the stampede.

When word gets around that Henry is really defenseless, everybody starts converging on the courthouse. Unfortunately the sheriff and his boys beat us to him and convoy him home. Dad seems to be the only friend Henry has left. He's so weak from laughing when I get back to the store that he can hardly talk.

"Jim," he gasps, "take me out and bury me—I've seen everything. There'll never be another day like this one. Only Henry Blake could do it."

He is still laughing when old Mr. Sloan, our best customer, walks in. His hat is all bashed in, his glasses are broken, one sleeve of his coat is coming loose and there's a turkey feather in his mustache.

He can't hardly talk either but not from the same reason that Dad can't.

"Moore," he says, holding out the sign that was on the turkey Dad sponsored, "was that your turkey behind this sign?"

"It certainly was, Mr. Sloan," Dad says brightly. "You've got ten dollars in trade coming."

Old Sloan gets purple. "And you," he yells, "have got a lawsuit coming! The damn' bird hit me right in the mouth!"

And that's when Henry Blake lost his last friend.

AFTER supper I take Prunella out on a make-up mission to see Dexter. She is all for him now. "How in the world could I have misjudged him so? Why, he's got more vision than Henry Blake ever had. It really took imagination to know what would happen there today."

By the time we get there she's about ready to fall on her knees and propose to Dexter. His mother comes to the door and says that he is in bed. When we ask what's the matter she's real surprised.

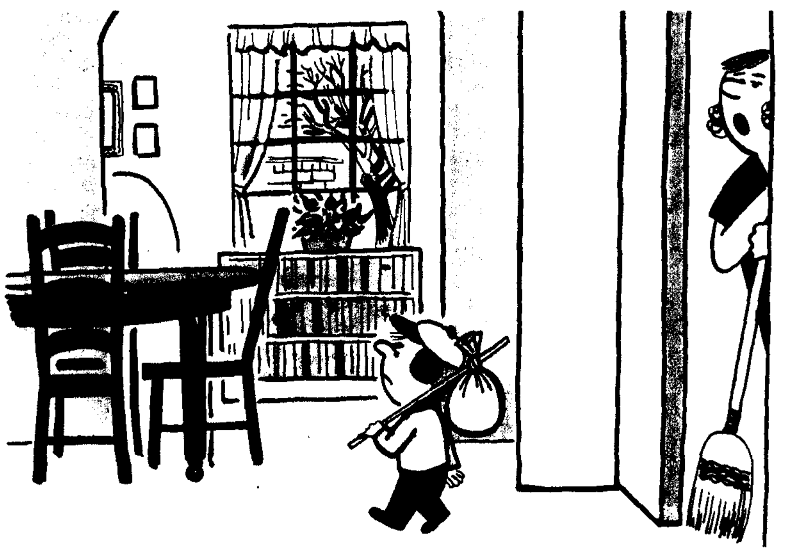
"You mean he didn't tell you? Why, the poor boy has scratches all over him, one of his eyes is blacked and I'm just positive that his nose is broken."

"He must have been in town after all," I tell her.

"Oh, no," she says, "he got hurt yesterday. Silliest thing you ever heard of. He had one of the hands climb up on the barn and throw turkeys down to him. I stopped it before he killed himself."

As I say, it was a black day for everybody.

THE END



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The Big Minnie

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

For months Nate has been writing to Sam Pringle, our honored president to bring this woodland nymph out for a screen test, and Pringle has of course been replying that we have so many woodland nymphs on hand now that we are thinking of changing the name of the studio to Mount Ida.

Yesterday Mr. Bender, tiring of the correspondence, let go his other barrel. In a letter typed on asbestos he informed Sam that the whole trouble with the lousy picture business was the need for some new faces, and if Federal didn't have sense enough to appreciate a new face that was practically shoved under our nose he would patronize a studio that did. And since at the moment we can do without Nate's theaters about as well as we can do without film, Pringle replied in great haste that he had only been kidding, and as a matter of fact one of our best directors was already on the way to interview Miss Barton.

Meaning you, George. Because at present we have practically no directors whatever, having fired them all except a couple who can turn out pictures in less than an hour. The result is that you have been elevated to the exalted rank of director. It is strictly an honorary position, since you will continue at your old salary. But what a thrill it will be.

Anyway, get going. See these Bartons, talk Judy out of coming to Hollywood. And then beat it. Just be sure that you leave the situation so that Nate will be happy. At least we'll have tried.

And that's all there is to it, George—except for a detail so small that it's hardly worth mentioning. But Nate did say that Lud's wife has some sort of an aversion to Hollywood, and that at no part of the interview are you to even mention that you are connected with the movie industry. Nate says that he is known to the Bartons as a plumbing manufacturer from Toledo. This is all no doubt just some little local whim which you'll have no trouble straightening out.

Feel free to write me about your progress.

As ever,
Dick.

D73 PD-AE DALLAS TEX 18 219P
RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD CALIF
JUST BOUGHT SMALL CHICKEN RANCH. TERRIBLY BUSY WITH EPIDEMIC OF PIP. COULDN'T POSSIBLY GO AT THIS TIME. GEORGE.

H211 PD-WUX HOLLYWOOD CALIF 18 132P
GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL ADOLPHUS DALLAS TEX
BEST TREATMENT FOR PIP PLACE CHICKEN'S HEAD ON SMALL BLOCK AND WHAM WITH HAND AX. TREATMENT IS EQUALLY SURE-FIRE FOR SMART-ALECKY PUBLICITY MEN. GET GOING. DICK.

D146 PD-AE DALLAS TEX 18 412P
RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD CALIF
HOW COULD I IMPERSONATE DIRECTOR? HAVE NO LEATHER PUTTEES. GEORGE.

H411 PD-WUX HOLLYWOOD CALIF 18 317P
GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL ADOLPHUS DALLAS TEX
LOOK, GEORGE, ORDINARY PANTS WILL DO. GET THE LEAD OUT OF YOURS, AND GO. IF YOU'RE NOT ON A PLANE BY MIDNIGHT YOU'LL WISH YOU HAD A CHICKEN RANCH. DICK.

D194 PD-AE DALLAS TEX 18 653P
RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD CALIF
WHAT DO YOU KNOW JUST SOLD CHICKEN RANCH. LEAVING HERE NINE FIFTEEN PM CENTRAL AIR LINES FOR MINNEAPOLIS AND POINTS NORTH. GEORGE.

Third Cave on the Left
Moosejaw, Minnesota
August 21, 1949

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity
Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Richard:

Well, I'm here. I've taken planes, trains, busses, boats, birchbark canoes, and finally landed in town yesterday aboard a kindly moose. Fortunately this is the season when they're shedding their antlers, and it wasn't half bad.

Feeling that this was no assignment to rush into, I entered town in the guise of a wealthy sportsman, and made guarded inquiries about the Bartons. This is why I am still alive.

It seems that you didn't quite fill me in on the plot.

The truth is that the Bartons' place is not over five miles from here, but it is doubtful if I will ever make it. It's called 30-30 Lodge, and the place is a veritable fortress of firearms and prejudice. Lud is a dried-up little character with a beady eye, who can spit tobacco juice the length of a football field and shoot the nose off a flea at any distance up to a half mile. During the hunting season it seems that people come from all over the country to have Lud show them what to shoot at.

All they have up at the lodge at the moment, however, is a few fishing customers, which enables Lud to devote practically full time to helping his wife Minnie hate Hollywood.

It seems that Hollywood once gave Minnie a real bad time. At present she is a large, well-muscled woman, around seven feet tall, who has never shared Lud's love of firearms for the simple reason that she has never had any need of them. According to local gossip she once killed a bull moose with a two-by-four. Beat him to a jelly before Lud could even get loaded up. She is a fearsome woman.

But to get back to her low regard for us. This is a most interesting coincidence. Remember the old silent version of Pacific Continental—the one that Stupendous made about twenty years ago? Well, one of their promotion stunts on it was one of those popularity contest things among the lady employees of the Pacific Continental railroad, with the girl getting the most votes to be brought out to Hollywood for a screen test.

At that time Minnie was a tremendously big, ungainly girl, seemingly without any folks of any sort, working in the P.C. yards at Omaha on the crew that cleaned up the trains at the end of their runs.

She was a most valued employee, because Minnie could wash a train the way an ordinary person would bathe a cocker spaniel. But then somebody with a warped sense of humor entered her in the popularity contest. Instead of laughing it off she took it as a great honor, and before you could say Diesel engine practically everybody in the Pacific Continental was trying to hustle a few votes for her to save her from serious heartbreak. They hustled so well that she won the contest. And amid much hoopla off she went to Hollywood.

Well, when she got to Hollywood

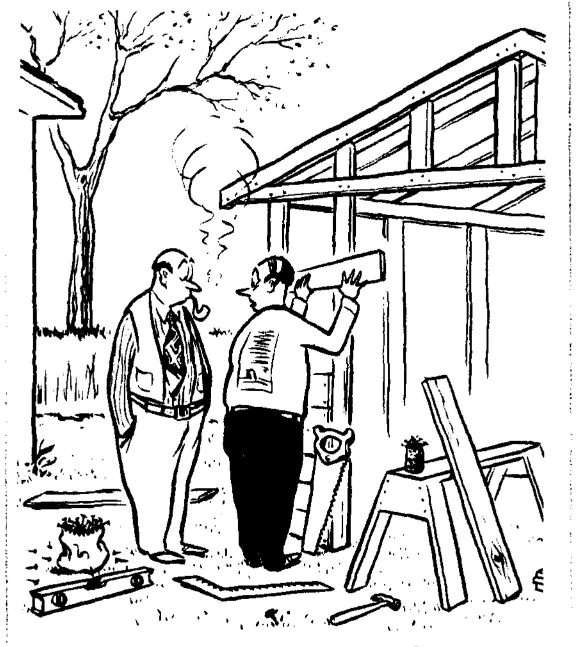
here were of course loud moans from all ides, and Minnie was given a rapid creen test without even the formality of putting film in the camera. She was then hustled out of town at great speed.

Stupendous paid her way back to Omaha, but as it turned out she didn't even get off the train. She was heartbroken, and Minnie had an awful lot of heart to break. She vowed that she would go just as far north as she could get, and hat if anybody every again mentioned Hollywood to her it would be at his own peril.

You may wonder how I happen to know Minnie's story so well. That's the coincidence. I, sir, am the lad who twenty years ago escorted Minnie to Hollywood!

Richard, I beg of you, forget this project, or at least forget my part in it. I love to meet old friends. But not Minnie. If that woman ever saw me, there would just be a flash of flame and old George would be no more. Dick, you don't know this woman. She could have licked Paul Bunyan with one hand. As ever,

Operative 132.



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COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

P.S. There's a little jitney plane, I now discover, that yanks air mail and hunters in and out of here, and a little Western Union cubbyhole in the corner of the general store. You can at least get the word to me to leave. Address me by either system as just Timothy Poindexter, Wealthy Sportsman. In any telegrams please don't mention the movie business, and for all letters use plain envelopes.

H134 PD-WUX HOLLYWOOD CALIF 23 902A
TIMOTHY POINDEXTER
MOOSEJAW MINN

SUGGEST YOU FORGET YOUR GREAT LOVE OF HISTORY AND DO SOMETHING ABOUT OUR MANY PROBLEMS OF TODAY. AND DON'T FEEL THAT YOU HAVE TO HURRY. PRINGLE DOESN'T EXPECT A FULL REPORT UNTIL SOMETIME TOMORROW. BEST REGARDS. DICK.

M14 PD MOOSEJAW MINN 23 1238P
RICHARD L. REED
5400 MARATHON HOLLYWOOD CALIF

GOOD LORD I'M WORKING FOR ONE OF THE JUKE BOYS. THE DUMB ONE. I'M TELLING YOU PROJECT CANNOT BE COMPLETED. NOT HUMANLY POSSIBLE. PHONE BENDER EXPLAINING SITUATION FULLY. TIMOTHY.

H185 PD-WUX HOLLYWOOD CALIF 23 1214P
TIMOTHY POINDEXTER
MOOSEJAW MINN

COULDN'T THINK OF BOTHERING BENDER NOW. IT'S HIS NAP TIME. DO YOU WANT ME TO COME UP THERE AND BAIT YOUR HOOK FOR YOU? FIGURE OUT SOMETHING AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT. DICK.

30-30 LODGE
Moosejaw, Minnesota
August 24, 1949

Mr. Richard L. Reed
5400 Marathon
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Whew. I'm in the bosom of the Barton family. But if any of my false colors start to run, I'm dead.

Yesterday afternoon after I got your wire I was standing around in the little general store, pricing caskets, when the screen door banged behind me and the old proprietor said, "Why, here's Mrs. Barton now."

Glug, I thought; how will they ever get my body out?

"This is Mr. Poindexter from California, Mrs. Barton," the old guy rambled on; "he's looking for a guide and I've been telling him about Lud."

"Well land's sake yes," a great voice boomed behind me, rattling the canned goods. "Lud's the best guide in the world, I guess. You say you're from California what *part* o' California?"

Well, nobody can live forever. I was already dead up to the knees. With a sickly smile, I forced myself to turn around. And there was Minnie.

"HOLLYWOOD," I said.

"HOLLYWOOD!" she boomed. "I knew a fellow once from Hollywood. And oh, what a snake! But he worked for a movie outfit. You ain't ever worked for a movie outfit, have you? You look a little like the fellow."

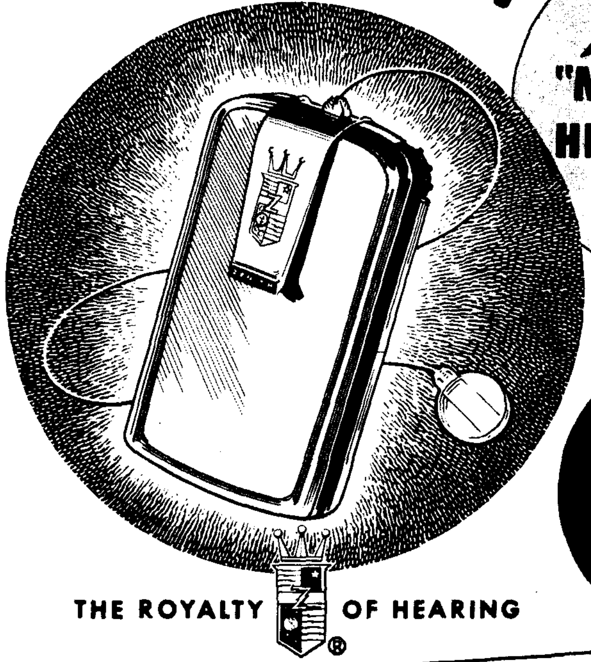
"Ppppppppperish the thought," I said. "I'm in hardware." And I handed her one of the cards I had thoughtfully had made as I'd gone through Minneapolis. Federal Hardware, Hollywood, California, Timothy Poindexter, President.

She studied the card carefully, studied me carefully, and finally said, "Okay, Lud'll guide you. Get your stuff."

And she stuck out a mammoth paw. I foolishly put my hand in it. there was a flash like a welder's torch, and I now have a left hand and a mitten.

But I am at least past Minnie's outer defenses. Come to think of it, I'm a little put out that she so completely failed to recognize me as the dapper lad of yesteryear. Is it possible that I have changed? Should I take more vitamins?

But heavenly days, I haven't told you about Judy. In my boyish pleasure over being still alive I have clean forgotten my biggest news. Dick, she's the prettiest thing you ever saw. Don't ever call Nate nuts again in my presence. By some whim of fate Minnie and Lud have spawned an eighteen-year-old jack pot. When Minnie and I came clumping in yesterday afternoon this absolutely gorgeous girl was sitting on the front porch of the lodge reading a magazine. She had on a little homemade sun suit on which she seemed to have run a little short of material. She has long honey-colored blond hair, big brown eyes, and a figure that would make even you whinny like a pony. I thought she was



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Robbins "Full View" Window is big, hard, crystal clear Plexiglas, framed in stainless steel; weather-sealed with sponge rubber to make it draft- and moisture-tight.

There's a Robbins "Full View" Window tailored to fit your convertible. No cutting or altering of your present top. Simply drop present flap. Snaps in or out in a few seconds. Get your distinctive, smart Robbins "Full View" today! See your dealer or order direct.

FULL VIEW
Anti Static
PLASTICS POLISH
Polishes, protects and preserves plastic surfaces. Cleans and polishes chrome, glass, and stainless steel, too. Generous-sized cans! You'll like it.

JIM ROBBINS Co.
21718 Woodward Avenue, Detroit 20, Mich.

270 MILES FOR $1.68

Drive the smart Crosley Sedan, the brand new car that costs less to buy and drive than a high upkeep used car. Hundreds of improvements including Hydradisc (airplane type hydraulic) Brakes and Crosley engine with new CIBA (cast iron block). Seats 4, operates for about ½ as much as other cars. Here's a typical owner's report:

Troy Lee Woody, Logan, W. Va., on a 270 mile trip averaged 44 miles per gallon of gasoline. Trip cost only $1.68—about the price of a phone call.

For free literature on all 6 money-saving models, write name and address on margin of this ad, tear off and *mail to Crosley Motors, Inc.*, 2530-CM Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati 14, Ohio.

CROSLEY
a FINE car
You see them everywhere!

NEW, ORIGINAL, USEFUL
LONE RANGER KNIFE
with genuine, 16" leather thong
Ideal as a Gift in Christmas Stockings

Brings joy to girl or boy. Just the thing for western outfits.

About 79¢ at chain, stationery, drug and hardware stores.

©T. L. R. INC.

3⅛" closed
Front View
Back View
THE LONE RANGER HI-YO SILVER

Exclusive with CAMILLUS CUTLERY COMPANY, CAMILLUS, N. Y.

PAIN
of headache, neuritis and neuralgia
RELIEVED
incredibly fast
the way thousands of physicians and dentists recommend—
ANACIN®
Here's why
Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, it contains not one but a combination of medically proved ingredients. Get Anacin Tablets today.

Dr. Edwards' Offers Complete Relief from Constipation
the clogging, TRANSIENT kind!

Whenever undigested food clogs the intestines and causes constipation with its bad breath, lack of pep, sallow skin—take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They work so *gently* yet *thoroughly*, giving you such complete and more *natural-like* bowel movements.

For years, Dr. F. M. Edwards, a noted Ohio Doctor, relieved his constipated patients with his Olive Tablets—now sold by all drugstores. Olive Tablets are strictly all vegetable. They work on BOTH upper and lower bowels and clean waste from entire intestinal tract, giving you *complete satisfaction*. Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are packed in 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢ sizes.

some character from the East up for a spot of trouting. But as we came up the steps to the porch we paused, and Minnie boomed out, "Well, don't just set there, gal; *take his bags*."

And darned if this lovely child didn't get up, greet us sweetly, pick up my junk, and lead us up to my room. Wire Nate our apologies immediately, and tell him that I am really at work on this thing. Somehow we've got to figure out a way to get this girl a screen test.

And even as I write this I've got it. Since we can't get her to Hollywood I will bring Hollywood to her. I came up here as director. Okay, I will direct. Meaning that first thing in the morning I will take the little jitney plane down to civilization, buy a home movie camera and several miles of film, and proceed to give her a screen test right here on the spot.

Don't give it another thought. Judy's screen test is practically there.

Relieved regards,
George.

H73 PD-WUX HOLLYWOOD CALIF 26 854A
TIMOTHY POINDEXTER
30-30 LODGE MOOSEJAW MINN

OH NO. NOT YOU TOO. PROJECT AS OUTLINED OF NO POSSIBLE BENEFIT. CURTAIL VACATION IMMEDIATELY AND PHONE ME FROM MINNEAPOLIS.
DICK.

M7 PD MOOSEJAW MINN 26 112P
RICHARD L. REED
5400 MARATHON HOLLYWOOD CALIF

COULDN'T POSSIBLY LEAVE NOW. JUST FINISHED FOURTH REEL OF MOOSEJAW MINSTRELS. NEVER HAD SO MUCH FUN IN MY LIFE. NEVER KNEW THAT THIS END OF BUSINESS WAS SO SIMPLE. QUIET ON THE SET.
TIMOTHY.

H306 PD-WUX HOLLYWOOD CALIF 26 214P
TIMOTHY POINDEXTER
30-30 LODGE MOOSEJAW MINN

SORRY TO BOTHER YOU WHILE YOU'RE COMPOSING BUT THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO KNOW THAT I ALSO AM A COMPOSER. AT VERY MOMENT FOR INSTANCE COMPOSING WONDERFULLY INTERESTING WIRE TO MRS. PAUL BUNYAN. BEST REGARDS.
DICK.

M17 PD MOOSEJAW MINN 26 503P
RICHARD L. REED
5400 MARATHON HOLLYWOOD CALIF

OH DEAR GOD NO. AIR-MAIL LETTER EXPLAINING ALL FOLLOWS IMMEDIATELY. SWIMMING TO MINNEAPOLIS TO MAIL IT.
TIMOTHY.

30-30 LODGE
Moosejaw, Minnesota
August 26, 1949
Air Mail

Mr. Richard L. Reed
5400 Marathon
Hollywood, California

Dear Mr. Reed, Sir:

Don't joke like that. Your lovable sense of humor could lead you into making a terrific error with this woman. One false word into her shovel-like ear, and the other guests around here would be using me for bait. Now Richard, relax. My whole picture won't cost over three hundred dollars, including the camera. Here you finally find a good low-budget director, and right away you want to put the clamp on him.

Actually, if what I shot comes out, I've got some sort of funny stuff in this thing. I've been kidding Minnie along, and she's co-operating like a Yellowstone bear. I've got one sequence of her in a sinking canoe that's the funniest thing you ever saw. And wait till you see Lud's marksmanship; Lud makes every other marksman I've known seem like a schoolboy throwing clods.

In fact, so far there is only one difficulty with the production. I haven't been able to get Judy into it. She's right here, but every *time* I suggest getting her into a scene, preferably in a bathing suit, Minnie says, "Naw, boy, have your fun, but leave the gal out of it."

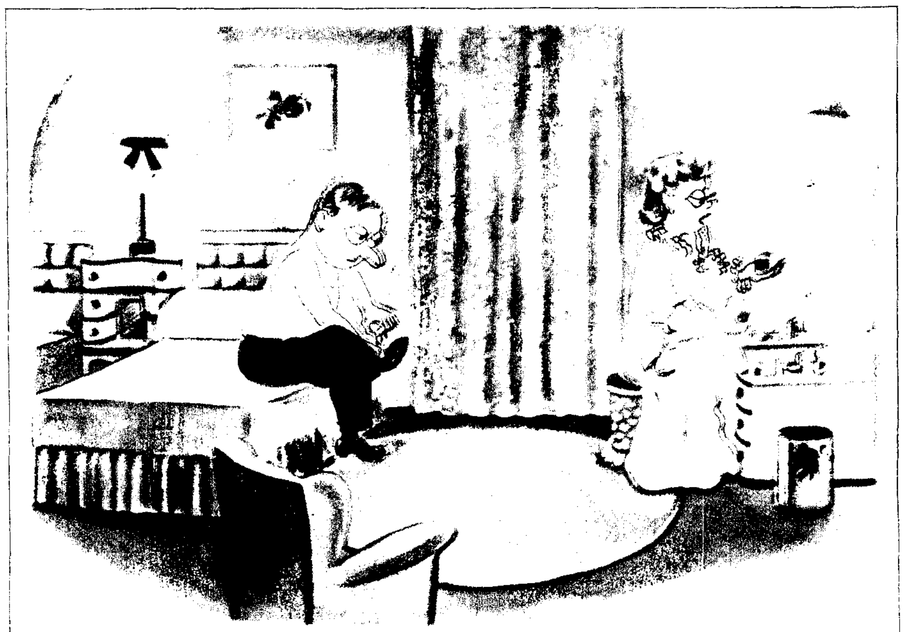
But don't you worry. Before I get out of here Judy is somehow going to be on this film.

As ever,
George.

P.S. There's one small detail I probably should tell you. I haven't thought it worth mentioning before. But during that first interview I had with Minnie in the general store she didn't seem to be quite believing that I was in the hardware business, so for no other reason than to save my life I added that one of my oldest hardware customers was Mr. Nate Bender, the noted plumbing supply man from Toledo, who was one of Lud's best clients. That's what really cemented the deal of getting me in here.

And it doesn't matter, because it can't possibly hurt Nate. But if you should lose your mind and upset this applecart, Nate might get a poor welcome here come deer season. Which would no doubt make him angry, as most hunters have almost childlike regard for their favorite guide.

H86 PD-WUX HOLLYWOOD CALIF 28 1123A
TIMOTHY POINDEXTER
30-30 LODGE MOOSEJAW MINN



"Professor Schmaltz explained to me all about nuclear fission tonight. What is it?"

COLLIER'S

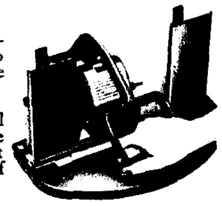
GLENN BERNHARDT

FIRST AID for THANKSGIVING

A little Alka-Seltzer
Saves a lot of fuss
If our stomachs get upset
Or headaches pick on us.
•
Yes, when an upset stomach
Or headache comes our way,
It's Alka-Seltzer for First Aid.
Are we thankful? I should say.

Alka-Seltzer
All drugstores
U. S. and Canada

Post Card Advertising



There are many manufacturers of machines to print advertisements on the backs of post cards.

And there are several manufacturers who make machines to print different addresses on the fronts of post cards.

But the Elliott Company makes the only machine in the world that prints advertisements on the backs of post cards and then prints different addresses on the fronts of those same cards.

Elliott makes many different Addressing Machine Models priced from $25, $45, $145, $245 and up to several thousand dollars.

May we send you a catalog describing them?

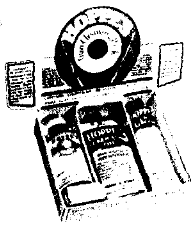
Elliott ADDRESSING MACHINE CO.
149-X Albany Street, Cambridge 39, Mass.
Addressing Machine Manufacturers Since 1898—Rated AAA-1

He Prefers It On Steak For Goodness Sake

A-1 Sauce—the dash that makes the dish

Ask for A.1. when dining out, too.

An Unusual Gift for a Shooter
HOPPE'S GUN CLEANING PACK



Contains everything he needs for the proper care of his guns—gun cleaner, patches, oil and grease. He'll recognize it instantly by the "Hoppe" trade mark and he will appreciate your thoughtful choice. All good gun dealers sell it, or send $1.00 to

FRANK A. HOPPE, INC.
2312 No. 8th Street
Phila. 33, Pa.

LEAVING BY PLANE AT FOUR THIS AFTERNOON FOR MOOSEJAW. WOULD SUGGEST THAT YOU BE IN BRAZIL. YOU'VE SPILLED YOUR LAST CAN OF PAINT, BOY. RICHARD L. REED.

M194 PD-AY MINNEAPOLIS MINN 28 346P
RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD CALIF

PLEASE BE ADVISED THAT AT APPROXIMATELY ELEVEN AM CENTRAL STANDARD TIME ENTIRE NORTHERN END OF MINNESOTA EXPLODED. HAD TO LEAVE MOOSEJAW IN RATHER A HURRY. BUT I GOT THE PICTURES. SENDING FILM AND FULL EXPLANATION AS SOON AS CAN GET IT WRITTEN. THINK NO HARSH THOUGHTS TILL YOU HEAR FROM ME.
GEORGE.

HOTEL SHERIDAN
Minneapolis, Minnesota
August 29, 1949

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity
Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, here's the film. I trust that the laboratory can get it ready for your mighty gaze. All I ask is that you don't rip off my chevrons until you've at least had a look at it.

Getting Judy in it took a fairly desperate maneuver. Minnie sticks to that girl like adhesive tape to a dog. But I have found that if you build a big enough hoop anybody will jump through it.

This morning I came strolling out of my room, camera in hand, and casually suggested that since it was such a nice day why didn't Judy and I pack a lunch and row down to the little bathing beach for a picnic.

Minnie gave me a look that would have unlocked a safe.

"You ain't plannin' to take any *pictures*, I suppose," she said.

"Why, no," I said. "As a matter of fact I wish you'd take care of my camera for me while we're gone, as I do not want any harm to befall it."

And I handed it over.

Well, not exactly. The truth of the matter is that when I had flown down to buy the camera I was so surprised at how small they were that I had taken two. Actually, I was worried about the thing jamming up there in the wilderness, so I took an extra one along with the privilege of returning it if I didn't use it. It was this extra, or decoy, camera, which I had finally had sense enough to use to trap Minnie. My regular camera was right in my little kit bag with my sweater, my sunglasses, and my bottle of citronella oil.

"Well, Judy," I said. "Let us be off. We don't want to miss any of this good sunshine. Eh, Minnie?"

"Okay," she said, slapping the camera in a drawer and cracking it shut.

And off we rowed to the picnic grounds. It was not until later, just when Judy was coming out of the water after a swim, that I looked in my kit bag for my sunglasses and discovered my camera there.

"Why, here is my camera," I cried. "I evidently forgot to leave it. If there happens to be some film in it I can take some shots of you for my home collection, and your dear mother needn't know anything about it."

"Why, yes," said Judy. "As a matter of fact I have felt a little left out."

I was just finishing the reel, when I paused.

"Do you hear a noise?" I said.

"Why, yes," she said. "I do hear a noise."

At first it was merely a vibration, a sort of disturbance in the earth. Gradually it grew into a tremendous crashing. And then through the underbrush, ripping and tearing, came Minnie, our letters and telegrams in one hand and a two-by-four in the other. Good Lord—in digging out the extra camera I had taken out our carefully hidden correspondence, and I now remembered that in my haste I had left it lying in the middle of the bed, which Minnie had evidently gone in to make. But it was too late for regrets. The enemy was on me.

"Now I know who you are," roared Minnie, breaking into the clearing.

And around the picnic ground we flew. *Wheeeeeeet* went the two-by-four past my ear. I am an agile man, but it was a tiring form of exercise. *Wheeeeet* went the two-by-four.

Then I thought of the boat. Dunkirk! Leading Minnie around that way, I suddenly turned, shoved the boat off, leaped in, grabbed the oars, and simply beat the water to a froth. When next I looked up, the shore line was just fading from view.

After a moment's rest, I bent once more to my work, and drew even farther away from lovely 30-30 Lodge. And when the little jitney seaplane came over on the noon mail run, I flagged him down, and for a whopping fee induced him to fly me out to safety.

Anyway, here is Judy. If you don't agree that she was worth the trouble, I will gladly turn in my badge. As ever,
George.

FEDERAL PICTURES
Hollywood, California
September 1, 1949
Air Mail

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative, Federal Pictures
Hotel Sheridan
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Dear George:

We got the film developed this morning, and just for laughs Pringle and I went over and took a look at it. And just as I thought, Judy is fully as pretty as any one of at least a thousand girls we can have on the set tomorrow morning at eight o'clock. To put it bluntly, old boy, in discovering Judy you have discovered exactly nothing at all.

But in Minnie we think maybe you've got something. Minnie's a real funny woman. And with the customers seemingly tiring of all our actors having green hair and shooting each other in sewers, the present trend out here is all to comedy. And the hardest thing of all to find is a funny woman.

Anyway, to make a long story short, we want Minnie out here for a real screen test just as soon as you can get her here. I worked it so that you could have the opportunity of going back up to bring her out, as it will enable you to get your clothes. As ever,
Dick.

M112 PD MINNEAPOLIS MINN 2 1114A
RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD CALIF

NO NEED FOR CLOTHES. HAVE JUST JOINED NUDIST COLONY. DICK, I WOULD NOT FACE THAT WOMAN AGAIN FOR A MILLION DOLLARS. SEND FRANK BUCK UP FOR HER.
GEORGE.

H149 PD-WUX HOLLYWOOD CALIF 2 1043A
GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL SHERIDAN MINNEAPOLIS MINN

RELAX, BOY. I WAS ONLY KIDDING. WE ARE SENDING TOM FLYNN AND HIS ELECTRIC CHECKBOOK UP TO CLOSE THE DEAL. YOUR END OF IT DONE, AND NOBLY. SENDING YOU SMALL BUT NEAT BONUS TO KANSAS CITY OFFICE. TAKE YOURSELF A GOOD REST. NO NEED TO REPORT TO KANSAS CITY UNTIL TOMORROW MORNING. LOVE. DICK.

THE END

YELLO-BOLE

Imperial $1.50

IMPORTED BRIAR $1.50

Light as a Feather

LIGHTER IN WEIGHT THAN SAME SHAPE SMOOTH FINISH

Large surface area of relief-grain bowl provides *faster cooling* than a smooth finish, of same shape. Very comfortable. Yello-Bole honey-treatment starts mild, stays mild, helps "breaking-in." Other Yello-Boles are Premier $2.50, Imperial $1.50, Standard $1. Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc., Estab. 1851, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

Look for the trade-mark, Yello-Bole Honey-Girl.

Yello-Bole Pipes are clean when you buy them, sealed with the Honey-Seal.

U.S. PAT. 2,111,588

Standouts in Style and Value

You'll want to take along good traveling companions — KERRY KNIGHT pajamas and KERRY KUT shorts. Tailored to "take it", KERRY KNIGHTS are full-cut throughout with extra sturdy seams. Your choice of lapel collar or middy styles in smart new patterns. Popular KERRY KUT shorts come in *"3-Gripper Fastener"* front or *Boxer* models. Sanforized*, of course.

**Fabric shrinkage less than 1%*

KERRY KUT UNDER ®

KERRY KNIGHT NIGHTWEAR ®

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Other men's and boys' wear manufactured by Rice-Stix

BOY BLUE PAJAMAS for boys

PADDLE & SADDLE SPORT SHIRTS for men

PERFECTO SHIRTS for men

RICE STIX RS RIGHT STYLE

PADDLE & SADDLE SPORT SHIRTS for boys

RICE-STIX MANUFACTURERS • ST. LOUIS

Babies Mean Money in the Bank

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

the mother has to do is go to the nearest post office, fill out a simple form and mail it to the office set up for her province. Payments begin within a few weeks.

The regional office verifies the child's existence from the province's birth and death records, and makes sure that the youngster is attending school, by referring to reports sent in by the province's truant officers. (If a child leaves school, the allowance stops.) After that, the monthly checks go out regularly to the mother, with devices on the index cards automatically stepping up the payment as the child grows older.

There's Very Little Fraud

This process is so simple that one of the early criticisms leveled at it was that it was wide open for fraud and misuse of the money. Actually there have been only 15 fraud prosecutions in the four full years of the act's operation. In 1948 there were just 1,333 charges of misuse, of which 859 were found to be groundless.

Fraud suspects are investigated by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and Canadians are so jealous of their allowances privileges that woe betide the citizen who betrays his honor.

In a famous case in Saint Catharine's, Ontario, a disgruntled machinist felt that he had paid the government too much money in income taxes, and decided that family allowances were a good method of getting some of it back. He thereupon had his wife fill out an application form for six nonexistent children, all of whom had been born to the couple, but who had died in infancy. The application went through, the births were verified, and the couple blithely collected more than $500 over a period of a year and a half.

These were the early days of the act, and the Toronto office still hadn't got around to having a peek at the Ontario death lists. One day a clerk began checking the death records for Saint Catharine's. He spotted the names of the six infants, whistled, and ran in to see his boss, Regional Director Fred C. Jackson. Within a few minutes Jackson had the Mounted Police on the phone; and a short time after that the culprit was up before a magistrate.

Canadian justice rarely has been so rapid. In handing out a severe sentence to the machinist and his wife on April 14, 1948, the judge declaimed: "I hope that these cases will serve as notice to the public that they cannot hope to defeat the purpose of this act, and that anybody who does so, does so at his peril."

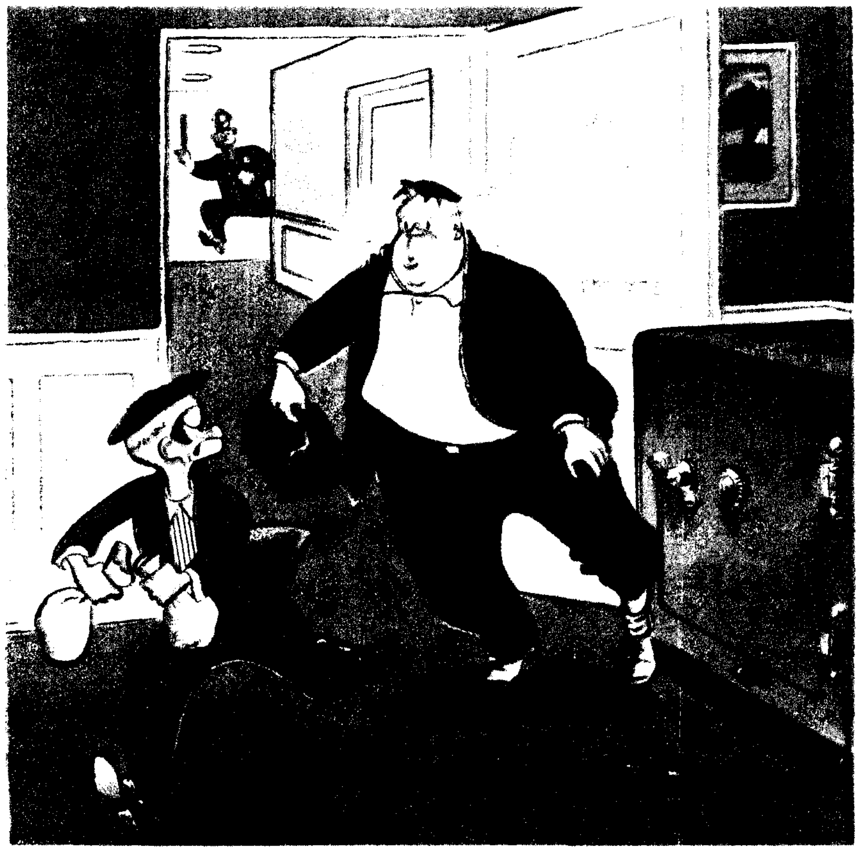
In cases where the parent is charged with misspending the child's allowance, the local Children's Aid Society does the investigating for the government. These instances are rare because the mother instinct is a pretty powerful moral force. That's why, too, the government sagaciously pays the money to the mother, rather than to the father who might be tempted to invest the check in a keg or so of beer on the way home.

Most accusations of misuse originate in spiteful anonymous letters. The accusations seldom stick. In a recent Vancouver case, for example, a woman was accused of openly cashing her family allowance checks to buy clothing for herself. An investigator from the local Children's Aid Society was assigned to look into the matter. Surely enough, she saw the woman cash her $8 check at a post office and then take the cash directly to a department store, where she exchanged it for a bright new $8 hat.

It looked like an open-and-shut case. But the investigator approached the woman and asked, "How come?" The woman then whipped out a receipt for $8 worth of child's clothing and school supplies, which she had purchased a few days before.

"My daughter needs these things at the

BUTCH



COLLIER'S

"There's only one way you can escape now, Butch, and you know it"

LARRY REYNOLDS

inning of the month," she explained, dvanced her $8 of my own money at first of the month, and then paid my- back with her check when it came."

n the face of these involved feminine nomics, the case collapsed. If the estigator had adjudged her to be 'ty, the government would have trans- :ed the child's allowance checks to father, or to some other person :med worthy.

Most of the problems crossing the ad- iistrators' desks are border-line mat- s in which there was no intent to 'raud the government. Some of these uire the wisdom of a Solomon.

A woman in Quebec was accused of ng her children's allowances to have iew roof built on her house. When itional Director Curry looked into the itter, he found that the children had en sleeping directly under the roof, iich had leaked badly. The children ntinually were wet and sick with colds. "I guess," said Curry, "that keeping ildren dry and well comes under the :ading of health and welfare. Case smissed."

By the same token, Curry allowed a oup of Eskimos at Aklavik in the east- n arctic to pool their allowances to buy motorboat to replace their native ayaks. The theory was that they could rovide better food for their children ith a modern fishing and hunting vessel.

Even these cases are rare. Only one a thousand people uses his allowances r anything other than children's food, othing and medical care. The wealthy id well-to-do put the money aside for usic lessons, sports equipment or fu- re college educations.

At first it was thought that the Indians id the Eskimos would present a prob- m, but most of them have proved to e no different from anyone else. Nearly) per cent of the Indians receive their ecks in the mail and spend them the me as every other Canadian. A special ocedure must be followed only in the ase of the more primitive Indian tribes nd with the nomadic Eskimos.

Improved Diet for Eskimos

In the North, the nearest Mounted Policeman or Indian agent fills out the Family Allowances forms for the Eskimo or Indian. Instead of receiving a check every month, the Eskimo or Indian mother then is allowed to draw her allowance in food and clothing at the nearest Hudson's Bay Company trading post. She is allowed to buy only certain approved items, and this is the reason for the change in the dietary habits of the area. On the latest list are such items as powdered milk, fresh and dried eggs, oranges, Pablum, canned meat (for distribution "when game is scarce"), canned fruits and vegetables, children's rubbers, woolen underwear, tooth powder and soaps.

Since the diet of the North used to consist solely of meat, fish and bannock (a hardtack made out of flour, lard, bacon and baking powder), family allowances have brought the Northern peoples foods they never tasted before. Resulting improvement in health is obvious.

To Joey Smallwood and hardheaded Liberal politicians in Ottawa, the primary objective of Family Allowances was not large families, or even the welfare of Canada's children. It was economic—a daring scheme to bolster the economy of the nation.

Ever since the 1800s, Canada had been plagued with this situation: she had three wealthy industrial provinces—Ontario, British Columbia and Quebec—and six comparatively poor zones that were sometimes near bankruptcy because their economy was tied to a single item, like wheat or fish.

Family Allowances have redistributed part of the wealth of the country from the rich to the poor provinces: a Gargantuan feat comparable to moving Buffalo, New York, and its entire resources into the heartland of Arkansas.

The mathematics of this is simple. Wealthy Ontario pays 47 per cent of Canada's taxes. Ontario's people, however, receive back only 28 per cent of the total of family allowances, since they constitute only that percentage of the nation's population. So every month, a large proportion of Ontario's cash goes out in family allowances to the less affluent areas of the prairie and maritime provinces, where many people never saw a $10 bill from one year to the next.

The Rich Pay for the Poor

Family Allowances also redistribute some of Canada's wealth from the rich to the poor. Family Allowances are paid out of regular government revenue—the income tax, corporation taxes and excise taxes—which are lower now than they were during the war years, but not as low as they would be if there were no baby bonus.

Married people who earn less than $2,000 a year in Canada do not pay income taxes. Therefore, they receive their family allowances without putting anything back into the Treasury.

Wealthier people, on the other hand, pay more taxes than they take out in family allowances. The turning point is near the $3,000-a-year level, where it is just about an even break. Incomes below this point account for 62 per cent of the population.

Canadian official statisticians say Family Allowances provide an economic cushion of $290,000,000 a year. They credit this with helping to keep Canada on an even keel while the United States has been feeling the milder pains of recession. This $290,000,000 is in almost constant motion, for the people use it to purchase food and clothing for their children. The level of business remains uniformly high, and even the merchants, who contribute a good share of the taxation, are happy.

Canada's Deputy Minister of Welfare, George Davidson, says, "We don't think Canada can have a depression like the 1930s again, because fear is one of the principal factors in a depression, and a man doesn't become panic-stricken when he knows that whatever happens to his job, he will have enough money coming in automatically to help feed his children. We already have had some evidence of this lack of fear in two major Canadian strikes, and in the drought-stricken areas of the prairie provinces this year."

It is no wonder that ex-Prime Minister Mackenzie King told the Liberal party convention last year, "Family Allowances are the cornerstone of the Liberal party's social security program for Canada."

According to neutral observers, this really means, "Family Allowances are the cornerstone of the program that will keep the Liberal party in power over its Tory and Socialist opponents."

Recent history bears this out. In the last two national elections, the Liberals campaigned on the platform: "We are the party that gave you Family Allowances." And in last summer's landslide victory, every Liberal candidate for Parliament was armed with copies of remarks which Conservative leader George Drew had made against Family Allowances, to wit: "An iniquitous bill . . . an insolent disregard for the rights of the people of Ontario . . . an outrageous bribe offered to the people of Quebec . . . a carefully planned attempt to break our constitution."

The result was so apparent that, even before Election Day, Drew promised that if the Tories were elected, they would *not* repeal the Family Allowances Act.

THE END

CAVALCADE OF SPORTS
...Eddie Arcaro
KNOWN AS "MR. STOPWATCH", EDDIE HAS RIDDEN IN MORE THAN 12,000 RACES AND WON OVER 2,300!
ARCARO'S FIRST EMPLOYER SAID EDDIE WASN'T CUT OUT FOR A JOCKEY AND SHOULD QUIT. HE RODE 250 CONSECUTIVE LOSERS IN HIS FIRST TWO YEARS!
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Gillette
Gillette Super-Speed Razor $1.00
$1.75 Value
WITH 10-BLADE DISPENSER AND NEW STYRENE TRAVEL CASE
FOUR-TIME WINNER OF THE KENTUCKY DERBY, TWO-TIME WINNER OF THE "TRIPLE CROWN," ARCARO IS CALLED THE GREATEST JOCKEY OF OUR DAY AND POSSIBLY THE BEST OF ALL TIME!
1. Twist... It's open!
MY NEW GILLETTE SUPER-SPEED RAZOR MAKES BLADE CHANGING A CINCH AND GIVES ME THE SWELLEST SHAVES OF MY LIFE
Eddie Arcaro
2. Zip... It's loaded!
ENJOY REAL SHAVING SPEED AND EASE...GET THE ULTRA-MODERN GILLETTE SUPER-SPEED RAZOR SET. REMEMBER, ONLY GILLETTE COMBINES ALL THREE ADVANTAGES...INSTANT BLADE CHANGING...UTMOST SHAVING COMFORT...AND DOUBLE-EDGE ECONOMY!
3. Twist... It's closed!
Enjoy Gillette's Boxing Broadcasts Every Friday Night Over American Broadcasting Company

CUSHING

It's Far Too Big. It Ought to be Seven Buildings

IT USED TO BE that anybody who wanted to know what a trust or monopoly was could find out without much trouble. He could simply go to the dictionary or a moderately bright high-school student, whichever happened to be handier. But now, as Arthur Krock was reminding his New York Times readers the other week, things are different.

Not even the government lawyers seem sure what game they're after when they shoulder their Sherman Antitrust law and start out. And some federal judges seem to have trouble identifying the quarry once the lawyers have brought it in.

Mr. Krock offered as examples of this confusion two recent Justice Department actions under the Sherman law. One is against the Lorain (Ohio) Journal, and the other is against the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company.

The action against the Ohio daily is in what Mr. Krock calls the "classic" concept of monopoly—the stifling of competition and restraint of trade. The publication is charged with refusing to accept advertisements from businesses unless they stopped advertising with radio stations in Lorain and the near-by town of Elyria, and with a local Sunday paper. This, the government contends, would "irreparably injure the Lorain Journal's competitors."

The other charge is something quite different. A&P has already been found guilty of using profits from its manufacturing and other nonretail operations to lower retail prices. That at least seems to be the substance of the offense, although it is drastically oversimplifying an intricate lawsuit that has been dragging on for seven years. (A&P has paid a fine of $175,000 and now the government lawyers are trying for a court order to make this Empire State Building of the grocery chains subdivide itself seven ways for Sunday.)

Now which of these two cases represents monopoly? Or do they both? Or what?

The Justice Department doesn't accuse A&P of price fixing or intimidating customers or coercing the opposition. The public isn't squawking about quality or prices in these chain stores, which sell $1,250,000,000 worth of food a year at a profit of 1½ cents on the dollar. Other chains and independent grocers have bought advertising space to complain about the antitrust action against their big competitor.

In spite of this, the government contends that A&P is choking off competition by "integrating" its manufacturing and merchandising operations and thus reducing costs and prices.

But A&P's share in the national market, as a writer in the Yale Law Journal points out, declined from 11.6 per cent in 1933 to 7.1 per cent in 1942. And according to the government's own antitrust complaint, that share dropped from 7.1 to 6.4 per cent in the next five years. Obviously A&P isn't keeping everybody out of the grocery business.

We aren't beating the drum for the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company. We are just puzzled by this confused attitude of government toward business—an attitude which seems to hold that bigness is a sin in itself, that it's wrong for a retailer to manufacture or wholesale, and that cutting prices to attract business is wicked.

It seems to us that this attitude is likely to stifle more competition than all the chain stores in the country. And, as consumers, we gather no cheer from a legal philosophy which might force A&P and other big-volume businesses to raise prices to match those of small competitors in order to keep out of trouble with the law.

The government has A&P's penance all mapped out. It wants the company to break up its system into seven independent groups, though we can't figure out what miracle would be wrought by creating seven 800-store chains. It seems to us that the result would be seven of those sinful big businesses.

The government also wants A&P to eliminate all centralized purchasing, and to divorce its manufacturing and processing from its retailing. This reminds us of a similar set of recommendations in an antitrust suit against the Western Electric Company not long ago.

The government lawyers wanted Western Electric split up into three independent companies, including one which they referred to as the "Philadelphia Specialty Shop." Western Electric guessed that what they meant was the Philadelphia Instrument Shop. The only trouble was that this shop went out of existence in 1931, and Western Electric hasn't had a manufacturing plant in Philadelphia since then.

If this is an example of the efficient operation of the Justice Department's antitrust division, we question its wisdom in imposing inefficient operation on an honest and successful organization like A&P—for that's what it amounts to—in an alleged effort to protect small business and promote competition. It strikes us as a poor reward for enterprise and public acceptance.

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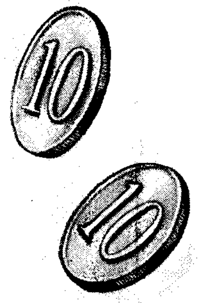

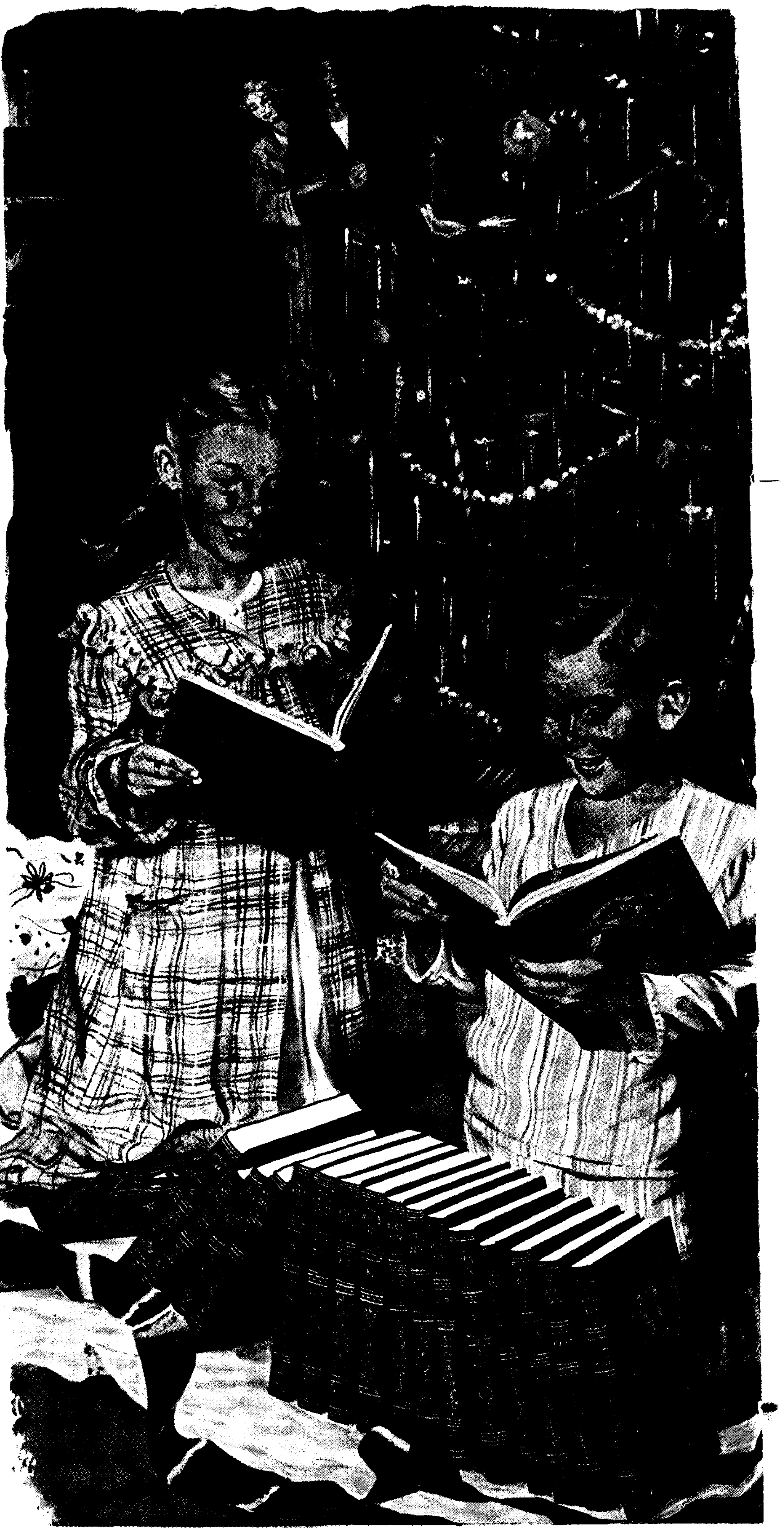

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